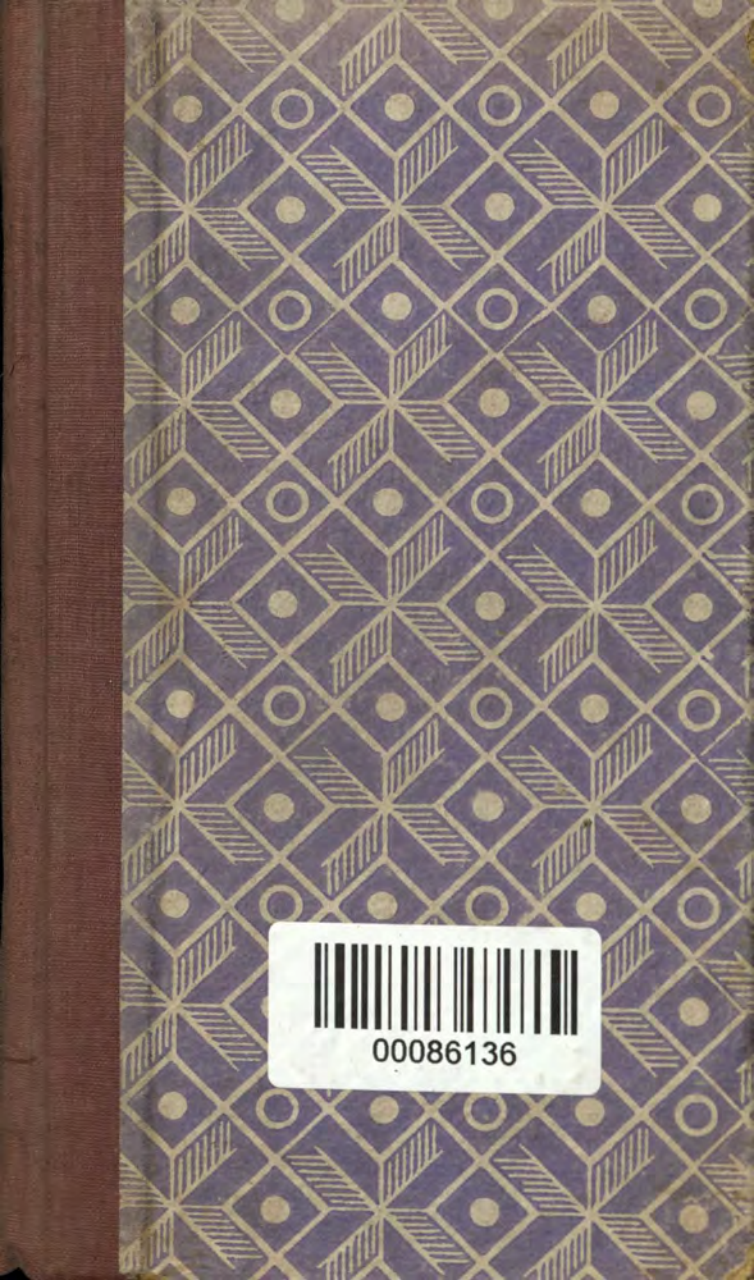

00086136

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016

A

# YEAR IN SPAIN.

BY

3-h-23

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

Bien se lo que son tentaciones del demonio, y que una de las mayores es ponerle a un hombre en el entendimiento que puede componer y imprimir un libro, con que gane tanta fama como dineros, y tantos dineros cuanta fama.

CERVANTES.

86136
ac

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1831.

914.0
Yeats
A313s

TO

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, ESQ.,

LATE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THE UNITED STATES

TO THE COURT OF SPAIN,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE AUTHOR'S RESPECT

FOR HIS TALENTS AND PUBLIC SERVICES,

AND ESTEEM FOR HIS CHARACTER.

# PREFACE.

GIVING his Satanic Majesty due credit for the temptation mentioned in our motto, the present work originated in a desire to convey some notion of the manners and customs of the Spanish nation. The writer found much that was peculiar and interesting in them, and was thence led to think, that what had furnished so much pleasure in the immediate study, might not be wholly unattractive when contemplated through the secondary medium of description. Though this object should not be attained by the work now offered to the public, it may, perhaps, serve to attract attention to a country, which, though inferior to none in interest, has been of all others the most neglected.

The author merely proposes to enable those who have not visited Spain, and have no expectation of doing so, to form an idea of the country and its

inhabitants, without abandoning the comforts and security of the fireside. As for the traveller, he may find most of the local information he may require, in Antillon's Geography, and Laborde's View of Spain. He will do well to journey with as little state as possible, and to keep to the popular conveyances. He will be thus most likely to avoid unpleasant interruption, and to have favorable opportunities for observing the manners of the people. Nor should he fail to follow the old adage of conforming to the customs of the country, among a people, who, more than any other, are attached to their peculiar usages; to smother his disgust at whatever may be in contradiction to our own habits and institutions; above all, to exhibit no irreverence for their religious ceremonies; to enter their temples with a sense of solemnity, if not due, in his opinion, to their forms of worship, due at least to the dread Being to whom that worship is addressed; in short, to respect outwardly whatever they respect, down to their very prejudices. The traveller who makes this his rule of action in Spain will not fare the worse by the way, and will not think the worse

of himself for this exercise of charity when arrived at the end of his journey.

If, by any accident, this work should find favor among his countrymen, some apology for the many faults, which, though hidden from the author, will be obvious enough to nicer eyes, may be found in disqualifications for the task which every one will appreciate—the inexperience of youth, and the disadvantages of an interrupted education.

Some reason may, perhaps, be required for the work being put forth without a name. The author's name would insure it no acceptation; and there would, besides, be little modesty in appearing as the hero of a narrative, which, to be interesting, must become egotistical and exclusive. If it should succeed, the author will not enjoy it the less that he will enjoy it in secret. But he dreads the contrary. The difficulties which he has encountered in procuring publication are ominous of evil, and he would willingly avoid the odium of having made a bad book.

# CONTENTS

OF

# VOL. I.

---


## CHAPTER I.

PROVINCES OF ROUSSILLON AND CATALONIA.

South of France.—Motives for visiting Spain.—The Diligence, its Cargo and Passengers.—The Pyrenees.—Junquera.—Figueras.—Fording the Tordera.—Catalan Village.—Coast of the Mediterranean to Barcelona.—An Assault of Arms.—The Fonda.—The Rambla . . Page 1

## CHAPTER II.

PRINCIPALITY OF CATALONIA.

Barcelona.—Its Environs.—The Noria.—History of Barcelona.—Its present Condition.—Departure for Valencia.—The Team of Mules.—The Bishop of Vique.—Ride to Tarragona.—The City . . . . . 41

## CHAPTER III.

PRINCIPALITY OF CATALONIA AND KINGDOM OF VALENCIA.

New travelling Companions.—Departure from Tarragona.—The Ebro.—Valencian Village.—Renewal and Interruption of our Journey.—Vinaroz.—Crosses along the Road.—Our Escort.—Saguntum.—Approach to Valencia . . 73

## CHAPTER IV.

### KINGDOMS OF VALENCIA, MURCIA, AND NEW CASTILE.

Kingdom of Valencia.—Origin and Fortunes of the City.—Its actual Condition.—Take leave of Valencia.—Elevated Plains of New Castile.—Costume and Character of the Inhabitants.—Almansa.—El Toboso.—Scenes at Quintanar.—Ocaña.—Aranjuez.—Madrid . . . . Page 111

## CHAPTER V.

### KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE.

Accommodations for the Traveller in Madrid.—Don Diego the Impurificado.—A Walk in the Street of Alcala.—The Gate of the Sun.—A Review.—Don Valentin Carnehueso.—His Gacetas and Diarios.—His Person and Politeness.—His Daughter.—His House and Household.—His Mode of Life . . . . . 164

## CHAPTER VI.

### NEW CASTILE.

Kingdom of Castile.—Situation and Climate of Madrid.—Its History.—General Description of the City.—The five royal Palaces.—Places of public Worship.—Museum of Painting.—Academy of San Fernando.—Museum of Armour.—Charitable and scientific Institutions.—Royal Library . 199

## CHAPTER VII.

### NEW CASTILE.

Social Pleasures in Madrid.—Drama.—Tragedy.—Sainete.—Theatres.—Actors.—Bolero.—Bull Fight.—Ancient Fight.—Modern Fight.—Corrida de Novillos . . . 246

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NEW CASTILE.

The Paseo.—The Prado.—The Paseadores.—Madrilenio and Madrilenia.—Vehicles and Horsemen.—The Prado on a Feast-day.—San Anton.—Beggars.—Blind Men.—Lottery.—Hog Lottery.—An Execution.—La Plazuela de la Cebada.—Mode of Execution in Spain.—The Verdugo and the Multitude.—Delay.—The Criminals.—Conduct of the Crowd . . . . . Page 295

## CHAPTER IX.

### NEW AND OLD CASTILE.

Journey to Segovia.—Choice of Conveyance and Preparations for Departure.—Galera.—Manzanares and the Florida.—Galera Scenes.—The Venta of Guadarrama.—Passage of the Mountains.—Segovia.—The Aqueduct.—The Cathedral and Alcazar . . . . . 354

## CHAPTER X.

### OLD AND NEW CASTILE.

La Granja.—Pedro.—Perplexities in the Mountains.—The Summit of the Pass.—Pedro's Anxiety.—Guadarrama.—Escorial.—Return to Madrid . . . . . 383

A

# YEAR IN SPAIN.

## CHAPTER I.

### PROVINCES OF ROUSSILLON AND CATALONIA.

South of France.—Motives for visiting Spain.—The Diligence, its Cargo and Passengers.—The Pyrenees.—Junquera.—Figueras.—Fording the Tordera.—Catalan Village.—Coast of the Mediterranean to Barcelona.—An Assault of Arms.—The Fonda.—The Rambla.

In October of 1826 I found myself in Roussillon, after having made the circuit of most of the French provinces with great delight. Touraine and the Orléanais had proved all that could be desired: the country fertile, well cultivated, and abundantly productive; the scenery of a peaceful, quiet cast, yet full of attraction; the people honest, kind-hearted, and unaffectedly polite, speaking the best French in the whole kingdom, and worthy in all things to do the honors of their country. I had

found Normandy by turns rugged and verdant, with a coarse, rude, scheming, yet brave, sturdy, and laborious population; the North wet, smoky, and hypochondriac, with inhabitants busy, bustling, and great drinkers of strong beer; the East assimilating itself, by turns, to the neighbouring countries of the Netherlands, Germany, or Switzerland; Dauphiné more beautiful than Italy; the valley of the Isere, worthy of being called the valley of Paradise. All this I was in a measure prepared for, and it therefore brought no disappointment. But in the South of France I was doomed to have all my expectations reversed. I had been taught to associate it with whatever is lovely in nature; I had cast the face of the country into a succession of hill and dale; I had watered it with many streams; the hill-tops were crowned with forest-trees, and the slopes devoted to fruit-orchards, with the vine stretching itself abroad in festoons from tree to tree, while the valleys were spread out into meadows of the brightest verdure, and animated by herds of cattle. The villages, too, were to be neat, and the houses well white-washed, each with its little arbor and clambering grape-vine. Nor was this Arcadian region to be peopled with unworthy inhabitants: the women were to be beautiful, and well-made young men were to be seen everywhere, leading them off in

the graceful mazes of the dance. This picture was not entirely gratuitous; for my guide-book had sanctioned the most extravagant reveries, by telling me, in doggerel and impious rhyme, that, if God were to take up his abode upon earth, it would surely be in Roussillon.

Such, however, I did not find the original. The surface of the country was, indeed, broken; but I looked in vain for the meandering streams which my fancy had created. Forest-trees there were none; and the hill-sides, though devoted to the cultivation of the vine, were destitute of fruit-trees. This favored plant, which furnishes man with so much comfort, and the poet with so many associations, is here laid out in detached roots, placed at convenient distances from each other. In the spring, the shoots of the last season are pruned close to the ground; three or four new ones spring up from the stump; and these, when they can no longer sustain themselves erect, are supported by small poles planted beside them. Thus a vineyard in the south of France, when most luxuriant, greatly resembles a bean-field. In October, however, the case was very different; the vine having yielded its fruit, no longer received the care of the cultivator; the props had been removed, to be preserved for the next season, and the leaves, already scorched, and deprived of their verdure, had been

blown away by the last *mistral**. The mournful olive added a lugubrious solemnity to the picture; and the parched valleys, instead of being green with herbage, showed nothing but a sun-burnt stubble, to tell that they had once been verdant. Though goats were occasionally discovered, climbing the hills in search of their subsistence, sheep and oxen and droves of horses were nowhere to be seen. The villages, though frequent and populous, were any thing but neat; the streets were filthy, and the dwellings neglected. It is true, however, that the women were beautiful: their glowing eyes and arch expression denoted passionate feeling and intelligence; while their ruddy hue and symmetric conformation gave assurance that they were both healthy and agile. The men, too, were well made, and of larger size than is general in France; but though the wine-presses were still reeking from the vintage, there was no music, no song, and no dance. That the Provençals were noisy and turbulent, I had already been told; but I had occasion to make the remark for myself, at a bull-fight in the amphitheatre of Nismes, and at an execution in Montpelier, where I first beheld the fatal *guillotine*. The conductor of the diligence grew harsh and

* *Mistral*—strong north wind, well known in Provence, and which alternating suddenly with the warm breezes of the Mediterranean produces the effects of the most intense cold.

brutal, and even the French postilion, that model of good-natured civility, beat his horses harder and became more surly, as I approached the Pyrenees.

I had promised myself long before to spend a year of remaining leisure in Spain, and I now determined to carry my purpose into immediate execution. My motives for going to a country which travellers ordinarily avoid were a wish to perfect myself in a language which is becoming so important in the hemisphere which it divides with our own, and a strong desire to visit scenes so full of interest and attraction. It chanced that a young Frenchman, with whom I had come to Perpignan, had the same intention. He had been in Germany, Russia, and England, and spoke our language with a fluency which Frenchmen rarely attain. We had sat beside each other in the diligence, and our conversation, among other things, had revealed our mutual plans; so we agreed to keep on in company to Barcelona. We were yet talking over the necessary arrangements with our landlady, when our group was joined by a discontented old captain of foot, who had fought beside Dugommier when he fell in battle in the neighbouring Pyrenees, and who had remained stationary since the downfal of Napoleon. As he also had been our fellow-passenger the day before, he could not see us go into Spain without a word of warning. He said, that

he had just seen a friend who had come lately from Zaragoza, and who had been twice plundered on the way; and endeavoured, by drawing a terrible picture of the state of the country, to deter us from trusting ourselves in a land where, according to him, we might be robbed and murdered at any hour of the day. This, however, was but a trifling impediment to men already resolved. There was a fair chance of escaping untouched, whilst the little danger that might be incurred would heighten the pleasure of every scene and incident, reached with some risk, and enjoyed with a sense of insecurity; and even to be pounced upon on the highway, and thence carried off, like Gil Blas, to some subterranean cave, to feast with the bandits on the fat of the land, and be instrumental in saving some beautiful widow, were no bad alternative. So our journey was determined upon: and having taken our seats in the interior of the diligence which was to set out early the next morning, and having bought Spanish gold with our French money, we returned to the hotel to eat our last meal in France. Quitting the table, where a party of friendly and social *commis voyageurs*, who had never seen each other before, and might never see each other again, were discussing in the most earnest and familiar manner the relative merits of their respective departments, we withdrew early to bed. We went more

reluctantly forth the next morning, before dawn, at the summons of the porter; and by the time we had seated ourselves, the horses were ready, and the gates of the town being open, we rattled over the drawbridge, and took leave of Perpignan.

For some time after our departure, each continued sleeping or ruminating in his peculiar corner; but by and by the day stole gradually upon us, until the sun rose at last above the horizon, sending its rays through the broken clouds, which grew thinner as we advanced. I was now enabled to discover something of the economy of our diligence, and to speculate with more certainty upon the profession and character of my fellow-passengers, than I had been enabled to do when we took our seats by the light of a single lantern.

One of the first things with which the traveller is brought into contact on his arrival in France, and which, as much as any other, attracts his attention, is the public coach, very gratuitously named the diligence. This most curious of vehicles is composed of three distinct chambers or cabins for passengers. From without, it has the appearance of as many carriages, of different constructions, which have formed themselves into a copartnership for the public accommodation. The front part, called the *coupé* or *cabriolet*, resembles those old-fashioned chariots that have only a back seat, with windows

in front and at the side. Here three passengers may be very comfortable; for the seats are roomy, and an extra passenger is never crowded in. Each seat is numbered, and on taking your place it is marked upon your ticket, and all cause of difficulty and altercation is obviated. As an additional convenience, the sides and backs of the seats are cushioned up to the top, and overhead are bands for placing hats. Having thus disposed of his stubborn beaver, and equipped himself instead with a pliant travelling-cap, or a still more accommodating nightcap of silk or cotton, the traveller can not only read, but sleep with some comfort in the diligence, which, from its slow rate of about five miles an hour, is forced to travel all night, in order to make a tolerable progress The interior carries six passengers, who sit on two benches, facing each other; and the rotunda, which, though the after-cabin, is not the post of honor, an equal number. Last comes the imperial; so called, doubtless, from its stately appearance. It stands upon the summit, and is covered at pleasure with a leathern top. From this proud elevation the captain of the diligence overlooks all the concerns of his land-ship, and gives his orders with the peremptory air of one accustomed to command. In a square box at the back of the conductor, which occupies the whole roof, the baggage is stowed, and covered with a leathern apron;

a singular assortment of trunks, bags, dogs, monkeys, bandboxes, and parrots. The whole fabric rests upon horizontal springs, which are, in turn, sustained by a woodwork and wheels of corresponding solidity. Five horses are sufficient, over the fine roads of France, to form the team of this moving mountain: one is attached on each side of the pole, the remaining three go more sociably together on the lead. The whole are driven by a postilion, who bestrides the left wheel horse, and who, from the singularity of his costume, and the incredible size and heaviness of his boots, is by far the most wonderful particular of this truly wonderful whole*.

My attention, when the day had dawned, was first attracted to the portion of the diligence in which I rode. My former companion was beside me, and in front of us were a lady and gentleman.

* The immense weight of these vehicles, when overladen and top-heavy—for they also carry freight—renders them very difficult to manage in a long descent. The wheels are shod as a matter of course; but the chains which hold them, and keep the wheels from revolving, sometimes break, when the horses, to save themselves from being run over, are forced to set off at a gallop. As the momentum, however, is constantly increasing, they cannot long preserve their station in advance. They are, at length, overtaken and crushed beneath the resistless impetus of the mass, which passes over them, and is at the same time overturned, or, being diverted from its course, is precipitated over the roadside. Fearful accidents of this nature sometimes occur; and on the road between Geneva and Lyons, which passes over the Jura, they are not unfrequent.

The latter was an officer, some thirty or forty years old, with a mixture of fearlessness and good-humor in his countenance. He wore the broad-breasted capote of blue, peculiar to the French infantry, and had the number of his regiment engraven upon each of his buttons. A leathern sword-belt hung from his left pocket flap, and on his head was a military bonnet of cloth, with a *fleur-de-lys* in front. His beard was of some days' standing, indicating the time he had been upon his journey; and his long mustaches hung about his mouth, neglected and crest-fallen. When the sun rose, however, he hastened to twist them up, until they stood fiercely from his face; then, having run his fingers through his hair, and replaced his bonnet on one side, his toilette might be said to be complete, and he turned with an air of confidence to look at the lady beside him.

She was much younger than himself, and was very beautiful. Her hair and eyes were as black as they could be; and her features, full of life and animation, were of a mellow brown, which, while it looked rich and inviting, had, besides, an air of durability. It was somewhat difficult to understand the relation subsisting between the officer and the lady. He had come to the diligence with her, made her accept of his cloak to keep off the cold air of the morning, and was assiduous in his attentions

to her comfort. Their conversation soon showed, however, that their acquaintance was but of recent date; that the lady was going to Figueras, to join her husband, a sub-lieutenant in the garrison; that the officer had been on *congé* from his regiment in Barcelona, whither he was now returning; and that they had travelled together accidentally from Narbonne. The difference between the French and most other nations, and the secret of their enjoying themselves in almost any situation, is, simply, that they endeavour to content themselves with the present, and draw from it whatever amusement it may be capable of affording. *Utiliser ses moments* is a maxim which they not only utter frequently, but follow always. They make the most of such society as chance may send them, are polite to persons whom they never expect to see again, and thus often begin, where duller spirits end, by gaining the good-will of all who come near them. In this way our officer had turned his time to good account, and was already on excellent terms with his fair companion. Nor was he inattentive to us, but exceedingly courteous and polite; so that, instead of frowning defiance upon each other, and putting ourselves at ease without regarding the comfort of the rest, we all endeavoured to be agreeable, and even to prefer each the convenience of his fellow-travellers to his own.

There were no passengers in the cabriolet, and the conductor, in spite of the ordinance, had descended from his stately station on the imperial to the humbler though warmer birth in the front of the diligence, where he sat, wrapped up in a great variety of fur jackets, with a red comforter round his neck, and a seal-skin cap on his head, which he would occasionally project from the window to hail a passing acquaintance, or give some order to the postilion. The rotunda, however, was full, as I could see by opening a small window which communicated between it and the interior. Some of the passengers were still sleeping, with their cotton nightcaps drawn over their faces; while others were smoking cigars, and carrying on a discordant conversation in French, Provençal, or Catalan. In one of the sleepers I recognised a pastry-cook, whom I had met at the office of the mayor at Perpignan. The mayor, who was a worthy old gentleman, and a chevalier of St. Louis to boot, had refused at first to let him leave the kingdom in consequence of some defect in his passport; but had finally yielded to the poor fellow's solicitations, and made him happy, by telling him that he might go and make *petits patés* for the Barcelonians. Beside this gastronomical missionary, there was another, who might belong to his sect, as he was going to buy cork. A third was a glove-maker

of Grenoble, who had been settled some years in Barcelona, and was now returning from a visit to his native town. This was a young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, with a short bull-neck and a stubborn countenance, not at all improved by a low fur cap without a brim, by which it was surmounted. He had married the wife of his former master, who had taken a fancy to him, on or before the death of her husband, stepping thus, at once, into his bed and business. The old lady came forth a half-day's journey to meet and welcome him at Mataro; where, as they encountered, the cloying fondness of the one, and the patient endurance of the other, furnished a singular and amusing picture of matrimonial felicity.

The country through which our road lay, on leaving Perpignan, was highly cultivated, producing some corn, but chiefly wine, oil, and silk. These branches of agriculture, however, though they carry with them so many associations of luxuriance and beauty, furnish by no means so many picturesque attractions as are to be found in a pastoral district, with its simpler combination of trees, and streams, and meadows. The season of the year, too, was very unfavorable for rural display. A powerful sun had already destroyed the leaves of the vine and mulberry, so that the

only remaining verdure was offered by the olive, which still preserved its foliage and its fruit, blackening as it ripened—if, indeed, that could be called verdure, whose gray and lifeless hue was akin to the soil which nourished it. The olive, in truth, owes every thing to association: it has the sadness of the willow, with little of its grace.

As seen from Perpignan, the Pyrenees had stood in rugged perspective before us, rising gradually from the Mediterranean, and bending westward, where Mont Perdu reared his snowy head, until lost in the heavens. Their apparent elevation did not, however, increase upon us in advancing; for our road, instead of attacking the loftier ranges, sought an inferior pass, not very distant from the sea, where the Pyrenees may scarce claim the character of mountains. There are three principal roads communicating between France and Spain: one from St. Jean de Luz into Guipuscoa; another from St. Jean Pié de Port into Navarre; and a third, by which we were crossing, from Roussillon to Catalonia, by the pass of Junquera. There are, however, a variety of passes through the Pyrenees, which are not only practicable for horses, but even for carriages and artillery; yet does this famous range offer an admirable boundary to the two great nations which it divides, defined as it is, on both

sides, by the course of water, which marks the French territory when its direction is northward, the Spanish when it seeks an outlet to the south.

When the ascent commenced, the postilion left his saddle, jumped out of his boots, which he hitched together and threw over the back of the *bidet*, that he might not miss his rider, and sauntered along at the side of the team in the light shoes which he wore within his boots, smacking his whip, and thundering out an oath or a hard name occasionally for the animation of his cattle. The conductor, too, got down, and we all took to our legs, except our female companion, and the captain, to whom a march offered no novelty. In ascending, the crests of the mountain became craggy, but the gorges were still cultivated. There was little, however, to merit the name of fine scenery; for our windings along the bottoms of the ravines cut us off from any extended vista, while around us there were neither woodlands nor mountain streams, with their attendant fertility.

At the last French post our passports were examined; and when we reached Junquera, the first village in Spain, diligent search was made for the necessary countersign of some Spanish consul or other authorized functionary. Here our trunks were likewise inspected with much eagerness, to discover if they might contain any contraband ar-

ticles or prohibited books; under which title are included all, except such as preach political and religious obedience, but especially the works of Marmontel, Voltaire, and Rousseau, together with the modern metaphysicians and economists. The orders to search were the more particular at this moment, in consequence of a large package of books having lately been detected in attempting to pass the barrier, bearing on their backs the pious title of *Vidas de los Santos;* but which were in fact nothing less than Spanish translations of the Social Contract, and pocket editions of Llorante's History of the Inquisition. As I chanced to have with me the Henriade and a few plays, productions of the arch-sceptic, I was glad to avoid the trouble of search and the risk of detection by slipping a piece of silver into the hands of the officer, who had given me to understand that it would not be unacceptable.

Junquera is a miserable village, owing its existence, not to any advantages of soil, but to its situation near the top of the pass, where a stopping-place is essential to the accommodation of travellers. Like most places similarly situated, it has but a squalid appearance; so that the traveller who enters Spain by this route will always receive an unfavorable impression of the country which he is about to visit. As usually happens, in passing the frontier

of two countries, he may likewise be surprised at finding so little difference in the manners and appearance of the inhabitants. Remembering that those who live north of the frontier are Frenchmen, those south of it Spaniards, he may wonder that there should exist so much conformity between people of two nations which, in all their essential characteristics, are as different as they can well be. But here, as elsewhere, there is a sort of neutral ground, where the dress, manners, and language are made up of those peculiar to the neighbouring countries. Thus at Perpignan the Provençal begins to blend itself with the Catalan, the latter entering more and more into the compound as you approach the Pyrenees, until there is little of the former left but such words and expressions as are common to the two languages. They may be called languages, because, besides being generally spoken, they are both written, and have their respective grammars, their literature, and their poetry. Even now, as in the days of the troubadour, there are perhaps more ballads hawked about in the cities of Provence than in any other country; and there is a softness and harmony in their versification which French poetry does not always possess. The Provençal is a degenerate offspring of the Latin, between the French and Italian, the French words being terminated by aspirated vowels, and softened

into an Italian pronunciation; but the Catalan, though chiefly derived from the old language of the troubadour, is a rougher and much harsher tongue: it has a hawking, spluttering sound, which may have come with the barbarians from the north of Europe.

In the public officers, police, military, in fact in every thing which relates to the general service, the traveller will, however, notice a most decided change in passing from France into Spain. On the French side he finds snug buildings to shelter the custom-officers, who are men that would repel a bribe with indignation; cleanliness and uniformity in the dress of the *employés;* and *gens-d'armes* well accoutred and well mounted, patrolling the country, guarding it from robbers, and enabling the citizen to pursue his avocations in security. On the Spanish side how different! Miserable-looking *aduaneros* crawl forth, with paper cigars in their mouths, in old cocked hats of oil-cloth, and rolled in tattered cloaks, from beneath mud hovels, which seem to be only waiting for their escape that they may tumble down. They make a show of examining you, ask for something for cigars, and if you give them a *peseta*, they say that all is well, and you go by unmolested. Here there is no law but that of the strongest, and every man is seen carrying a gun to protect his person and property.

On leaving Junquera, the road followed a rivulet, and, after descending a while, the barren region of the Pyrenees softened into scenes of partial cultivation. The valleys and sheltered situations were covered with corn, vines, and olives, and the hill tops were fringed with cork-trees. This useful production is known in Spain by the name of *alcornoque*. It is a species of the *encina*, which, though of very different appearance from our oak, furnishes a wood of the same grain, and produces acorns, which are not so bitter as ours, and which, as an article of food, the poorer classes do not always abandon to the hogs. Thus we are told that Sancho was a great lover of *bellotas*. The cork-tree grows to the height of our apple-tree, and spreads its branches much in the same manner; but the trunk is of much greater dimensions, and the foliage of a more gloomy hue. Its trunk and branches are covered with a thick ragged bark, which would seem to indicate disease. The trunk alone, however, furnishes a bark of sufficient thickness to be of use in the arts. It is first stripped away in the month of July, when the tree is fifteen years old, but is then of no use, except to burn, and is only removed for the sake of producing a stouter growth. In the course of six or eight years, the inner bark has grown into a cork of marketable quality, and

continues to yield, at similar intervals, for more than a century.

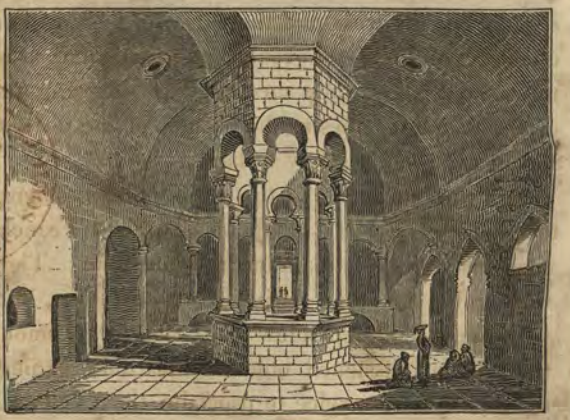
Towards noon we drove into the town of Figueras, the first place of importance within the Spanish frontier. It is overlooked by a citadel, in which the science of fortification has been exhausted. There is an old proverb, which, in characterizing the military excellence of three great nations, prefers 'the French to take, the Spaniards to fortify, and the English to keep.' The Spaniards have proved, at Figueras, that they are entitled to the praise awarded them; for, with a sufficient garrison and supplies, the place is esteemed impregnable. It is now occupied by the French, to secure their communications with the army in Barcelona. When it will cease to be thus occupied is another question.

As soon as we drove up to the *posada*, a party of wild Catalans rushed forth from the stable-yard to assist in carrying away our team; and the conductor, who had long since abdicated his elevated station, and descending along the iron steps placed at the side of the diligence, had taken his stand upon the lowest one, supported by a rope from above, now jumped to the ground and hastened to release us from our captivity. Our captain alighted first; and having refreshed himself by a well-bred

stretch, was just holding out his hand to assist his female friend, when he was suddenly saved the trouble by a stout, fine-looking fellow, a sub-lieutenant of chasseurs, who stepped in before him. This was a rough Provençal with a black beard, who had fought his way to his present station without fear or favor. He was evidently the husband of the lady; for she, declining the captain's courtesy, jumped into his arms and embraced him. The husband seemed pleased enough to find himself once more so near *sa petite;* and when he had called some soldiers, who were standing by, to carry his wife's bandboxes, he took her under his arm, and carried her away in a hurry to his quarters, his spurs jingling at each step, and his sabre clattering after him over the pavement. The captain twisted his mustaches, and glared fiercely after the receding couple; but as the man was only exercising an honest privilege, he said not a word, but bade the conductor hand him down his sword, and when he had thrust it through his belt, we all went into the posada.

The next place of any consequence through which we passed was Gerona, a fortified town situated on a mountain. Its foundation is ascribed to the Gerons, who make so distinguished a figure in the fabulous history of Spain, and whose destruction by the Libyan Hercules constitutes one of the

twelve labors of the god. Gerona is very celebrated in Spanish history for the many sieges it has sustained, and for its successful resistance on twenty-two occasions, which gained it the name of La Doncella—'The Maiden.' It lost its character, however, in the War of Succession, when it was entered by the Marshal de Noailles; and since then its fame is gone entirely. It was near nine at night when we reached the gate, where we were kept waiting half an hour, until the key could be procured from the commandant.



*Arab Baths at Gerona.*

The next morning at four we were again in motion, ascending and descending hills in rapid succession, until we came to a stream of some width,

over which there was no bridge, as we had already found to be the case with several others since crossing the frontier. While we were yet descending the bank, the postilion put his cattle to their speed, so that we proceeded a good distance with this acquired velocity. When in the middle, however, we were near stopping; for the river, which was much swollen, entered at the bottom of the diligence, washing through the wheels, and striking against the flanks of our horses, until it rendered them powerless, and had well nigh driven them from their legs. They were for a moment at a stand; but the whip and the voice of the postilion encouraged them to greater exertion, and, after much struggling, they succeeded in dragging the coach over the stones at the bottom of the torrent, and in bringing it safely to land.

We were not alone in this little embarrassment; for there was a party of about a hundred Frenchmen crossing the stream at the same time. They were going to join a regiment at Barcelona, and, with the exception of a few *vieux moustaches* among the non-commissioned officers, who did not need their badges of service to proclaim them veterans, they were all conscripts, as any one who had seen Vernet's inimitable sketches would readily have conjectured. It happened that there was a small foot-bridge, only one plank in width, which stood

on upright posts driven into the bottom of the stream. The water was now nearly even with the top, and in some places flowed over. This, however, afforded a more agreeable way of crossing than wading the river with water to the armpits. The commander of the party had already passed, and stood, buttoned in his capote and with folded arms, upon an eminence beyond the stream, watching the motions of his followers. Those of the soldiers who had already crossed stood upon the bank, laughing and hallooing at the unsteady steps of the conscripts, as they came faltering over with caps and coats fitting them like sacks, and their muskets held out before them to assist in maintaining a balance. Though many tottered, only two or three fell; and these came to land well drenched, to the infinite amusement of their comrades. Last came a young sub-lieutenant, evidently on his first campaign, tripping along the plank with the airy step of a *muscadin*. Unfortunately, just as he had cleared two-thirds of the bridge, and was quickening his pace with an air of great self-complacency, a blast of wind, rushing down the ravine, caught the skirts of his oil-cloth coat, and throwing him out of the perpendicular, he fell full length, like a thresher fish, upon the water. The soldiers respected the feelings of their officer, and repressed their mirth: they rushed into the stream, each with exclamations

of anxiety for *mon lieutenant*, and soon drew him to land dripping with the water, from which his patent cloak had not availed to protect him.

The little village of Tordera lay just beyond the bank of the stream, and its whole population had come out to the corner of the last house to witness our simultaneous arrival. It happened to be Sunday, and, as I have sometimes fancied is apt to be the case, it brought with it a bright sunshine and a cloudless sky. The inhabitants, in consideration of the day and the weather, were decked in their gayest apparel, furnishing me with a first and most favourable occasion of seeing something of the Catalans and of their costume. The men were of large stature, perfectly well made, and very muscular; but there seemed something sinister in their appearance, partly produced by the length and shagginess of their hair and the exaggerated cast of their countenances, partly by the graceless character of their costume. It consisted of a short jacket and waistcoat of green or black velvet, scarce descending half-way down the ribs, studded thickly with silver buttons at the breasts, lappels, and sleeves; the trowsers of the same material, or of nankeen, being long, full, and reaching from the ground to the armpits. Instead of shoes, they wore a hempen or straw sandal, which had a small place to admit and protect the toes, and a

brace behind with cords, by means of which it was bound tightly to the instep. Their dark-tanned and sinewy feet seemed strangers to the embarrassment of a stocking, whilst their loins were girt with a sash of red silk or woollen. This article of dress, unknown among us, is universally worn by the working classes in Spain, who say that it keeps the back warm, sustains the loins, and prevents lumbago; in short, that it does them a great deal of good, and that they would be undone without it. Most of the young men had embroidered ruffles, and collars tied by narrow scarfs of red or yellow silk: some displayed within their waistcoat a pair of flashy suspenders of green silk, embroidered with red and adjusted by means of studs and buckles of silver. The most remarkable article, however, of this singular dress, and by no means the most graceful, was a long cap of red woollen, which fell over behind the head, and hung a long way down the back, giving the wearer the look of a cut-throat. Whether from the associations of ideas with the *bonnet rouge*, or some other prejudice, or from its own intrinsic ugliness, I was not able, during my short stay in Catalonia, to overcome my repugnance to this detestable headgear.

As for the women, some of them were dressed in a gala suit of white, with silk slippers covered

with spangles; but more wore a plain black frock, trimmed with velvet of the same color. They were generally bare-headed, just as they had come from their dwellings: a few, returning perhaps from mass, had fans in their hands, and on their heads the *mantilla*. The Spanish mantilla is often made entirely of lace, but more commonly of black silk, edged with lace or with broad velvet riband. It is fastened above the comb, and pinned to the hair, thence descending to cover the neck and shoulders, and ending in two embroidered points which depend in front. These are not confined, but left to float about loosely; so that, with the ever-moving fan, they give full employment to the hands of the lady, whose unwearied endeavours to conceal her neck furnish a perpetual proof of her modesty. Though in former times the female foot was doomed in Spain to scrupulous concealment, to display it is now no longer a proof of indecency. The frock had been much shortened among these fair Catalans, each of whom exhibited a well-turned ankle, terminated in a round little foot, neatly shrouded in a thread stocking, with a red, a green, or a black slipper. They were besides of a graceful height and figure, with the glow of health deep upon their cheeks, and eyes that spoke a burning soul within. There was much of the grace and ease and fascination of the Pro-

vençelle, with a glow and luxuriance enkindled by a hotter sun.

We were detained a short time in Tordera to change horses, so that before we departed the French party filed into the little square by beat of drum; the captain marching sword in hand at the head, while his lieutenant slunk past us, with the water oozing from his boots at each tread, and sought out the kitchen of the posada. When the line was formed, the serjeant proceeded to call the roll. Sentinels were placed to parade on each side of the square, and then the arms being stacked, and the sacks and accoutrements suspended upon them, the soldiers became instantly as merry as crickets, stretched their backs, now relieved of their aching burdens, or capered about the square, wrestling with each other, or fencing with their hands, as if they had foils in them. Others wandered away to a neighbouring wine-shop to stay their stomachs while their rude meal was preparing, levying a subscription of coppers for the purpose as they went; whilst a solitary swain preferred rather to roam aside to a neighbouring alley, and make love to a damsel of Tordera.

Leaving this little village and its pleasant scenes, we ascended a hill and came suddenly in sight of the Mediterranean, and of a far-stretching extent of coast, whitened, at short intervals, by busy little

villages, which received the tribute of both sea and land; for, while a well-cultivated country supplied the wants of the industrious inhabitant, countless fishing-boats were seen upon the water, urging their way to the beach by sail and oar, to land their spoil, and share in the rest and jubilee of the Sabbath. When we came to the shore, some of these boats were already hauled up. They had but one short mast, leaning forward, with a very long yard, over which their nets were now suspended to dry, while the fish taken in their toils fluttered in heaps on the sand, or were carried away in baskets. These boats were sharp at both ends, with a high prow, ending in a round ball, painted to represent the human face, and covered with a wig of sheep-skin. Beside this odd ornament, some had a half-moon or a human eye on either bow. Nor were there wanting larger vessels, clean-built smugglers and others, anchored near the shore; while farther in the offing were ships and brigs, stretching to and fro against a contrary wind, anxious to escape from the stormy region of the Gulf of Lyons. One ship had come quite near. Her well-fashioned and varnished body and trim-rigged masts, with the snowy whiteness of her canvas, rendered it likely that she was American. Nor was there any thing hazardous in the conjecture, since wherever there is water to float a ship, it has been divided by an

American keel. I felt sure of the matter from the first, being somewhat of a connoisseur in matters of ships and rigging; for, when yet a child, I had loved to loiter about the wharfs of my native city, watching the arrival of ships from countries which I knew as yet only through my geography, or witnessing the casting-off of departing vessels, the last halloo and later greeting of shawls and handkerchiefs as friends were separated from each other. It was not, however, without a feeling of additional satisfaction, that I presently saw the proud ship turn towards the wind, present the opposite side to its efforts, and change the direction of her sails, offering her stern to our view, and, as if pleased with the opportunity, hoisting aloft and displaying in the bright sunshine the stars and stripes of that banner, which has never been branded with dishonor, nor sullied by strong-handed injustice. I was alone in a foreign land, strange sights were before me, and stranger sounds were echoing in my ears; yet the home feeling, thus called up, asserted itself within me. I brushed a tear from my cheek, rather in exultation than in sorrow, and, when the gallant ship had faded from view, offered an inward prayer that the winds and waves might be propitious.

Our road now lay along the coast through a great number of villages, which formed themselves

into a double row of houses on either side. I was struck with the neat appearance of these dwellings, unlike any thing I had seen in France. Some were two stories, more but one, in height, plastered and whitewashed, with red-tile roofs. The door opened into a long passage or hall, neatly arranged and matted. Not unfrequently, a little altar stood at the extremity, illuminated by a single lamp. A rude image of Our Lady of the Pillar was usually the prominent object, and around was an abundance of pewter ornaments and pictures. It was the family shrine; its refuge in the hour of distress; when the storm rages, and the boat of her husband is not upon the beach, the only succour of an anxious wife—if not the source of real protection, at least a foundation for confidence and hope.

Beside the door revealing this shrine of family devotion was a high window, grated with iron bars and ornamented with flower-pots. This was also a shrine, though devoted to a different order of excellence. A lovely girl might often be seen, sitting with her chair in the window; one foot concealed under it, the other projecting between the gratings of the balcony, displaying perfectly its graceful curve and well-defined outline. Her left arm over the back of her chair, the right holds a fan, with which she presses her under lip into more inviting relief. Her full dark eye glances rapidly at all

who pass, frowns upon some and favors others, whom she at the same time salutes with a gracious bending forward of the head, and of those winning and prolonged shakes of the fan or fingers, which, though so common in Spain, are yet quite enough to turn the head of any man. One of our passengers, a young student whom we had taken in at Gerona, had never before been from home. He set out sad and tearful, as boys are wont to do, and during the whole morning dealt only in monosyllables. As his home receded, however, he grew less sorrowful, and the unaccustomed scenes of the coast and the shipping became so many sources of amusement. But the bright eyes of these brown beauties were far more effectual; indeed they put the devil into the boy. Whenever we passed one of these favored balconies, he would jump to the window, shake his hands with a smile, after the fashion of the country, call the lady "the heart of his soul," and utter many tender speeches in Catalan. Once, when a rarer combination of lips and eyes had raised his rapture and admiration too high for words, he took refuge in signs, loading the ends of his fingers with kisses, and wafting them tenderly, after the manner of the Turks. Nor did the damsel thus saluted grow angry at his impertinence. When she saw how fast the diligence went, and that it was only a

boy, she took courage, and returned the salutation by mimicking it.

In this merry way we rattled through many villages, which lay in the road to Barcelona. Nor was the country itself without attraction. The protecting Pyrenees formed a barrier against the bleak *mistral*, while the sunny exposure of the coast and the moist winds of the Mediterranean tended to keep vegetation alive. There were cornfields, vineyards, and olive orchards, all divided from each other by hedges of aloe. This hardy plant, while it forms enclosures which take care of themselves and are impenetrable, furnishes fibres which are woven into a coarse cloth, used in the country, and sent to America to make bales for cotton, and are sometimes wrought even into lace and other fine manufactures. The orange, too, might occasionally be seen at the sunny side of a house, loaded with its rich fruit, and its leaves still verdant and exhaling fragrance; nor had the singing birds yet ceased their carol.

Such was the succession of objects that varied our ride to Barcelona, which we reached before sunset. The population, dressed in various and fantastic costumes, and intermingled with French soldiery, were returning from their Sunday's promenade, and hurrying to reach the gates before they should close for the night. We entered with

them, wound through the streets of the Catalonian metropolis, and were presently set down at the coach-office beside the Rambla. We were not long in dispersing, some one way, some another. The young Frenchman and I remained together, and when we had obtained our trunks from the top of the diligence, which the porters were able to reach by means of a long ladder, we sought lodgings at the neighbouring Fonda of the Four Nations.

Before separating, however, we had exchanged addresses with our companion the captain, and received an invitation to visit him at his quarters. We took an early occasion of redeeming our promise, and at length found him out in a little room, overlooking one of the narrowest streets of Barcelona. As we entered, he was sitting thoughtfully on his bed, with a folded paper in his hand, one foot on the ground, the other swinging. A table, upon which were a few books, and a solitary chair, formed the only furniture of the apartment; while a schaiko, which hung from the wall by its nailed throat-lash, a sword, a pair of foils and masks, an ample cloak of blue, and a small portmanteau, containing linen and uniform, constituted the whole travelling equipage and moveable estate of this marching officer. We accommodated ourselves, without admitting apologies, on the bed and the chair, and our host set about the task of entertain-

ing us, which none can do better than a Frenchman. He had just got a letter from a widow lady, whose acquaintance he had cultivated when last in Barcelona, and was musing upon the answer. Indeed, his amatory correspondence seemed very extensive; for he took one billet, which he had prepared, from the cuff of his capote, and a second from the fold of his bonnet, and read them to us. They were full of extravagant stuff, rather remarkable for warmth than delicacy; instead of a signature at the bottom, they had a heart transfixed with an arrow, and were folded in the shape of a cocked hat. As for the widow, he did not know where to find words sweet enough for her; and protested that he had half a mind to send her the remaining one of a pair of mustachoes, which he had taken from his lip after the campaign of Russia, and which he presently produced, of enormous length, from a volume of tactics.

When we were about to depart, our captain said that he was going to the *caserne* of his regiment to assist in an assault of arms which was to be given by the officers, and asked us to go with him. The scene of the assault was a basement room. The earthen floor was covered with plank, to make it more pleasant to the feet. We found a couple already fencing, and our companion soon stripped to prepare for the encounter. It was singular to see

the simplicity of his dress. When he drew off his boots to put on the sandals, his feet were without stockings, and under his close-buttoned capote there was no waistcoat, nothing to cover his shaggy breast, but a coarse linen shirt without a collar; for the French officers wear nothing about the neck beside a stock of black velvet edged with white. Having taken off the sword-belt which hung from his shoulder, and bound his suspenders round his loins, he rolled his sleeves up, chose a mask and foil, and was ready to step into the arena. It appeared that our captain was master of his weapon, from the difficulty in finding him an antagonist. This, however, was at length removed, by the stepping forth of a close-built little *sabreur*. It was a fine display of manly grace to see the opening salutations of courtesy, and the fierce contest that ensued, as they alternately attacked and defended, winding themselves within the guard of each other with the stealth and quickness of the serpent, and glaring from within their masks with eyes of fire. The buttons of their foils were not covered with leather, as is usual among more moderate fencers, lest the motion of the points should be embarrassed. Hence the rough edges, as they grazed the arm or struck full upon the breast, brought blood in several places. This same weapon, the foil, is generally used by the French military

in duels, with the single preparation of cutting off the button. When the assault was concluded, the antagonists removed their masks and shook hands, as is the custom, in order to remove any irritation that might have occurred during the contest. Then commenced a brisk and earnest conversation upon the performance, furnishing matter for many compliments and never-ending discussion. During a year's residence in France, I had never before met with any one who had taken part in the campaign of Russia. As I now looked, however, upon the muscular arms of the captain and his iron conformation, I was not surprised that he had been of the few who had gone through the horrors of that disastrous expedition.

Our fonda was situated upon the Rambla, a broad highway through the city, the chief thoroughfare and promenade of Barcelona. Being of modern construction, we found large and commodious apartments But to one accustomed to the convenience and luxury of a French bedchamber, which constitutes indeed the chief excellence of their inns, my present room was but dreary and desolate. Besides the tile floor and whitewashed walls and ceiling, there were a few chairs, a table, and no mirror; on one side a comfortless bed, hidden by curtains in an alcove; on the other, a large window with folding sashes and grated balcony.

It overlooked an open field, which had no trees, but was covered with ruins and rubbish. The place had formerly been the site of the convent and spacious garden of a Capuchin fraternity. The property had been sold during the late period of the Constitution, and the buyers were proposing to build houses, and to render it productive, when the royalist insurrection, which the despoiled clergy had stirred up, aided by French armies, brought about the counter-revolution. Those who had paid for the land were dispossessed with little ceremony, and the materials which they had been collecting to erect stores and dwellings were now fastened upon by the returning fugitives, to renew the demolished combination of church, and cell, and cloister. The good fathers might be seen all day from my window, moving about as busy as bees, with their long beards and dingy habits of gray, girded with a rope, superintending the labor of twenty or thirty workmen. In watching their manœuvres, and commiserating the poor Spaniards, I found a gloomy distraction for my idle hours.

The balconies in the front of our fonda offered a gayer view, overlooking the wide walk of the Rambla, which was constantly frequented by every variety of people, and in the afternoon was thronged to overflowing. The scene then became animated indeed. There were many well-dressed men and

women, evidently the fashion of the place; country people and artisans; French officers and soldiers, moving along with pretty girls hanging on their arms, and each apparently as much at home as though he were in the centre of his own department. There were also students arrayed in long flimsy black cloaks; their breeches, stockings, and cocked hats, also black, and without even so much as a shirt collar to relieve the gloom of their attire. But the most numerous class of pedestrians were the clergy. The seculars, canons, curates, and vicars, wore frocks of black, concealing their breeches and stockings of the same colour. Over all, they had an ample cloak of black cloth or silk, without a cape, which either hung loosely around them, or was thrown into a graceful fold by placing the right skirt over the opposite shoulder. The hat, however, was the most remarkable object of their dress. It consisted of an immense flat, three or four feet in diameter, turned up at the sides until the two edges met above the crown. It was worn with the long part pointing before and behind; for, had it been carried sideways, a few would have served to block the Rambla and render passing impracticable. The best time to convince one's self of the convenience of this head gear is in a gale of wind. Many a severe fit of laughter have I had in Spain, when it has been blowing hard, to see a

priest coming unexpectedly upon a windy corner and struck by a blast. One hand is stretched to the front of the long hat, the other to the back of it, as though devotion had prompted a new way of signing the cross; and then his many robes fluttering and struggling to the sad entanglement of the legs, combined to form a figure perfectly ludicrous. Besides the secular clergy, there was a goodly store of monks in black, white, blue, or gray, with their fat and unseemly heads shaved bare at the crown and about the neck and temples. A few were worn down and emaciated, as if from fasting, vigils, and maceration, with an air of cold-blooded and fanatic abstraction; the greater part were burly and well-conditioned, with sensuality engraven on every feature. As they waddled contentedly and self-complacently along the Rambla, they would peer into the mantilla of every pretty girl that passed them, exchanging a shake of the fingers or a significant glance with such as were of their acquaintance. There is no part of Spain where the clergy are more numerous than in Catalonia; for they form more than two per cent. of the entire population. Two men in a hundred, who neither sow, nor reap, nor labour; and who, nevertheless, eat, and drink, and luxuriate! The fact is its own best commentary.

## CHAPTER II.

### PRINCIPALITY OF CATALONIA.

Barcelona.—Its Environs.—The Noria.—History of Barcelona.—Its present Condition.—Departure for Valencia.—The Team of Mules.—The Bishop of Vique.—Ride to Tarragona.—The City.

THE principality of Catalonia forms part of the kingdom of Arragon, and extends along the Mediterranean from the Pyrenees to the Ebro. It is by nature broken, mountainous, and sterile; but the stubborn industry of the inhabitants has forced it into fertility. It is not long since that it had more manufacturers than any other part of Spain, carried on extensive fisheries, and traded to the remotest corners of the world; thus offering the noble spectacle of a country sustaining a numerous and flourishing population, though unaided by the bounties of nature.

Barcelona is the capital of the principality. It is situated upon a plain beside the sea. Without the walls, towards the south-west, is an insulated hill called Monjui, which is crowned with a fine fortress, and is impregnable by any regular attack. The Lobregat runs behind it, whilst the horizon on the north and west is closed by a bold range of

mountains, which arrest the bleak winds of winter. Among these, Monserrat, celebrated not less for its venerated shrine, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, than for the horrors of its scenery and situation, lifts its crest, fringed with a forest of rocky pyramids*. The port is partly formed by a natural indentation of the coast, but chiefly by an artificial mole, of noble construction, which stretches far into the sea. Vessels drawing sixteen feet may cross the bar at the mouth of the harbour, and be protected from most winds within the mole. In the season of easterly winds, however, there comes an occasional hurricane, forcing in a terrible sea, which drives the ships from their anchors, dashes them against each other, and covers the beach and bay with an awful scene of confusion and disaster.

Barcelona yields only to Madrid and Valencia in extent and population. Antillon estimates the latter at one hundred and forty thousand. The greater part of the city is very ill built, with streets so narrow that many of them are impassable for carriages. This is especially the case in the centre, where the old Roman town is supposed to have stood, from the ruins found there—arches and

* It takes its Latin name from its rugged and saw-like crest: *sierra*, the word so much used in Spain, and so applicable to the character of the mountains, is a corruption of *serra*.

columns of temples, incorporated with the squalid constructions of modern times. Here the public square, or *Plaza*, is found, with arcades and balconies; the scene of many an *auto-de-fé* and many a bull-feast. It has, however, witnessed one redeeming spectacle; for it was here that Ferdinand and Isabella, attended by a wondering and proud array of cavaliers and courtiers, received from Columbus the tribute of the new-found world.

The churches of Barcelona are not remarkable for beauty; but the custom-house is a noble edifice, and so is the exchange. In the latter, public schools are established for teaching the sciences connected with navigation, and the arts of architecture, painting, and statuary. These noble institutions are maintained at the expense of the city, and all, whether natives or strangers, children or adults, may attend the classes gratuitously, and receive instruction from able masters. The Catalans have much taste for music, and have long supported an Italian opera in Barcelona. I found the performance better than in Madrid. The company confines itself to the music of Rossini, which, doubtless, contributes to its success. The comedy is very inferior, lacking as it does the support of the lower classes, who are but little acquainted with the Castilian tongue. The only performance which I attended gave me but a poor opinion of

the Spanish drama: it was not thus with Spanish dancing, which I there witnessed, with delight, for the first time. Notwithstanding the great size of Barcelona, it has no public journal of its own, nothing, indeed, which approaches the character of a newspaper, except a little diary, as big as your two hands, which contains a description of the weather, and a marine list, together with such a collection of commercial advertisements as indicates too clearly the fallen condition of trade.

The environs of Barcelona, as seen from Monjui, are exceedingly picturesque. Beside the noble metropolis, which spreads itself at your feet, with all its combination of palaces, churches, promenades, and lines of circumvallation, you have the bay before you, filled with its shipping, drawn up within the long white mole, terminated by a noble faro; and beyond, the open sea, spotted by many a white sail, and stretching far east, wave following wave in diminished perspective, until lost in the horizon. In the interior is seen the rugged barrier of mountains, while the verdant prospect below bespeaks its protecting influence. The fields about Barcelona are cultivated with the greatest care, and are extremely productive in silk, wine, oil, figs, oranges, almonds, apricots, and pomegranates; flax, wheat, barley, oats, rye, and Indian corn, with every species of esculents. When contemplated

from above, this scene of varied production, neatly divided into fields, and enclosed by hedges of aloe, delights the eye and fills the mind with the most pleasing ideas. The leading feature in the cultivation here, and to which much of this fertility is owing, is the system of irrigation. With a view to facilitate the operation, the fields are levelled into terraces; and a small stream, which runs by the city, furnishes the lands through which it passes with water; but it is more generally procured on each little farm by a machine called the *noria*, introduced by the Saracens. It is of general use throughout Spain, and is of essential value in so dry a climate.

The noria consists of a vertical wheel placed over a well, and having a band of ropes passing round it, to which earthen jars are affixed. These jars, set in motion by the turning of the wheel, descend empty on one side, pass through the water in the well below, and having small holes in the bottom for the air to escape, fill easily before they ascend on the opposite side. A little water leaks from the holes during the ascent, and falls from jar to jar. When arrived at the top, the water is emptied into a trough leading to a reservoir, elevated above every part of the field which it is intended to irrigate. Connected with the reservoir is a basin for washing clothes. As for the vertical wheel

which immediately raises the water, it receives its motion from a horizontal one, turned by a horse, cow, mule, or more commonly an ass. There is something primitive in this rude machine that carries one back to scripture scenes and Oriental simplicity. Often have I sat by the road-side for an hour together, watching the economy of these little farms, in the environs of Barcelona. While the laborer was digging among his lettuces, that old-fashioned animal, the ass, performed unbidden his solemn revolutions; the wheel turned, and the ropes of grass brought up the jars and emptied them of their burthen, while at the neighbouring reservoir a dark-eyed damsel would be upon her knees beside the basin, her petticoats tucked snugly around her, and as she rubbed the linen with her hand, or beat it against the curb-stone, singing some wild outlandish air, like any thing but the music of Europe.—Much labor is doubtless lost by the rude construction of the noria; but the system of irrigation, with which it is connected, is an excellent one, and is the means of fertilizing lands which must otherwise have remained uncultivated.

Barcelona is of very great antiquity, having been founded more than two centuries before Christ, by Hamilcar Barcas, father to the great Hannibal, from whom it derives its name. It made no great

figure under the Roman domination, having been eclipsed in those days by the immense city of Tarraco. When the Saracens overran Spain, Barcelona shared the common fate, and yielded to the dominion of Mahomet. Its remoteness, however, from Cordova, the seat of the Saracen empire, rendered its tenure precarious, and, accordingly, in the ninth century, it was recovered by Louis le Débonnaire, son and successor of Charlemagne. He erected it into a county, which he vested in the family of Bernard, a French noble. The Counts of Barcelona continued to yield allegiance to the French crown, until it voluntarily relinquished its sovereignty in the thirteenth century. The county became annexed to Arragon by marriage, as the latter afterwards blended itself with Castile to form the present Spanish monarchy, whose kings still use the title of Counts of Barcelona *.

Though Barcelona remained inconsiderable under the Romans, it made a distinguished figure in the days of returning civilization. From the Jews, who took refuge in it when driven from their homes, it derived that spirit of frugal and persevering industry which still characterises its inhabitants. The Catalans became enterprising traders, and the Me-

* Mariana, Historia de Espana. Most of the historical matter introduced in the course of this work is upon the authority of the same author.

diterranean, which lay so convenient for commercial pursuits, was soon covered with their ships. Barcelona became the rival of Genoa, and the dépôt whence christian Spain received the precious commodities of the east. Nor was the valor of the Catalans inferior to their industry and enterprise. They fitted out piratical expeditions, with which they worried the commerce of the Saracens; and even when they encountered armed fleets, victory was almost ever sure to declare for them. One fact, recorded by Mariana, may be sufficient to show the character and reputation of the early Catalans. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the Turks, led on by Othman, the fierce founder of their empire, began to extend their conquests in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, the emperor Andronicus, conscious of the effeminacy of his warriors, sent an embassy to Barcelona to ask assistance of the Catalans. Reguier, one of the most distinguished Catalan captains of that day, accepted the invitation. Having obtained the consent of his king, he enlisted five thousand adventurers equally fearless with himself, and set sail for Constantinople. They gained many battles in Phrygia, and drove the Turks from the vicinity of the Black Sea, until they at length became so powerful, and withal so insolent, that the Greek emperor would willingly have been de-

livered from their friendship. He made war with little success against his rapacious auxiliaries, until, after losing many battles, he was obliged to beg the interference of the pope and of the king of Arragon before they would leave his territory. Thus compelled to yield obedience to their spiritual and temporal masters, these Catalans seized, as a last resort, upon Athens and Negropont, where they long continued to maintain themselves. To this romantic expedition the kings of Arragon owed their title of Dukes of Athens and Neopatria, still used by the Spanish sovereigns down to the present day.

At length, however, when the discovery of America had opened new realms of commerce, and the progress of knowledge had advanced the spirit of civilisation, the Catalans were among the foremost to yield obedience to the change. Barcelona became a vast magazine, where goods of wool and silk, fire-arms and cutlery, with almost every other species of manufacture, were prepared for the distant colonies of Spain. The Catalan ships repaired with these commodities to every part of America; and commercial adventurers, after an absence of a few years, would return with fortunes to increase the resources and quicken the industry of their native province*.

* It appears from a late valuable publication, Navarrete's collection of Spanish voyages and discoveries, that the first

Such was Barcelona in former days: her present reverse is a very sad one. The manufactories of cut-

known experiment of propelling a vessel by the agency of steam was made at Barcelona, more than eighty-five years before the idea of procuring motion by means of it was first started by Brancas in Italy, more than a century before this power was first applied to any useful purpose by the Marquis of Worcester in England, and near three centuries before Fulton, adapting and combining the inventions of a host of contemporary mechanists, successfully solved the same wonderful problem in the United States. Singular, however, as the fact may be, it is fully established by various documents lately found in the archives of Simancas, and is so circumstantially stated as to be incontrovertible. It appears that in the year 1543 a certain sea officer, called Blasco de Garay, offered to exhibit before the Emperor Charles V. a machine, by means of which a vessel should be made to move without the assistance of either sails or oars. Though the proposal appeared ridiculous, the man was so much in earnest, that the emperor appointed a commission to witness and report upon the experiment. It consisted of Don Enrique de Toledo, Don Pedro Cardona, the Treasurer Ravago, the Vice-chancellor Gralla, and many experienced seamen. The experiment was made the 17th June, 1543, on board a vessel called the Trinidad, of two hundred barrels' burden, which had lately arrived with wheat from Colibre. The vessel was seen at a given moment to move forward and turn about at pleasure, without sail or oar or human agency, and without any visible mechanism, except a huge boiler of hot water and a complicated combination of wheels and paddles. The assembled multitude were filled with astonishment and admiration. The harbour of Barcelona resounded with plaudits, and the commissioners, who shared in the general enthusiasm, all made favorable reports to the emperor, except only the Treasurer Ravago. This man, from some unknown cause, was prejudiced against the inventor and his machine. He took great pains to undervalue it, stating,

lery and firearms are ruined and forgotten, and the wines and brandies of Catalonia, the cotton and woollen goods, which used formerly to be carried to

among other things, that it could be of little use, since it only propelled the vessel two leagues in three hours, that it was very expensive and complicated, and that there was great danger of the boiler's bursting frequently. The experiment over, Garay collected his machinery, and having deposited the wooden part in the royal arsenal, carried the rest to his own house.

Notwithstanding the invidious representations of Ravago, Garay was applauded for his invention, and taken into favor by the emperor, who promoted him one grade, gave him two hundred thousand *maravedises,* and ordered the jealous treasurer to pay all the expenses of the experiment. But Charles was then taken up with some military expedition, and the occasion of conferring an inestimable benefit on mankind was neglected for the business of bloodshed and devastation, while the honor which Barcelona might have received from perfecting this noble discovery was reserved for a city which had not yet started in the career of existence. The fact that a vessel was propelled by steam as early as the sixteenth century thus rendered certain, the question next occurs, whether it in any way detracts from the honor due to Fulton, not for having made the first successful application of steam to purposes of navigation (for he was even anticipated by Fitch in the United States), but for having brought it into use over the whole civilized world. By no means. This experiment at Barcelona, owing to the absence of journals and newspapers, those modern vehicles and wings of intelligence, was unknown to the world generally at the time of making it, as it ever was to Fulton. And besides, who can tell but that in like manner many inventions, which constitute at once the pride and profit of the present age, may have existed centuries ago in countries of forgotten civilisation?

every corner of the Americas, are now either shipped away by stealth or consumed only in Spain. In place of the ships and brigs, whose tall masts once looked like a forest within the mole of Barcelona, there are now to be seen only a paltry assemblage of fishing-boats and feluccas. Even these are not allowed a free navigation along the coasts of the Peninsula; nor does Spain even enjoy the pitiful privilege of an interchange of her own productions. Pirates and outcast adventurers of every nation, except Columbia, assuming the easy flag of that country and the name of patriot, rendered loathsome by its wearers, post themselves along the headlands of the Peninsula, and pilfer all who pass. Will this state of things last? Those who believe that the prosperity of one country does not involve the ruin of another may hope that it will not. Spain must sooner or later sacrifice her prejudices to her interest; and when the Americas shall be independent in name as in fact, the influence of a community of language, manners, and wants will not fail to assert itself. The spirit of enterprise, smothered, but not extinct, among the frugal and industrious Catalans, will revive, and Barcelona may again resound to the rattle and clang of the loom and the hammer.

Having passed a week in Barcelona, I set out early one morning for Tarragona, on my way to

Valencia and Madrid. At three o'clock the waiter who had served me in the fonda came to call me and carry my trunk to the diligence-office. There it was carefully weighed, and all that it exceeded an *aroba*, or twenty-five pounds, was paid for, over and above the charge for passage, which, from Barcelona to Valencia, a distance of fifty-seven Spanish leagues, of seventeen and a quarter to the degree, or two hundred and twenty-eight miles, amounted to about fifteen dollars*. There was besides one real, about twopence halfpenny, for

* Though there be some variety in the currency of the different provinces, yet the following division of money is generally used throughout Spain. The highest gold coin, the ounce or *doblon* of eight, is equal to sixteen dollars; the *doblon* of four is equal to eight dollars; the *doblon* of gold to four dollars; the *escudo* or *doblon* simple to two; and the *durito* to one dollar. The silver coins are the *duro* or *peso fuerte*, equal to one dollar; the *escudo* to half a dollar; the *peseta* to one-fifth of a dollar; and the *real* of *vellon* to the twentieth of a dollar. This last is divided into eight copper *cuartos*, and nominally into thirty-four *maravedises*. The *real*, however small, is yet the unity of Spanish currency. Formerly there were but eight *reales* to the dollar or ounce of silver, which was then called the *real* of eight; but the progressive depreciation of the copper of *vellon* money, arbitrarily forced into circulation, has reduced it to its present value. In America, where the copper money was not issued, the *real* still preserved its value. It is the same coin which passes among us for twelve and a half cents; and it is to the original *real* of eight that we are indebted for our unity of a dollar.

The Spanish weights are the pound, the *aroba* of twenty-five pounds, and the quintal.

each postilion during the journey, and a gift of courtesy, of nearly as much more, which usage had taught the conductor to expect at its termination. The disadvantages of the exclusive system—for diligences in Spain belong to the general system of monopoly—were here brought home to me in the way which travellers are most apt to appreciate. In France a seat in the cabriolet, for a corresponding distance, would not have cost more than the half of what I was now paying. I was farther struck with some items of the stipulations printed on the back of my receipt: one interdicted the carrying of more money than was strictly necessary for the expenses of the way, under penalty of being liable for any detriment which might result to the diligence; another held out to the traveller the consoling assurance that the company would not be liable for any loss which might be sustained by *robo a mano armada* (i. e. from armed robbers).

By the time I had snugly adjusted myself in my corner of the cabriolet, and made all the knowing and comfortable arrangements of an experienced traveller, an absentee, for whom we had been waiting, arrived and took his seat beside me. This done, the door was closed with a slam, the iron steps were turned up with a grating sound, the guttural '*Arre!*' rattled out by the *mayoral* was repeated by the *zagal*, and our ponderous diligence

heaved itself into motion, as it were, with a universal groan.

In riding from Perpignan to Barcelona, the horses had been exchanged for mules very shortly after crossing the boundary. In Spain mules are generally preferred to horses both as beasts of burden and of draught, and are seen before the most elegant carriages. Horses are employed for the saddle, to make a display in cities; but to travel any distance, even in this way, the mule is preferred as an easier-gaited and hardier animal, capable of enduring the extremes of hunger and fatigue. Hence the mule commands a much higher price. The female, being of showy figure, with limbs beautifully formed and sinewy, is used for draught; while the *macho* or male, the most stubborn and stupid animal in the world, is laden upon the back, doomed to carry burdens, and to all kinds of ignominious labor. The team which now drew us through the silent streets of Barcelona consisted of seven mules; six of which drew in pairs, abreast of each other, while the seventh went alone at the head, and was honored with the name of capitana. Their harness was very different from any thing I had yet seen; for, while the two wheel mules were attached to the carriage in the ordinary way, all the rest had long rope traces, which, instead of leading to the pole, were

attached to the carriage itself, and kept from dragging on the ground in descending hills by a leathern strap fastened to the end of the pole, through which they all passed. The leading mule only was guided by lines; the rest had their halters tied to the traces of capitana, and were thus obliged to follow all her motions, while the two hindmost had stout ropes fastened to their head-stalls for checking them on the descent. Nor was mere ornament disregarded in their equipment. Their bodies were smoothly shaven, to enable them better to endure the heat; but in this an eye was had to decoration by leaving the hair in partial stripes: the tail preserved enough of its garniture to furnish a neat fly brush, and the hair on the haunches was clipped into a curious fretwork, not a little resembling the embroidery of a hussar's pantaloons. They were besides plentifully adorned with plumes and tassels of gaily-colored worsted, and had many bells about the head to cheer them on the journey. As for our guides, they consisted of a zagal and mayoral, or postilion and conductor. The zagal with whom we set out from Barcelona was a fine-looking, athletic young man, dressed in the Catalan costume, with a red cap of unusual length reaching far down his back. The *mayoral,* who was much older, was in similar attire; but rather more rolled up in jackets and blankets, as became the cool air of the morning

and his own sedentary station on the front of the diligence.

Thus drawn and thus conducted, we wound through the streets of Barcelona; and when we came to narrow and intricate passes, the zagal would place himself beside capitana, and lead her by the head-stall. The day had not yet dawned, and the gates of Barcelona were not yet open, when we reached the one towards Monjui. We were therefore compelled to wait a few moments, embarrassed among a great number of carts, which were carrying off the filth of the city to manure the fields, and did not offer the most agreeable society. A gun, however, from Monjui, coming at first with a heavy peal, and then dying away among the mountains, gave the signal for which we were waiting. Before the reverberations had ceased, the gates grated upon their hinges as they were thrown open by the punctual Frenchman, and the chains of the drawbridge creaked and jarred with the weight of the descending mass. Our filthy neighbours opened right and left to make room for us, and the zagal, taking capitana by the head, led her over the bridge, through the zigzag approaches of the exterior works. When we had fairly gained the high road without the city, he gave her a good lash with his whip, and, standing still, bestowed the same greeting upon each mule as it passed in review before him. They all

set off at a gallop, and he, grasping with his left hand a rope which depended from the top of the diligence, and the tail of the hind mule with the right, vaulted to the bench of the mayoral.

On leaving the gate of Barcelona, we ascended the side of Monjui at a round pace; and when we had crossed the summit of the ridge, our descent to the valley of the Lobregat was not less rapid. The diligence was of less heavy construction than in France, insomuch that the hind wheels were not now shod, but allowed to revolve. It would have been bad enough to descend rapidly so long a hill in the daytime and with a clear road before us; but we had the further disadvantages of almost perfect darkness, and of having the whole hill strung with market carts repairing to the city. The mayoral and zagal were both looking sharply into the obscurity before us; and when one or more objects suddenly appeared in the road, the sagacity of the mules, or, when they slackened their pace and moved unsteadily, as if in doubt which side to go, a sudden twitch of the reins of capitana, would send them all in a hurry upon the course most likely to extricate us. This succeeded generally, but the cartmen could not always anticipate our motions; so that we several times grazed closely by them, and even caught the shaft of one that stood across the road, through the perverseness of

the mules, in our hind wheel. Our drivers had neither the inclination nor the ability to stop the diligence in order to inquire into the damage; but a loud crash and louder curses that rose behind us gave assurance that the contact had not been harmless.

When the daylight came, and the sun at length rose into a spotless sky, I looked with pleasure upon a varied and animated scene. Our road, though it followed the general outline of the sea-coast, and commanded occasional vistas of the Mediterranean, sometimes struck into the interior to avoid a headland, and thus gave an insight into the character and cultivation of the country. From my first entrance into Spain till my arrival at Barcelona, I had seen ranges of mountains constantly rising in the interior, and had placed them all to the account of the neighbouring Pyrenees; but the same state of things now continued to fix my attention. The land rose rapidly as it receded from the sea, ridges overlooking ridges; and I found, what, indeed, I have everywhere found in Spain, a broken country and a constant succession of mountains. These, however, do not baffle the efforts of the cultivator. Many of them were covered with forests of cork-trees and orchards of olive, or furnished pasture to goats and sheep; while the hill-sides, declining towards the sea, were spread out

in vineyards or grain-fields, now no longer verdant. The wine here raised is much esteemed in the country, and Villafranca, through which we passed at seven in the morning, produces a Malvoisie or Chian of some celebrity. The population was every where busy, ploughing the fields and laying the foundation of a future harvest. The spirit of industry seemed strong, and yet there were not wanting appearances of a pervading poverty. The implements of husbandry were ill contrived and rudely made; and the plough, instead of making a regular and rapid furrow, went forward deviously and slowly, and seemed to linger in the soil. It was drawn sometimes by mules or oxen, sometimes by meager cows; and I once saw a poverty-stricken peasant, rolled up in a tattered blanket, and pushing his plough through an ungrateful-looking field, with no better assistance than an ass and a cow. The scene was a characteristic one, and as I looked upon the gaunt form and wasting figure of the poor peasant, as he struggled for the bread that was to meet the cravings of a hungry family, I could not avoid the conclusion that he must be kept poor by some unfriendly participation in the fruits of his labor; that he must be toiling to pay the pageantry of some degenerate noble in Madrid, or to fatten and sensualize the monks I had seen rolling along the rambla of Barcelona.

Early in the morning we came to a place which had been the scene of a cruel tragedy during the late short and violent period of the Constitution. I learned from the gentleman beside me, that, at the time of the regency of Urgel and of the religious and royalist insurrection, which of itself would doubtless have sufficed to overturn the offensive system, the bishop of Vique became obnoxious to the constitutional party; for, at the same time that he claimed the character of a liberal, he was lending secret assistance to the opposite party. His treasonable practices being discovered, he was seized in some village of Catalonia, and brought towards Barcelona. His crime was clear, and merited the punishment of a traitor. But it was feared that the reverence of the people for the clergy, and especially for the episcopal office, might produce a commotion, if the treacherous bishop should be openly put to death; so they contrived a plan to place a band of ruffians in concealment by the road-ride, who should take the bishop from the hands of his escort and slay him. The place chosen for the act was a hill-side, where rocks and trees disputed possession of the soil. The assassins took advantage of the concealment; and when the escort arrived at their ambush, they sallied out and relieved it of its charge. The aged bishop was ordered to alight from his carriage,

dragged a short distance from the road, and there cruelly butchered. Though the murdered man was not remarkable for the virtues which, even in Spain, are usually associated with the episcopal dignity, he is nevertheless now reverenced as a martyr throughout the land. At the solicitation of the Catalonian clergy, he has lately been duly enrolled upon the list of the beatified; so that, from having only been bishop of Vique, he is now become its patron saint. A cross elevated upon a rock indicates the site of this horrible tragedy, so similar, not only essentially, but even in its details, to the murder of the Scottish archbishop, as related by Robertson, or as brought before us in one of the most graphic productions of the great genius of our age. As we caught through the trees a passing view of this sad memento, I could not help expressing my horror at the outrage. The person who had related the story attempted to justify the act by the many crimes of the clergy, and by political expediency; but I am unwilling to believe that the happiness of a nation, any more than of an individual, can be promoted by crime. A government which could resort to such acts of retribution is entitled to but few regrets.

The individual who shared the cabriolet with me was a pleasing man of thirty, who had been a *miliciano* during the constitutional period, which

with the present government was a fair title to proscription. After the return of despotism he had gone into voluntary exile, and remained a year at Marseilles; whence he had only returned when the licensed assassinations and plunder of the royalists had in a measure subsided, or been put down by the establishment of the police. He complained bitterly of the vexations to which he was still subject, and mentioned, among other things, that, being fond of shooting, he had been at some expense in taking out a licence to carry fire-arms: he had likewise purchased a very valuable fowling-piece, and had scarce used it half a dozen times, when down came a royal order to disarm the late *milicianos*. His house was entered and searched by the armed police, and his fowling-piece taken off, and deposited somewhere, whence, in all probability, it would never return. All this served to give some notion of the degree of liberty now enjoyed in Spain, and to make the time pass;—if, indeed, there could be any thing wearisome amid scenes which, beside the charm of novelty, were fruitful enough in amusement and excitation.

The road from Barcelona is, or rather has been, one of the most beautiful in Spain. It is constructed in a manner which combines present convenience with great durability, winding round hills where they are too steep to be crossed, and some-

times cutting directly through the side of them and making a deep gap for its passage. As the hills are pierced for the passage of the road, so the ravines are rendered passable by bridges thrown across them, of one and sometimes two rows of arches, rising above each other, as in the aqueduct at Nismes *. This road, though out of repair and neglected, was not positively bad; and even though it had been, why should we care, with a string of seven mules to drag us, and two wild men to drive them? Indeed, we kept trotting up one side of a hill and galloping down the other, and up again and down again, the whole way to Tarragona. There was a pleasing excitement in this heels-over-head mode of travelling, after the slow and easy pace of the French diligence, their heavy-headed and thick-legged horses, and the big boots of their postilions. The manner, too, in which these Catalans managed their mules was quite peculiar. The zagal kept talking with one or the other of them the whole time, calling them by their names, and apparently endeavouring to reason them into good conduct, and make them keep in a straight column, so that each might draw his share of the burden, and not rub against his neighbour. I say he called them

* The roads in Spain are all made upon the M'Adam principle, as it is termed, and have been so made from time immemorial.

by their names, for every mule in Spain has its distinctive appellation, and those that drew our diligence were not exceptions. Thus, beside Capitana, we had Portugesa, Arragonesa, Coronela, and a variety of other cognomens, which were constantly changing during the journey to Valencia. Whenever a mule misbehaved, turning from the road or failing to draw its share, the zagal would call its name in an angry tone, lengthening out the last syllable, and laying great emphasis on it. Whether the animals really knew their names, or that each was sensible when it had offended, the voice of the postilion would usually restore order. Sometimes when the zagal called to Coronela, and Portugesa obeyed the summons by mistake, he would cry, sharply, *Aquella otra!*—"That other one!"—and the conscience-stricken mule would quickly return to its duty. When expostulation failed, blows were sure to follow: the zagal would jump to the ground, run forward, and beat and belabor the delinquent; sometimes jumping upon the mule immediately behind it, and continuing the discipline for a half hour together. The activity of these fellows is, indeed, wonderful. Of the twenty miles which usually compose a stage, they run at least ten, and, during a part of the remainder, stand upon one foot at the step of the diligence. In general, the zagal ran up hill, flogging the mules the whole

way, and stopping occasionally at the road-side to pick up a store of pebbles, which he stowed in his sash, or more frequently in his long red cap. At the summit he would take the mule's tail in his hand, and jump to his seat before the descent commenced. While descending, he would hold his cap in one hand, and with the other throw a stone first at one mule, then at another, to keep them all in their proper stations, that the ropes might not hang on the ground and get entangled round their legs. These precautions would not always produce the desired effect; the traces would sometimes break or become entangled, the mules be brought into disorder, and a scene of confusion follow. This happened several times in one stage, when a vicious mule had been put among the team to be broken to harness. It was, indeed, an obstinate and perverse animal, and even more stupid than perverse. It would jump first to one side, then to the other, and kick the ribs of its neighbour without mercy. When, at length, it had succeeded in breaking its own traces and entangling its legs in those of its companions, it would stand as quiet as a lamb until the damage was repaired, and then renew the same scene of confusion. Nor did the more rational mules behave themselves much better. They would start to one side when the zagal cried out *Arre!* and when he whistled for them to stop,

they would sometimes go the faster. If one had occasion to halt, the rest would not obey the hissing signal of the postilion, but drag the reluctant animal forward; and presently after, the mule which had been most unwilling to stop would be itself taken with a similar inclination, and receive similar treatment from its comrades; whereas the horses of a French diligence would all have halted sympathetically at the invitation of the driver. I hate a mule most thoroughly; for there is something abortive in every thing it does, even to its very bray. An ass, on the contrary, has something hearty and whole-souled about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, and then as gradually declining to a natural conclusion; but the mule commences with a voice of thunder, and then, as if sorry for what he has done, he stops like a bully when throttled in the midst of a threat, or a clown who has begun a fine speech and has not courage to finish it.

On our approach to Tarragona, and when yet at a short distance from it, we passed under a stone arch of vast dimensions, and of elegant though unadorned construction. It was perfect in all its parts, and though the rain and winds of

many centuries had rounded the angles of the uncemented stones that composed the pile, not one had fallen from its place. This road, then, over which our mules and diligence now hurried so rapidly, was the relic of a Roman way; and that arch, which still rose over us in all the simple elegance of classic times, had been raised by a Scipio or a Cæsar in honor of some forgotten triumph.

Just before reaching Tarragona, the road led along the beach, where a number of boats were hauled up with nets suspended to their masts. All was bustle and activity among the Catalan fishermen; some carrying their fish to market, others mending their nets and greasing the bottoms of their boats in preparation for the next day's voyage. At the end of the beach before us stood Tarragona, perched on a rocky eminence. It was everywhere surrounded with walls and irregular fortifications, and bristling with steeples and antique towers; while at the foot of the rock a mole stretched far into the sea, giving shelter to a few square-rigged and smaller vessels. The diligence soon arrived at the foot of the hill, wound slowly up its side, entered the town, and drove to the wide open door of the posada. This building was of very different construction from any inn I had yet seen; for the

whole of the ground-floor was left open for carts and other vehicles, while the stables for mules, horses, and asses stood farther in the rear. The kitchen and all the apartments were in the stories over head. Conducted by the stable-boy, who carried my trunk, I was able to find out the obscure staircase, and trace my way to the common eating-room, where our dinner was already smoking on the board.

I found my companions in a room, whose balconies overlooked the Plaza, or large open square, earnestly employed in swallowing their food; for they were to set off again in a few moments for Reus, a very flourishing agricultural and manufacturing town, which lies inland from Tarragona, and where the Catalan industry still continues to make head against the pervading depression. They soon after rose from table, descended, and took their seats in the diligence; and when they disappeared at the end of the Plaza, I returned from the balcony to which I had wandered, as if loth to part with these acquaintances of a few hours' standing, and proceeded in silence to despatch my solitary meal. Never in my life did I feel more completely alone; for the girl that waited upon me at table spoke even less Spanish than myself, and it was therefore vain to attempt a conversation

What would I not have given for the friendly presence of my social and familiar Frenchman! I had a letter for a merchant, and the delivery of it might have secured me a pleasant afternoon, and an insight into whatever was curious in this once famous city; but not feeling in the most pleasant mood to deliver a note of hand for hospitality, I took my hat and wandered forth into the streets of Tarragona, without any fixed purpose, bending my steps whichever way chance might lead them. At the western end of the Plaza I found a gate opening upon a cultivated valley, which was not without its attractions. Over the ravine below was an aqueduct, raised upon a double row of arches, which furnished the city with water, and added greatly to the beauty of the scene. I wandered towards this monument which Roman hands had raised, and found near it a small stream, beside which a number of women were employed in washing. Seating myself near them, I listened to their prattle, their laugh, and their song, until the sun sank below the horizon; and when they all gathered their work together and departed, I followed them into the city.

As I returned to the Plaza, it was the hour of *paseo* or promenade, and in any other city in Spain it would have been crowded by walkers of every sex and age, enjoying this salutary recreation; but

here a few priests and friars, fewer citizens, and one or two Spanish officers, variously and grotesquely dressed in antique cocked hats of oil-cloth, military surtouts, and jingling sabres, were all who loitered through the walks. How different the last from the light-hearted Frenchmen I had seen at Barcelona! Instead of their military frankness, these officers scowled on all who passed them. There was little of the soldier about them except their thick mustaches, and it was easy to conjecture that they owed their rank rather to a zeal in the royalist cause, the effect either of interest or fanaticism, than to military experience.

As I looked round upon the squalid structures of Tarragona and these gloomy beings moving among them, it was difficult to believe that the city which now scarcely numbers six thousand half-fed inhabitants, was indeed that Tarraco which had been founded by the Phœnicians, and which, under the Romans, counted nearly half a million of population, and became the largest city that ever existed in Spain. Yet history furnishes abundant proof of the importance of Tarraco; and the remains of temples that still exist in Tarragona, of a palace of Augustus, a theatre, an amphitheatre, and an aqueduct, are conclusive as to its site. It is sufficient to name Hamilcar, Hannibal, and Asdrubal,

the Scipios, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus, as having trod the soil of Tarragona, to awaken the loftiest associations.

*Costume of Catalonia.*

## CHAPTER III.

### PRINCIPALITY OF CATALONIA AND KINGDOM OF VALENCIA.

New travelling Companions.—Departure from Tarragona.—The Ebro.—Valencian Village.—Renewal and Interruption of our Journey.—Vinaroz.—Crosses along the Road.—Our Escort.—Saguntum.—Approach to Valencia.

THE morning after my solitary ramble among the ruins of Tarraco, I was called very early, in order to be in readiness for the departure of the Barcelona and Valencia diligence, in which my seat had previously been taken. I had come thus far in the Reus coach, with the view of rendering the ride less continuous, and travelling as much as possible by day. My new travelling companions, less mindful of their comfort, had only enjoyed a halt of two or three hours, and had not therefore been at the trouble of undressing; so that when I entered the eating-room, they were already assembled. Among them was a middle-aged man, dressed in a harlequin frock coat, buttoned high in the neck, and covered with frogs and gimp, wide-striped pantaloons, and a pair of brass-heeled boots; on his head was a plush cap bound with tawdry gold lace, round his neck a bandana, and over his other garments an ample

brown cloak, well lined with velvet. This was the most distinguished-looking personage of our party; his air was decidedly soldierlike, and I set him down at once as a military man. He turned out, however, to be only a Valencian merchant, or shopkeeper, which in Spain are synonymous terms, there being now no merchants in the country except those who likewise keep shops. The same may be said of Spanish bankers as a class; for the universal depression of commerce does not admit of that subdivision of its pursuits which is found in more flourishing countries. I had, afterwards, frequent occasion in Spain to notice the military air and bearing even of its more peaceable inhabitants, and a disposition in them to increase this effect by their mode of dressing. This fierce-looking, but good-natured Valencian, as he proved to be, had with him his wife, a woman of thirty, round and fat, as Spanish married women usually are. Their daughter, who sat between them, with a shawl covering her head and neck instead of the cooler mantilla, was an interesting girl of fifteen. The rest of my future companions were students going to Valencia to attend the university, whose exercises were to commence with the coming November. They were all accoutred in the gloomy garb in which science may alone be wooed in Spain, and with which the life and animation of countenance

incidental to youth, especially when thus relieved from the eye of authority and brought into congenial company, were utterly at variance.

The party thus assembled, and of which I now became one, was seated round a deal table, taking chocolate from cups scarce bigger than wine glasses, which they ate like eggs by dipping narrow slices of bread into it, carefully rubbing the sides of the cups that the scanty pittance might not be diminished, and each finishing with a glass of water. This chocolate, of such universal use in Spain, is a simple composition of cocoa, sugar, and cinnamon, carefully ground together and formed into cakes. To prepare the usual portion for one person, an ounce is thrown into three times its weight of water, and when dissolved by heat, it is stirred by means of a piece of wood turned rapidly between the palms of the hands, until the whole has a frothy consistency. When the chocolate was despatched, and the no less important matter of paying for it and rewarding the maid, we all obeyed the summons of the mayoral, took our seats in the diligence agreeably to the way-bill, and were soon outside of the ruinous walls of Tarragona.

On leaving Tarragona the road passes through a country of vines and olives, tolerably well cultivated, keeping generally along the levels of the sea-coast, and only seeking the interior when necessary to

avoid a projection of land and too great an angle. This is the case at Col du Balaguer, which, as its French name indicates, is a narrow pass lying between two mountains. The castle of Balaguer crowns the crest of the mountain on the right, and completely commands the passage of the defile. Beyond this the road passes over a deep break, called Barranco de la Horca—Ravine of the Gallows. This place was formerly infested by robbers, who, taking advantage of the seclusion and concealment of the ravine, and the impossibility of escape from it, would take their stand at the bottom, survey at leisure those who entered the pass, and then selecting their game, plunder and murder it at pleasure. To check these atrocities, a gallows was erected on the very site, where every robber caught in the neighbourhood was hanged with little ceremony.

Before reaching Amposta, we came to a fork of the roads, where a small covered cart was in waiting to receive the mail for Tortosa—a considerable city, raised to the municipal dignity by Scipio. While the mail was shifted from the top of the diligence, we all set off to walk the remainder of the distance to the Ebro. The country for the whole way was a barren and sandy down, entirely destitute of trees and underwood; so that it was easy to catch sight of the neighbouring sea and of a number of small

islands which lay along the coast, forming an interior navigation, as is the case in other parts of the Gulf of Lyons, and in a still more remarkable manner along the coast of the United States.

We reached the Ebro at four in the evening, just as the diligence drove down to the bank. The river before us was the Iberus of the ancients, the classic stream which has furnished the poet with another and a softer name for Spain, and which in distant days has witnessed scenes of the highest importance. It was on this Ebro that the Scipios, Cneius and Publius, met and conquered Asdrubal, when on his way into Italy with a strong force to join his fortunes to those of his kinsman Hannibal, already in the neighbourhood of Rome; and it was thus that the destinies of the future mistress of the world were decided by a battle fought in Spain, as was afterwards the case on the banks of this same stream in the civil wars of Pompey and Cæsar.

No river, however, can stand in greater need of the poet's fancy and the scholar's associations than the Ebro, at least such as it presents itself at Amposta. It is a turbid stream, flowing through a flat, sandy, and uncultivated country; with nought but a desert on the left bank, and on the right the poverty-stricken town of Amposta, with tottering battlements, and a few antique coasters and fishing-boats, clinging to its walls for support against the

rapidity of the current. Here we found a large flat-bottomed boat waiting to receive the diligence. The mules were detached from it, except two, and these drew it on board. This done, the remainder of the team were fastened to the boat by a long line, and made to draw it far up the stream, when we struck across, and, by the assistance of two ponderous oars, were enabled to gain the opposite beach, and the kingdom of Valencia.

We were not long in reaching the posada at which we were to sup and pass the night, and which lay near the ferry. Here preparations were at once made for our evening meal, while, to pass the time, the passengers loitered along the bank of the river, or through the equally cheerless streets of Amposta. The fishermen and laborers had already returned from their daily occupations, and were sitting alone, at the thresholds of their doors; or else were collected in groups at the corners, eyeing us as we passed, and making remarks, doubtless, upon the singularity of our attire, compared with their own. My own astonishment was probably greater than theirs; for I had never before seen the singular costume of the Valencian peasants. In the short distance of a few leagues, and without any sensible change of climate, the long pantaloon of the Catalan, extending from his shoulders to the ground, is exchanged for loose

breeches of linen, called *bragas*, which are tied above the hips with a drawing-string, and which, like the Highland kilt, terminate above the knee. Besides this airy and convenient garment, the Valencian wears a shirt, a waistcoat, straw or hempen sandals, and a long red cap like the Catalan, or a cotton handkerchief, tied round the head and hanging down behind. His legs are in general bare, or only covered with a leathern gaiter laced on tightly, or more frequently a stocking without a foot. Instead of the velvet jacket and silver buttons of the Catalan, the Valencian wears a long woollen sack, called *manta*, edged with fringe, and chequered like a plaid. This hangs carelessly over one shoulder on ordinary occasions, and when the air is sharp he wraps it closely about him; if he has a burden to carry, he puts it in one end of his sack, and lets it hang behind him, whilst the remainder serves to keep him warm; and in sowing a field, the manta is the depository whence he takes the seed to drop it into the furrow. Nor was there a less striking difference in the figure and faces of these natives of two neighbouring provinces of the same kingdom, than I had noticed in their dress. The stature of the Valencians seemed less than that of the Catalans, and their faces, instead of indicating a northern origin, were of an Asiatic cast. Indeed, as I looked upon their red and well-turned

limbs and sunburnt faces, unshaded save by the straight black hair that hung about them, I was strongly reminded of the red inhabitants of the American forests.

When the sun was down, I wandered back to the posada. Three of these oddly accoutred Valencians were sitting in a group before the entrance to the court-yard, with their naked legs crossed before them, and busily engaged with a pack of dirty cards, which they dealt upon the manta of one of them spread out in the midst. They had been thus engaged when the diligence arrived, were still at it when I went forth to walk, and now at the end of an hour the gambling continued with undiminished ardor. Within the court our mayoral had been employed in examining the harness and oiling the wheels of the diligence, and having finished this task, was turning the unwieldy vehicle round with the assistance of the stable-boy, in readiness for our departure, which was to take place at two in the morning. I put my hand to a wheel, to assist the operation, and when every thing was adjusted to his wish, the mayoral drew on his jacket, pulled his red cap closer over his head, as if sensible of the growing coolness, and having thrust his hands under the sash which girded his loins, we continued to talk of the journey of the next day, of Valencia, the

fair city to which we were going, and of a thousand other things, until the summons came that supper was ready.

I found our table spread in a very large room which was strewed with boxes and straw panniers, while in one corner was a heap of *algarroba* beans, which are used as fodder for the mules, and are gathered from a large overgrown tree, very common in this part of the country*. In the middle of the chamber was a wooden table covered with a clean cloth, plates of English earthen-ware, and an odd assortment of knives, with French forks of iron tinned over in imitation of silver. My companions were already seated upon long wooden benches, and silently employed with the soup. This was succeeded by the *puchero* or *olla*, a dish of universal use in Spain, which takes its name from the earthen jug or iron pot in which it is prepared. It consists of an odd mixture of beef, chicken, a species of pulse called *garbanzo* (a kind of chick-pea), in great favor among the Spaniards, and of a great variety of vegetables, the whole being seasoned plentifully with garlic, and a small piece of salt pork or bacon †.

* The carob tree, or St. John's bread. Ceratonia siliqua.

† No good Spaniard can make a meal without a piece of pork, however small. In every compound, there must always enter a *miaja de tocino*. Their fondness for this greasy food originated in those days, when great numbers of Jews and

This is the common olla, such as one meets with everywhere in Spain; but the *olla podrida* is a rarer dish, a species of ark where animals of every color and every kind meet, and are represented as in a common congress. After the puchero came roast fowls and salad, which we ate together, as in France; and then a dessert of olives, apples, figs, and almonds, together with grapes dried in the shade, which, though a little withered, still preserved their juice and sweetness. Last of all a decanter of brandy impregnated with anise, as Spanish brandy usually is, was placed on the table. Each person, ladies and all, swallowed a portion of it unadulterated, from small Dutch cordial glasses curiously ornamented and gilded; which, from the manner in which they were produced from an antique chest that stood in the corner, were evidently in high estimation at Amposta.

Such was the nature of our repast; and a hungry man could scarcely have complained of it. But

Saracens forswore their faith, and became Christians, in order to escape the edicts which would drive them from their houses. Those who still leaned to their ancient religion continued naturally enough to observe its tenets, and of course to reject the food of an unclean and forbidden beast. Hence the eating of pork became, among the trusty and true Christians, at once a profession of faith, and proof of orthodoxy. It must be acknowledged, however, that the pork throughout Spain is excellent, and superior to most of its butcher's meats.

the manner in which it was eaten, or rather devoured, was by no means so free from objection. Each of our Catalan students would grapple the dish he fancied, tear off a portion with his fork or fingers, as was most convenient, and then resign what was left to the first applicant.

When these uncouth Catalans were pretty well gorged, they gradually became less exclusive, and occasionally offered to others the dish of which they had already partaken. Their politeness went on increasing as their hunger diminished, until they actually, in one or two instances, helped others before helping themselves. This politeness was more especially extended to our fair Valenciana; and when the dessert came, each one who sat near her, after paring an apple, would first offer her a portion of it on the end of a knife. This she always accepted, and ate either the whole or part of it, as if usage rendered it obligatory*. These acts of courtesy were sometimes accompanied with gallant speeches, which, instead of being received amiss by the lively girl, either excited a laugh or a

* It is in some degree obligatory, according to the old and popular usages of Spain. In the same way the Spaniard, particularly of the lower classes, offers the cup from which he is drinking to the bystander, and rather thinks his offer slighted if the cup be not at least touched to the lips. It is a custom of hospitable origin, and worthy of respect.

repartee. After being accustomed to the retiring modesty of young girls in France, I was much startled at this freedom of manners in our Valenciana, and still more so at the indifference of her father and mother; who, so long as they saw that she was in sight and sitting between them, seemed to care little for a few hardy words.

Supper being over and paper cigars lit by most of the company, the landlady went round the table to collect her dues, followed by a modern Maritornes, with hand outstretched to receive the expected gratuity. The demand was sixteen reals for each, and two more for those who wanted chocolate in the morning. The Catalans exclaimed against the charge, pronounced it outrageous, and swore that at least ten reals must be for the *ruido de casa*, or noise of the house, which is a fair subject of taxation in any Spanish posada. Finding, however, that the matter was not to be got rid of in any other way, each fell to chasing his money about in his pockets, and having drawn it forth, reluctant to appear on such an occasion, the account was at length balanced; not, however, without a supplemental dispute with Maritornes, on the questions of a real or a half real. This done, we were shown to our sleeping-place, which was next to the eating-room, with a small double door, fastened with a swinging-bar, as in our stables. It had

likewise a single latticed window, looking upon the court-yard, and secured by an iron grating. Eight beds, spread on cots or stretchers, were arranged at convenient distances round the room, for the accommodation of our party, with the exception of the Valencian family; and at the head of each couch was a rickety chair, which, from its own infirmity or the inequalities of the earthen floor, leaned fearfully with one leg in the air, or else sought support by reclining against the bed. Having closed the window, to keep out the night air, I chose a bed, and, without investigating the sheets too nicely, threw myself upon it and was soon unconscious of the discordant Catalan jargon of my companions, as well as of the munching of the mules, and jingling of their bells, in the adjoining stable.

Towards two the next morning, a knocking at the court-yard gate announced the arrival of the courier from Tortosa, for whom we were waiting to recommence our journey. This noise was succeeded by the voices of the hostlers and the jingling of bells, as the mules were brought out and attached to the diligence; and very soon after, all further idea of sleep was banished by the mayoral with a lamp in his hand, putting his head and red cap inside of the door, and shouting long and loudly, *Arriba! arriba! señores! ya vamos*, or "Up! up! masters!

we are off!" In a few minutes we had drawn on our clothes, swallowed the chocolate with which the maid was waiting in the outer apartment, and taken our seats as before. The mayoral placed himself on the box, and a young Catalan, our postilion, taking the leading mule by the head, guided it out of the court, and continued to run beside it until we were completely clear of Amposta, and on the high road to Valencia; then releasing the impatient animal, he bestowed the customary lash on it, and on each of its followers, and vaulted to the station of his companion. The mayoral relinquished the reins to the lad, whom he called Pepito, which is a diminutive of Pepe or Jose, and is expressive of affection. This Pepito was even more lively and active than is common with those of his age and stirring occupation; and when he had taken the reins, as the mayoral rolled himself up in blankets and prepared for a nap, he spoke inspiringly to the mules, and smacked his whip, as if satisfied and happy. Poor fellow!—I remember these little circumstances the better from the fate which afterwards befel him.

Before we had been an hour beyond the barrier of Amposta, our mayoral had yielded to the drowsiness occasioned by two sleepless nights, and was snoring audibly as he leaned his head against the window in front of me. Pepito, too, had wearied

himself by his own gaiety, and, ceasing to encourage the mules with whip and voice, allowed them to trot onward in the middle of the road at their own gait. Beside me, on the right, was a young man whom I had known to be a candidate for the priesthood, by a narrow stock of black silk with violet stripes, which he wore about his neck, in addition to the common garb of the student. Though there were in the party several other aspirants to the sacred office, he alone was moping and reserved; indeed he seemed to have put on, in anticipation, that cloak of gravity, which, as it is in the Spanish church the surest road to honors and preferment, is also the closest covering for an irregular life. Though we were alone together in the cabriolet, we had scarce exchanged a dozen words since leaving Tarragona; and now he too was motionless in his corner, either wrapt in pious abstraction from the cares of this world, or buried in the more mundane forgetfulness of sleep. Thus powerfully invited by the example of those who were near me, I caught the drowsy infection, and having nestled snugly into my corner, soon lost entirely the realities of existence in that mysterious state which Providence has provided as a cure for every ill.

As the thoughts of a man, when alone in a distant

land, without any outward objects to attract his attention, are apt to do, mine, before I fell asleep, had wandered back to a home from which I had been some time absent, and which, in contradiction to every other law of attraction, is ever found to draw us more powerfully the further we recede. These waking reflections passed insensibly into sleeping dreams, and I soon realized what before I had only hoped; for, if it be true that men easily believe whatever they anxiously desire, how much more is this the case when sleep has taken the place of sensibility! Thus I was suddenly transported some thousands of miles nearer home, and, having connected what was real in my situation with what was only fanciful, I believed that I was on the last stage of my journey towards my native city.

This pleasing deception had not lasted long, when the noise of the hoofs and bells of our mules, and the clattering of the wheels, were silenced. The rapid progress of the diligence ceasing as suddenly, my body, which it had kept snug in the corner, still retaining its momentum, was thrown forward with my head against the pannel. I was now awake; but, as if loth to relinquish so pleasing a dream, I at first fancied myself arrived at the end of my journey. The delusion was but momentary. There were voices without speaking in accents of

violence, and whose idiom was not of my country. I now roused myself, rubbed my eyes, and directed them out of the windows.

By the light of a lantern that blazed from the top of the diligence, I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive trees, and that the mules, having come in contact with some obstacle to their progress, had been thrown into confusion, and stood huddled together, as if afraid to move, gazing upon each other, with pricked ears and frightened aspect. A single glance to the right hand gave a clue to the mystery. Just beside the fore wheel of the diligence stood a man dressed in that wild garb of Valencia which I had seen for the first time in Amposta. His red cap, which flaunted far down his back, was in front drawn closely over his forehead, and his striped manta, instead of being rolled round him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder. Whilst his left leg was thrown forward in preparation, a musket was levelled in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared fiercely upon the visage of the conductor. On the other side, the scene was somewhat different. Pepe, being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature. He had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth, that he should not have accomplished

his purpose! He was met by the muzzle of a musket when he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the very trees towards which he was flying, he was effectually taken and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself upon his face, as had already been done with the conductor.

I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers —for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the mayoral as to the number of passengers; if any were armed; whether there was any money in the diligence; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding *La bolsa!* in a more angry tone. The poor fellow meekly obeyed. He raised himself high enough to draw a large leathern purse from an inner pocket, and, stretching his hand upward to deliver it, said, *Toma usted caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!* "Take it, cavalier; but do not take away my life!" The robber, however, was pitiless. Bringing a stone from a large heap collected for the repair of the road, he fell to beating the mayoral upon the head with it. The unhappy man sent forth the most piteous cries for *misericordia* and *piedad.* He might as well have asked pity of the stone that smote him, as of the wretch who wielded it. In his agony he invoked *Jesu Christo, Santiago Apostol y Martir, La Vir-*

*gin del Pilar*, and all those sacred names held in awful reverence by the people, and most likely to arrest the rage of his assassin. All in vain: the murderer redoubled his blows, until growing furious in the task, he laid his musket beside him, and worked with both hands upon his victim. The cries for pity which blows had first excited, blows at length quelled. They had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks, then declined into low and inarticulate moans, until a deep-drawn and agonized gasp for breath and an occasional convulsion alone remained to show that the vital principle had not yet departed.

It fared even worse with Pepe, though, instead of the cries for pity, which had availed the mayoral so little, he uttered nothing but low moans that died away in the dust beneath him. One might have thought that the extreme youth of the lad would have ensured him compassion: but no such thing. The robbers were doubtless of Amposta, and, being known to him, dreaded discovery. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause, and a consultation in a low tone between the ruffians; who then proceeded to execute their plans. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and, having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel, as an additional security against escape,

opened the door of the interior, and mounted on the steps, I could hear him distinctly utter a terrible threat in Spanish, and demand an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian shopkeeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses, some pieces dropping on the floor in the hurry and agitation of the moment. Having remained a short time at the door of the interior, he did not come to the cabriolet, but passed at once to the rotunda. Here he used greater caution, doubtless from having seen the evening before, at Amposta, that it contained no women, but six young students, who were all stout fellows. They were made to come down, one by one, from their strong hold, deliver their money and watches, and then lie flat upon their faces in the road.

Meanwhile, the second robber, after consulting with his companion, returned to the spot where the zagal Pepe lay rolling from side to side. As he went towards him, he drew a knife from the folds of his sash, and having opened it, placed one of his naked legs on either side of his victim. Pushing aside the jacket of the youth, he bent forward and dealt him repeated blows in every part of the body. The young priest, my companion, shrunk back

shuddering into his corner, and hid his face within his trembling fingers; but my own eyes seemed spell-bound, for I could not withdraw them from the cruel spectacle, and my ears were more sensible than ever. Though the windows at the front and sides were still closed, I could distinctly hear each stroke of the murderous knife, as it entered its victim. It was not a blunt sound as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance; but a hissing noise, as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery. This moment was the unhappiest of my life; and it struck me at the time, that if any situation could be more worthy of pity than to die the dog's death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate, without the power to aid him.

Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded murderer came to the door of the cabriolet, and endeavoured to open it. He shook it violently, calling to us to assist him; but it had chanced hitherto that we had always got out on the other side, and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought, from the circumstance, that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visitors, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore from my waistcoat pocket, and slipped it into my

boot; but when they fell to beating in the heads of our guides, I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary. The third ruffian, who had continued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket in his hand, paused a moment in the road ahead of us, and having placed his head to the ground as if to listen, presently came and spoke in an undertone to his companions. They stood for a moment over the mayoral, and struck his head with the buts of their muskets, whilst the fellow who had before used the knife returned to make a few farewell thrusts, and in another moment they had all disappeared from around us.

In consequence of the darkness, which was only partially dispelled in front of the diligence by the lantern which had enabled me to see what occurred so immediately before me, we were not at once sensible of the departure of the robbers, but continued near half an hour after their disappearance in the same situation in which they left us. The short breathings and the chattering of teeth, lately so audible from within the interior, gradually subsided, and were succeeded by whispers of the females, and soon after by words pronounced in a louder tone; whilst our mangled guides, by groans

and writhings, gave evidence of returning animation. My companion and I slowly let down the windows beside us, and, having looked round a while, opened the door and descended. The door of the interior stood open as it had been left, and those within sat each in his place in anxious conversation. In the rear of the coach was a black heap on the ground, which I presently recognised for the six students who had occupied the rotunda, and who, lying flat upon their faces, made the oddest figure one can conceive, rolled up in their black cloaks, with their cocked hats of the same solemn color emerging at intervals from out the heap. As we came cautiously towards them, they whispered among each other, and then first one lifted his head to look at us, and then another, until finding that we were their fellow-travellers, they all rose at once like a cloud, notwithstanding a threat which the robbers had made to them at their departure, to wait by the road-side and shoot down the first who should offer to stir. It will readily occur to the reader that if resistance to this bold and bloody deed could have been made at all, it might have been by these six young men, who, being together and acquainted with each other, might have acted in concert, whereas the rest of the party were as completely separated as though they had been in distinct vehicles. But if it be

considered that they had been awakened suddenly by armed ruffians, that they were destitute of weapons, and knew not the number of their assailants, it will appear more natural that they should have acted precisely as they did.

Our first care, when thus left to ourselves, was to see if any thing could be done for our unfortunate guides. We found them rolling over in the dust and moaning inarticulately, excepting that the conductor would occasionally murmur forth some of those sainted names whose aid he had vainly invoked in the moment of tribulation. Having taken down the light from the top of the coach, we found them so much disfigured with bruises and with blood that recognition would have been impossible. The finery of poor Pepe, his silver buttons and his sash of silk were scarcely less disfigured than his features. There happened to be in our party a student of medicine, who now took the lead in the Samaritan office of binding, with pieces of linen and pocket handkerchiefs, the wounds of these unhappy men. While thus engaged we heard the noise of footsteps in the direction of Amposta, and shortly after a man came up, with a musket in his hand. Having heard our story, and inquired the route which we supposed the robbers to have taken, he discharged his musket several times in that

direction. He wore a mongrel kind of uniform, and proved to be one of the *resguardo*, or armed police, which is scattered over the country for the prevention of smuggling, and the protection of lives and property; but its members receiving a salary insufficient for their support, as is the case with almost all the inferior servants of the Spanish crown, are obliged to increase their means the best or worst way they can, and are often leagued in practices which it is their business to suppress. It would perhaps be bold to say that this man was either directly or indirectly engaged with those who had just robbed us; but his appearance at this conjuncture was both sudden and singular.

The tragedy over, a farce succeeded which lasted until daylight. Many carts and waggons that were passing on the road came to a halt about us; but we could not proceed in our journey, nor could the bleeding guides be removed from the road, until the *alcalde* of the nearest town should appear and take cognizance of the outrage. He came at length, a fat little man with a red cockade in his hat, in token of the loyalty which had doubtless procured him his office. He commenced his examination of the scene of bloodshed with an air of professional coolness which showed that this was not the first time he had been called from bed on such an occasion. He put his hand into the puddle of blood beside the mayoral,

and gave the stone with which his head had been battered in care to one of his attendants. This done, one of the carts which had halted near us was put in requisition to carry off the poor fellows, who had now lain rolling and weltering in the dust for more than two hours. There was some difficulty to get the people who stood by to lift the bodies into the cart, and we were ourselves obliged to perform the task. I afterwards learned, that in Spain a person found near the body of a murdered man is subject to detention and imprisonment, either as a witness, or as one suspected of the crime; and it is owing to this singular fact that Spaniards, instead of hurrying to lend succour, avoid a murdered man as they would avoid a murderer. Indeed it may be doubted whether in Spain the law be not more dreaded by the peaceful inhabitant than the very robbers and murderers from whom it should protect him. Hence it is, that now, as in the time of Gil Blas, the word *Justicia*, which should inspire the honest with confidence, is never pronounced without a shudder.

These painful scenes at length had an end, and the cart, into which the guides had been placed, returned slowly towards Amposta. Before it drove away, the mayoral showed symptoms of returning sensibility; but Pepe seemed in his last agony. Two soldiers of the resguardo took their places to

conduct the diligence; and when the rope which the robbers had stretched across the road from tree to tree had been removed, the mules were again set in motion, hurrying from the scene of disaster, as though they had been sensible of its horrors. The day had now completely dawned, and the sun, rising into a cloudless sky, shone abroad upon a fertile country and the peaceful scenes of cultivation. There was little, however, in the change to inspire cheerfulness or consolation; for if nature looked so fair, man sank in the comparison.

The first place we came to was San Carlos, one of the *new villages* established by the patriotic Olavide. We halted in the public place, which stood in the form of an amphitheatre, and were soon surrounded by all the village worthies to hear, once and again, from the now loquacious students, the story of our misfortunes. It was, however, no novelty to them; and when they had seen us entering the town, driven by the cut-throat resguardo, who held muskets in their hands instead of whips, they were all, doubtless, as certain of what had happened as when in possession of the details. The alcalde of San Carlos came forth with especial consequence to receive official information of the outrage; then, consulting with the rusty commandant of a few ragged soldiers who composed the garrison, part of them were sent off to search for the robbers, already

snug a-bed, perhaps, in Amposta, and part were ordered to accompany the diligence to Vinaroz, where our mules were to be changed.

Vinaroz is quite a large town, and, as we entered it, the inhabitants were in a buzz of anxious curiosity, at the unusual detention of the diligence. We had scarce stopped ere we were completely hemmed in by a questioning crowd; so, leaving my Catalan companions to find consolation in imparting their sorrows, I pushed my way through groups of half naked Valencians, royalist volunteers of most unprepossessing appearance, and greasy monks of Saint Francis, until, having cleared the crowd and reached the court-yard, I mounted at once to the eating-room of the posada. Here were parties of travellers still more interested in the story of our misfortune than those below, who had merely an idle curiosity to gratify. Two Catalan gentlemen, who were travelling from Madrid to Barcelona in their own carriage, cross-questioned me as to the dangers that lay in the road before them, and, in return for the consolation I imparted, told me that the same thing might happen to me any day in Spain; that in La Mancha the robbers no longer skulked among the trees and bushes, like snakes, but patrolled the country on horseback and at a gallop; that hitherto I had passed along the sea-coast, where the country was well cultivated and

populous, and the inns good; but that towards Madrid I should find a naked plain, destitute of trees, of water, of houses, and of cultivation; with inns still more miserable than the poverty of the country justified; and, learning at last that no motive of business or necessity had brought me into Spain, they wondered that I should have left the kind looks and words, the comforts and security which meet the stranger in France, to roam over a country which they frankly owned was fast relapsing into barbarity. I half wondered at myself, and, dreading further discouragement from these sorry comforters, abandoned their society, to seek something to eat; for, in consequence of the detention we everywhere met with, it would be three in the afternoon before we should reach Torre Blanca, the usual stopping-place of the diligence. There was fish frying in some part of the house, and now, as I scented my way to the kitchen, I thought that there was still a consolation.

The kitchen of the posada at Vinaroz offered a scene of unusual confusion. The hostess was no other than the mother of Pepe, a very decent-looking Catalan woman, who, I understood, had been sent there the year before by the Diligence Company, which is concerned in all the inns at which their coaches stop throughout the line. She had

86136

already been told of the probable fate of her son, and was preparing to set off for Amposta in the deepest affliction; and yet her sorrow, though evidently real, was singularly combined with her habitual household cares. The unusual demand for breakfast by fourteen hungry passengers had created some little confusion, and the poor woman, instead of leaving these matters to take care of themselves, felt the force of habit, and was issuing a variety of orders to her assistant; nor was she unmindful of her appearance, but had already changed her frock and stockings, and thrown on her mantilla, preparatory to departure. It was indeed a singular and piteous sight to see the poor perplexed woman changing some fish that was frying, lest they should be burnt on one side, adjusting and repinning her mantilla, and sobbing and crying all the while. When the man came, however, to say that the mule was in readiness, every thing was forgotten but the feelings of the mother, and she hurried off in deep and unsuppressed affliction.

So long as the daylight lasted, our road continued to follow the general line of the coast, and passed through a country of vines and olives, which, by its fertility and labored cultivation, began already to indicate the fair kingdom of Valencia, the garden

of Spain, so renowned throughout all Europe. The season, though much later than in Catalonia, and still more so than in Provence, was nevertheless the season of decaying cultivation, and nature was beginning to put on a graver dress. There was enough in this and in the events of the past night to promote melancholy, had other causes been wanting; but the whole road was skirted with stone crosses, that had been raised opposite to as many scenes of robbery and assassination*. They were rudely fashioned from blocks of stone, with a short inscription cut on each, simply mentioning *aqui mataron* (here they killed) such a person, on such a day and year; and almost every one had a stone upon it in a hollow which had been gradually worn there. This usage, which is not peculiar to Spain, is variously accounted for. Some say that it originates in a desire to cover the ashes of the dead. But

* "And here and there, as up the crag you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path;
Yet deem not these Devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath;
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life."
*Childe Harold.*

such cannot be the cause here, since the bodies of the people thus murdered are not buried by the road side, but in the *campo santo* of a neighbouring village. It is also asserted that a superstitious feeling leads to the placing of a stone in this manner, as an evidence of detestation towards the murderer. Be it as it may, the continual occurrence of these crosses, placed singly or in groups of two or three along the road to Valencia, seemed to me to corroborate that character for perfidy which the Valencians bear throughout Spain. It furnished a well filled index of treachery and murder, of avarice, revenge, and all those darker passions which degrade our nature. Many of the crosses were very old; others bore date in the last century; many denoted the murderous struggle for independence in later times, whilst a still greater number had been erected in the turbulent period of the Constitution, and bore testimony to the fury of religious and political fanaticism. As we passed rapidly along, I glanced with a feverish interest at each, whilst my fancy, taking the brief inscription as a text, and calling up the recollections of the night before, endeavoured to furnish forth the story of disaster.

At Torre Blanca, as at every place we came to during the remainder of the journey, there was a

most annoying scene caused by the garrulity of the students and the curiosity of the gossiping inhabitants. Acting upon the principle of shutting the stable door after the steed was stolen, the military commandant of the town ordered four ill-fed dragoons to mount on as many worse-fed horses, and accompany us to Villareal. Though the number of these soldiers was so limited, there was as great a variety in their caps and uniforms as though they had belonged to different corps. Some had boots with spurs on the heels, others laced shoes with a spur on the right foot; and, instead of snug valises of leather, they had old canvas saddle-bags tied to their saddles. To make up for the poorness of their accoutrements, they had long black mustaches, and eyes of fire that were constantly on the look out for enemies; and when there were any objects of suspicious appearance in the road before us, they would prepare their carbines, and, kicking their jaded beasts into a gallop, hurry forward in a way that showed that good looks were the least of their qualifications.

At Villareal we were beset as before; but an excellent supper, served with neatness and cleanliness, furnished a solace to our party, which by this time had nearly emptied itself of its grief. At eleven in the night we once more set forward with

an escort of four foot soldiers; for there were no dragoons at Villareal to relieve those who had come with us from Torre Blanca. These fellows belonged to the corps of Provincials, a species of drafted militia, furnished as a quota by each province. They were miserably accoutred, and, instead of shoes, wore the straw sandal of Catalonia and Valencia. Few soldiers, however, could have matched them on a march. There was only room for one of them on the bench of the mayoral, and the remaining three were obliged, therefore, to run beside us, loaded as they were with muskets and cartouche-boxes. In this way they performed the twenty-three miles that lie between Villareal and Murviedro, always keeping pace with the rapid motion of the diligence.

The inconsiderable town of Murviedro, in which we paused towards daylight for a change of mules, was no other than the ancient Saguntum, once so flourishing and celebrated, and whose cruel destruction by Hannibal gave rise to the second Punic war. Saguntum is said to have been founded about two centuries before the fall of Troy, by Greeks, who came with an immense fleet from Zante, in the Ionian Sea. These, seeking to have something in their new home to remind them of the older and dearer one which they had left, called their

colony Zaynthus, which afterwards was changed into Saguntum*.

We left Murviedro as the day was dawning, and continued on through a fertile and highly cultivated country. Shortly after leaving the town, I noticed a young man with his manta hanging from his shoulder with something in it that seemed to be seed or grain, and who ran constantly at the side of the diligence. I watched him with some curiosity. Sometimes he would be before us, and then when our guides used their whips he would get behind, when I supposed that he had stopped. But presently he would overtake us again, first his shadow, and then his head and lank hair enveloped in a red handkerchief, and with a step or two more his whole person would emerge, manta, bragas, naked legs, and sandals. This did not last for a short time merely, but during the whole distance of fifteen miles to Valencia, for we only lost sight of him, finally, in the immediate environs of the city. I was not a little curious to learn the meaning of this singular proceeding, and therefore asked

* Three lines of a Spanish poet have been often and happily quoted to express the fallen condition of this once splendid city.

> "Con marmoles de nobles inscripciones
> Teatro un tiempo y aras en Sagunto
> Fabrican hoy tabernas y mesones."

our new mayoral what made the fellow run beside the diligence. "*Quien sabe?*" says he; and then after a pause, "*Va á Valencia y lleva priesa.*"—"Who knows? He is going to Valencia, and is in a hurry."

At the distance of three miles from Valencia we came to the extensive convent of San Miguel de los Reyes. This princely establishment owed its foundation to the Duke of Calabria, who was captain-general of Valencia about the middle of the sixteenth century. He caused this convent to be built, according to the fashion of the day, to receive his remains, and made a provision for sixty monks of Saint Jeremy, who, in return for their fine habitation, warm clothing, and good cheer, were bound daily to say a mass for the soul of the generous duke. It is not a little curious and indicative of the change which time brings about in the manners and institutions of men, that the pillars and arches of the amphitheatre at Saguntum should have been torn down, to furnish materials for the construction of this monkish edifice.

The country had grown more and more populous throughout our morning's drive, and as we drew near to Valencia, the villages became almost continuous. Nothing can be finer than the northern approach to this city. Domes and towers without number are seen gradually to emerge from out the

continuous orchard of lemon, orange, fig, pomegranate, and mulberry, which extends itself over fields laid out in kitchen gardens, and thus made to yield a double tribute to the cultivator. At length, after passing through this grove, the source at once of usefulness and beauty, we came to the bank of a wide ravine, bounded on both sides by strong parapets of hewn stone. This ravine was the bed of the Guadalaviar, and is evidently formed to contain the waters of a powerful stream; but, when I saw it, a brook could with difficulty be discovered, trickling along a small channel, which it had made for itself in the middle of the ravine. The remainder was covered with grass of the richest verdure, and cropped by sheep and goats, now wandering fearlessly over the soil which in the rainy season is covered high with the resistless element. The cause of this disappearance of the Guadalaviar is, that its waters are diverted throughout the whole course of the stream, for the purpose of irrigation. We may, however, well pardon this plunder, in consideration of the plenty which results from it; and even if poetry and the picturesque were alone worthy of attention, the loss of beauty which the Guadalaviar thus sustains is far more than requited by the verdure which it imparts to so large a portion of the plain of Valencia.

The bridges over this ravine were five in number,

and their stout piers and massive arches gave sufficient indication of the occasional force of the Guadalaviar. The one over whose noisy pavement we were now rapidly drawn had been ornamented and sanctified by a rude shrine, dedicated to the patron saint of the city. At its southern extremity was a time-worn gate, covered with antique ornaments and inscriptions, through which we now entered into Valencia—Valencia the Fair—Valencia of the Cid.

*Costume of Valencia.*

## CHAPTER IV.

### KINGDOMS OF VALENCIA, MURCIA, AND NEW CASTILE.

Kingdom of Valencia.—Origin and Fortunes of the City.—Its actual Condition.—Take leave of Valencia.—Elevated Plains of New Castile.—Costume and Character of the Inhabitants.—Almansa.—El Toboso.—Scenes at Quintanar.—Ocaña.—Aranjuez.—Madrid.

THE kingdom of Valencia extends itself about two hundred miles along the eastern coast of Spain, and varies from thirty to sixty miles in breadth. Whilst on every other side it is bounded by Catalonia, Arragon, Cuenca, and Murcia—on the east the Mediterranean bathes its whole extent, furnishing its inhabitants with an abundant supply of food, and placing them in ready communication with the whole world. This kingdom is one of the most wealthy and flourishing divisions of the Spanish monarchy, and boasts a population of near a million of souls. Towards the confines of the central provinces, are ranges of mountains, abounding in iron, marble, jasper, and other valuable minerals; while the space which intervenes between these mountains and the sea, forms a continuous and sloping plain, like the Milanese, watered by

no fewer than thirty-six small rivers, which take their rise in the mountains of the interior, and flow eastward to the Mediterranean.

The more elevated parts of the kingdom consist of dry situations, producing figs, wine, and olives, and of watered fields, either level by nature, or rendered so by art, for the convenience of irrigation, forming luxuriant platforms, covered with vegetation, and rising above each other in animated perspective, like the grades of an amphitheatre. These produce abundant crops of hemp, flax, cotton, wheat, rice, Indian corn, algarroba beans, apples, pears, peaches, oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, dates, almonds, beside melons which are renowned throughout Spain, and every species of culinary vegetable, with such an infinity of mulberry trees, that they furnish annually a million and a half pounds of the richest silk. In addition to these natural productions of Valencia, the industry of her inhabitants enriches commerce with a variety of manufactured articles; such as brandy, barilla, paper, crockery, fabrics of straw, hemp, flax, and especially of silk, which may be considered the staple of the country.

Such are the fertilizing effects of the system of irrigation universally applied in Valencia, that the mulberry trees are thrice stripped of their leaves, and the meadows of clover and lucerne are mown

eight and even ten times; citrons are often gathered of six pounds, and bunches of grapes of fourteen pounds; wheat sown in November yields thirty for one in June; barley in October gives twenty in May; rice in April yields forty in October; and Indian corn planted as a second crop gives one hundred-fold. Beside these there are intermediate crops of vegetables; so that with a varied choice of productions, a powerful sun, and the fertilizing aid of water, the farmer may here realize two and even three harvests in a single year*.

* Antillon and Townsend. It results from this important use of irrigation, that the value of lands in Valencia depends entirely on the facilities of procuring water. The right to the use of every stream is of course nicely defined. When the fructifying seasons arrive, those who enjoy water privileges sedulously prepare their fields, open their sluices, fill the ditches, and inundate the whole, even to vineyards and olive orchards. In consequence of this system, productions are multiplied to a wonderful extent, and the earth continues prolific throughout the year. It is, however, remarked by Bourgoanne, that this artificial fertility does not bestow on plants the substance which they elsewhere receive from nature alone; and that hence the aliments in Valencia are much less nourishing than in Castile. Hence, too, the deterioration which the excessive use of water communicates to plants is said likewise to extend to the animals, to which they in turn furnish subsistence; a fact which has doubtless authorized the Spanish proverb, "*En Valencia la carne es hierba; la hierba, agua; los hombres, mugeres; y las mugeres—nada!*" In Valencia the flesh is grass; the grass, water; the men, women; and the women—nothing!

Though disposed to think this proverb hyperbolical, at least

Nor is the climate of Valencia unworthy of such a soil. The mountains, which form its landward barrier, intercept the cold winds of the interior, whilst the genial and equalizing influence of the Mediterranean tempers alike the summer heats and the colds of winter. In summer, sudden showers are neither unfrequent nor unwelcome; but in the intervals, and generally throughout the year, the air remains ever pure, pleasant, and healthful, the sky ever serene, and the whole system of seasons seems lost in one continual delicious spring. The Cardinal de Retz, whose blood was rather warmer than became his office, thus speaks of this country in his singular Memoirs. "The kingdom of Valencia may well be pronounced, not only the healthiest country, but also the most beautiful garden in the

so far as it relates to the lovely and not too ethereal Valencianas, it proves, if nothing else, the low estimation which the people of Valencia enjoy throughout Spain. It is well known—we may learn the fact even from novels and romances—that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it was customary for every distinguished personage to have his hired assassins at command, they were almost all natives of Valencia. Even their dress and weapons are described. The miscreant went forth, enveloped in his cloak, and favored by the obscurity of night. Having found the individual proscribed by public policy or personal hate, he would steal after him until time and place were propitious, then raising his hand from beneath its concealment drive the murderous weapon which it grasped deep into the back of his unsuspecting victim.

whole world. Lemon, orange, and pomegranate trees form the palisadoes of its highways, whilst crystal and transparent rivulets meander in trenches beside them. The whole plain is enamelled with an endless variety of flowers, which, whilst they enchant the eye, delight the smell with the most grateful odours." Father Mariana, too, who was also something of an enthusiast, assures us that in the environs of the city "the gardens and orchards, mixing and entangling their vegetation, form a continuous arbor, always green and always pleasant. Such is the beauty of Valencia!—Such were the Elysian fields which the poets fancied!"

In the midst of the mingled beauties and bounties of this favored plain stands the city of Valencia, upon the south bank of the Guadalaviar, at whose mouth it has an inconsiderable and unsafe harbour. Though known in the time of the Romans by the name of Valencia, this city increased so greatly in importance under the Saracen domination, that it may be said to owe its origin to that industrious people. They introduced the system of rural economy which has converted this vast plain into one extensive garden; and, seeking new sources of wealth, commenced the culture of silk before it was known in Italy. Nor did the sciences, and such arts as are tolerated by the Koran, fail to keep pace with the progress of industry. The

Valencians became celebrated for the cultivation of letters; and of the sixty libraries which then existed in Mahometan Spain, at a time, too, when books were scarcely known in the rest of Europe, that of Valencia yielded for extent and value to none but the library of Cordova.

But though this literary and scientific superiority of the Valencians may have sharpened their intellects and humanized their hearts, it gave them but little advantage in the field over the hungry and strong-handed Spaniards, who used no other logic than the sword, and knew but one way of signing their name, upon the visage of an enemy. Towards the close of the eleventh century, the famous Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, surnamed by the Saracens the Cid, or Lord, being banished from Castile for having broken the peace with the King of Toledo by a predatory excursion into his territories, collected a party of *hidalgos* *, equally reckless with himself, and made war on many petty kings among the infidels, assisting one against another, until he conquered several, and rendered them his vassals. He at length became an auxiliary in a war between two rival competitors for the crown of Valencia; and having conquered the one and set aside the

* *Hidalgos* or *hijosdalgo*, nobles. Some derive this word from *hijos del Godo*, sons of the Goth; but its literal meaning is evidently—sons of somebody.

other, took possession of the subject of contention. In order to conciliate the good-will of the king his master, the Cid sent him a present of two hundred beautiful horses, richly caparisoned after the fashion of the Moors, and with as many scimitars hanging at the saddle-bows, beseeching him at the same time to allow his wife and daughters to come from their convent in Cardenia. This being granted, the Cid established himself in Valencia, and, notwithstanding several sieges on the part of the dispossessed Moors, he maintained the conquest until the day of his death. This took place at a moment when the African prince Bekir was before the city with a strong force, and, resistance being now hopeless, it was determined to abandon every thing and return to Castile. The body of the Cid was placed on a litter with his wife, the proud-spirited Ximena; and the whole garrison, forming in the funeral procession, ready to defend him who hitherto had needed no other safeguard but his own good arm, thus marched forth from Valencia. The Moors, being ignorant of what had happened, fled before the Cid, and opened a passage through which the mourners were allowed to return to their country. The old romances, which have connected so many fictions with the real achievements of this wonderful man, even tell us that the dead champion was mounted upon his good steed Babieca, with his

terrible sword Colada in his right hand, and his long black beard hanging down upon his burnished cuirass *.

Valencia was thus restored to the dominion of the Moors, from which it had been prematurely wrested by the valor of the Cid. Its day, however, at length arrived. In 1238, just after the taking of Cordova by Saint Ferdinand, King James of Arragon determined to lay siege to Valencia. The number of his troops being no more than a thousand foot and half as many horse, his followers became discouraged; but the king having taken a solemn oath that he would not return without being master of Valencia, they became inspired with his resolution. Having crossed the Guadalaviar, he intrenched himself between the walls of the city and the neighbouring sea, and was soon joined by soldiers drawn from all quarters to share in the glory of the siege and the spoils of the city. Among these adventurers was a body of Frenchmen under the command of the good Bishop of Narbonne. If we are astonished that so small a force as fifteen hundred men should have laid siege to a city like Valencia, let us remember that the tide of victory was rolling back; let us go back to the period of the conquest, and we shall see Cordova besieged

* See Romancero del Cid; Southey, Chronicles of the Cid.

and taken at a gallop by six hundred cavaliers of Arabia *.

The army of Don † Jayme, thus reinforced from all quarters, amounted at length to seventy thousand soldiers; and the people of Valencia being disappointed in the succour which they had expected from the King of Tunez, began to think of a surrender, for famine had already commenced its ravages among them. After much debating about the terms, the capitulation was at length signed. It was agreed that the city of Valencia should be given up to Don Jayme, that its inhabitants should be allowed to go unmolested to Denia, and that each might carry away with him as much gold, silver, and precious commodities as he could carry on his person.

The fatal day at length arrived which was to separate for ever the inhabitants of Valencia from the fair city so deeply endeared to them. The mournful procession of dejected men, heart-sick women, and helpless children, to the number of fifty thousand, was seen to emerge from the south

* Conde, Historia de los Arabes en Espania.

† *Don* is from the Latin *Dominus*. It was originally the attribute of royalty, then was extended to princes and nobles, and now courtesy has made it the appellation of every Spaniard. In Portugal, however, *Dom* is still peculiar to the king, and princes, and royal bastards.

gate of the city which opened towards the sacred promontory of Denia. The priests and soldiers of the Christian army formed a lane without the gate, through which the unhappy exiles tottered forth, assailed by the revilings of their persecutors, and bending not so much under the burden which each bore, as under the weight of their common misfortune. When all had thus passed onward, the Christians made their solemn entry into the city, the mosques were purified and consecrated, a bishop installed into the long-vacant see, and thanksgiving forthwith offered to Him in whose name and for whose glory the conquest had been effected. The neighbouring country, which the labor of the exiled cultivators had brought to fertility, was duly divided between the prelates, military orders, and nobles, who had taken part in the siege, not forgetting such convents as had lent the more passive assistance of their prayers. From Gerona, Tortosa, and Tarragona, people were invited to come and fill the vacancy in the industrious classes occasioned by the promiscuous departure of so many citizens.

It must have required centuries for Valencia to recover from the effects of this severe blow to her prosperity; and the vicious division of property must have been, as it still is, a constant check to every species of melioration. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the growth of the city had gradually

continued until the beginning of the present century, when its population amounted to one hundred and sixty thousand souls, twenty thousand of whom were engaged in silk manufactories, which annually consumed nearly a million pounds of the raw material. The war of independence and the political struggles which followed checked the prosperity of Valencia; the city itself was twice besieged, and even bombarded by the French; but it nevertheless continues to be the second city in Spain, and may even dispute with the capital for superiority in wealth and population.

The climate of Valencia has often been compared to that of Greece, and the genius of its inhabitants is said not to be dissimilar to that of the ancient Greeks. A taste for poetry prevails among the people, and even improvisatori are not unknown. Letters, which under the Moors attained an advancement in Valencia to which the age was a stranger, have likewise flourished here in modern times. Until lately, more books were annually printed in Valencia than in any other city in Spain; and several works which I have seen, that were printed towards the close of the last century, can scarcely be surpassed for embellishment and execution. Printing, however, has declined here since the French revolution. No new works are now allowed to go to the press except books on devotion

and French novels translated into Castilian: even the old works which during centuries have formed the pride of Spanish literature are now well searched by ghostly censors, and gleaned of their most pithy sentences before they are allowed to be republished. In this way the book-trade in Spain is now reduced to the buying and selling of second-hand works; and I was not a little surprised in Valencia, on going into several book-shops, to find myself surrounded by a venerable collection of well-worn tomes, bound in parchment and tied with strings, or fastened by huge clasps of brass.

The fine arts have always been cultivated with great care in Valencia. The style of building, too, is generally good; and the Gothic taste, which has left many monuments in Barcelona, can no longer be traced here. The most remarkable of its buildings is the cathedral; of vast extent and various construction, but very noble and imposing within. The city possesses a university which is much esteemed in Spain, a gratuitous academy of noble arts, two public libraries, a seminary for the education of noble youths, a general hospital, and a commercial exchange. The theatre of Valencia is very inferior to that of Barcelona. The house itself is small and miserably arranged, whilst the threadbare and ill-fed appearance of the players forms the best apology for their indifferent performance.

The principal dwelling-houses of Valencia are built in a quadrangular form, with a large gateway in front, and a square court in the centre; but the greater number have a narrow door and staircase at one side, as with us. In addition to casements which open inwards like folding doors, the windows near the ground have cages of iron, composed of perpendicular bars called *rejas*, and to which the French give the more appropriate name of *jalousies*. These serve to prevent the entrance of a thief or a lover, or the evasion of a wife. The windows of the upper stories descend commonly from the ceiling to the floor, and open on balconies of iron, which are decorated with shrubbery and flowers, and thronged by both sexes, whenever any religious or military procession is passing, and by the females at all seasons when not better employed. The houses are constructed of stones of every shape and size, coated with cement, and whitewashed. When animated by gay groups of well-dressed people in the balconies, they make a very good appearance.

The streets of Valencia are very crooked, and so narrow that many of them are impassable for carriages. From this reason and the treacherous character of the people, there is great risk of being robbed in the night; and I was repeatedly cautioned at my hotel to be on my guard, and to keep to the principal streets. The streets are not paved, for the

dryness of the climate renders it unnecessary. Hence they are very dusty, and the inhabitants resort for exercise to the *paseos*, or public walks, of which there are several, well watered and beautifully planted, and furnished with benches, along the banks of the Guadalaviar, and in the direction of the seaport at the mouth of the river. The most beautiful of all, however, is the Glorieta, a very small square, contiguous to the custom-house. It is enclosed by a railing, and planted with the trees most grateful to the eye and smell, among which the orange, the lemon, and the still fairer pomegranate are most conspicuous. The ground is covered with shrubs and flowers native and exotic, whose thrifty appearance attests the genial influence of the climate. These form hedges to the various walks which intersect each other, and are ornamented at their angles with sparkling and gushing fountains. There is a principal alley along which those who court observation make repeated turns; while others sit and review them upon stone benches that skirt the walks, or on rush chairs hired out by a provident old woman. There are more secluded alleys on each side for those modest groups and whispering couples who prefer privacy and the shade. Whether the peasants and laboring classes are excluded from the Glorieta, or are unwilling to mingle with people so much richer and better

dressed than themselves, there were none of them to be seen, except, indeed, a solitary bare-legged Valencian, in bragas, who carried about a lighted match for the accommodation of the smokers. Outside of the Glorieta were bodies of royalist volunteers or regular troops, with bands of music, passing in different directions, intermingled with crowds of pedestrians and horsemen; and antique carriages on four wheels, in attendance on their owners; and light tartanas, waiting to be hired. The tartana, so generally in use at Valencia, is a small cart, covered with a canvas top, and drawn by a single horse or mule, whose harness is well studded with brass tacks and hung with small bells of the same metal. The entrance is from behind, and the seats are along each side. The interior of the tartana is adorned with curtains of silk, while without it is painted with a variety of gay colors, which, like the grotesque paintings upon the outer walls of the churches, long preserve their brilliancy in this dry climate. As it has no springs, it would be but a comfortless vehicle in a paved city; but it moves noiselessly and without jarring over the level streets of Valencia.

The Glorieta was laid out and planted by a late captain general, a testy and high-handed don, who punished delinquents, hung up robbers, and did on the spot whatever seemed right or pleasant to him.

In short he was just the man to govern the Spaniards of the present generation. He took the land of the present Glorieta from a convent or other useless establishment, and converted it into the delightful little place which now adds so greatly to the amusements of the Valencians. When the Constitution came, however, and the captain general exchanged his palace for a prison, the uncurbed populace wreaked their fury upon every thing connected with the memory of the man who had restrained them, and would even have restored the Glorieta to its original state, by cutting down the trees and tearing up the shrubbery, had they not been opposed by others whose ideas of liberty were less fanatical. The present captain general of Valencia is likewise a tyrant, but of a much worse kind than the one we have been speaking of; for he is a tyrant at second hand, and to suit the views of his employers. Notwithstanding his severity towards the persecuted Liberals, he is flexible enough in the hands of the priests, who very lately made a successful opposition to his authority. They had the audacity, a few months before I passed through Valencia, to take a poor Jew who had avowed his opinions, and hang him publicly, in defiance of the injunction of the civil officers and even of Oreilly himself.

The interval of three days between the departures

of the Barcelona diligence for Madrid having at length passed by, I rose early on the morning of its expected arrival to hear what had been the fate of the mayoral and Pepe, whom I had last seen bleeding and groaning in a cart on their way to Amposta. The mayoral was still alive three days after the event, when the diligence stopped at Amposta; but his head was so badly fractured as to render recovery doubtful. Poor Pepe breathed his last at ten o'clock, about eight hours after our attack, and long before his widowed mother could have arrived to close the eyes of her child. More than a month elapsed before I again heard any thing of the still-surviving mayoral, or of the men who had committed the violence; for such things never being published in Spain, one half the population might be murdered without the rest knowing any thing of it. It may, however, be as well to repeat here what I at length learned in Madrid from a Valencian wagoner, whom I questioned on the subject. The mayoral, after lingering about a week, shared the fate of Pepe; and the three robbers were at length detected and taken into custody. One of them was a native of Perpignan, son to a man who had formerly kept the inn where the diligence put up in Amposta. The other two were natives of the town, and all were acquaintances of Pepe; possibly the very varlets who were playing

at cards beneath our window. My informant could not tell me whether the murderers were likely to suffer for their crime. The fact of one of them being a stranger rendered it probable; but if they had money to put into the hands of an *escribano* or notary, to fee him and the judges who would be called to decide upon the case, or to buy an escape, or, as a last resort, if they could procure the interposition of the clergy, they might yet go unpunished.

The diligence was to leave Valencia at noon for Madrid. Finding that there was yet half an hour of idle time to be got rid of, I wandered to the cathedral to pass once more through its aisles, and then ascended to the top of the antique tower called Miquelet, to take a farewell look at Valencia and its environs. The *campanero* was getting ready to ring for the midday mass; and I therefore found the tower gate open, and a person who was familiar with every object of the landscape ready to answer my inquiries. The city upon which I now looked down gained nothing from this point of view. The irregular roofs of all the buildings, public and private, were covered with rude tiles; and the streets, now seen collectively as in a map, shocked the eye by their want of regularity. As the sight gradually extended its circle, it took in objects that were more agreeable: the verdant

Glorieta, with its trees and fountains; the Gate of the Cid, and the numerous avenues leading to the capital; the five bridges of the Guadalaviar, and the promenades which skirt its banks. These were enclosed in that wide expanse of verdure, interspersed every where with villages and farm-houses, to which the Spaniards have given the glowing name of Huerta de Valencia, the orchard of Valencia, whose fertility had no other bounds but the sea and mountains.

By the time I had regained the office of the diligence, the bells of the cathedral and of the many churches and convents of Valencia were tolling for noon. The coach was ready in the street, and the superintendent, way-bill in hand, was calling over the names of the passengers, and assigning to each his seat for the journey. I had taken a corner of the cabriolet, and found the adjoining one occupied by a Spanish officer, a colonel of *caçadores*, who had a pair of horse pistols in the coach pocket beside him, with his sabre clothed in buckskin, and standing upright in the corner to keep sentry over them. He had on a red jacket worked with gold lace, over which was an ample cloak of blue, lined with red velvet, and on his heels a pair of long brass spurs that were continually incommoding him during the journey. His *schako* was hung up overhead and replaced by a light bonnet of blue cloth,

adorned in front with a gold *fleur de lis*, the common badge of the Bourbons. He had a fair round face, and well nurtured mustaches, and appeared to me a very young man to be a colonel. Indeed his whole appearance indicated more familiarity with the drawing-room than with the stir and strife incident to his profession. I afterwards found he was a *conde*, or count; and having thus been born to the military life, as alone worthy of his rank, had gradually grown into a grade which in France can only be reached over many a field of battle. He was, however, on the whole a very agreeable travelling companion, and when he was not engaged with a musty book on cavalry, or I with my map, or dictionary and grammar of the language, we gossiped together throughout the journey. In the interior were two passengers, besides one of the proprietors of the diligence, a wary old Catalan, who was performing a tour of observation through the line, to look into the state of the teams, of the inns where the coach stopped, and of other matters relating to the service of the company. He carried with him a small blank book, bound with parchment, and a portable inkhorn, with a couple of superannuated pens in it. These materials for authorship he would produce every night after supper, and, spreading them out amid the wreck of the repast, proceed to write up his journal. The rotunda con-

tained one solitary occupant, a candidate for the priesthood, who was going to pursue his studies in Alcala. This was one of the fast-talking youths who had shared in our disaster near the Ebro.

With these five persons for travelling companions, and a good-natured Catalan, called Lorenzo, for a mayoral, we turned our backs upon Valencia, and took our course to the south-west, in the direction of San Felipe. As on the approach to the city from the other side, our road now lay through cultivated and well-watered fields, which at the same time were planted with orchards of every kind of fruit, and especially the mulberry, olive, and algarroba. On the left we passed the Albufera of Valencia, a fine lake which abounds in fish and water-fowl. The neighbouring country is entirely laid out in rice, of which such a quantity is produced, that the share of the king, who claims sixteen *per cent.* as proprietor, and probably receives much less, is worth annually near fifty thousand dollars. This princely estate belonged, during the short reign of King Joseph, to Marshal Suchet, who commanded the French forces in this part of Spain, and was almost the only one of his countrymen who promoted successfully the cause of Napoleon, and was at the same time able to win the affections of the Spaniards. This distinguished general lost his estate on the restoration of the Bour-

bons, but preserved the title of Duke of Albufera, which, with the peerage conferred by Louis XVIII., has lately devolved upon his son. In the afternoon we came to a small stream which flowed under a few scattering algarroba trees, whose foliage, as well as the grass that grew upon its banks, seemed to catch new verdure from the fertilizing element. Here a party of travellers had halted to make a rude meal upon the bread and sausages which they had brought with them, whilst their mules and asses were likewise refreshing themselves along the margin of the brook.

When the sun was sinking in the west, we began to ascend the mountains, which seemed to grow more formidable as we approached them, winding occasionally through narrow and concealed gorges, or crossing an eminence which overlooked a wide expanse of the rich plains below and of the more distant Mediterranean. At the summit we came in sight of Mogente, while on the left were seen the turrets of San Felipe. This city was called Jativa by the Moors, and was once famous for its manufactures, particularly of paper, which, if I mistake not, it claims the honor of inventing; an invention, in its effects upon the progress of civilization, not unworthy of being compared to that of printing itself. In the war of succession between the French and Austrian pretenders to the vacant

throne of Spain, Jativa was so unfortunate as to espouse the cause which proved unsuccessful. Philip V., when he at length got possession of the place, was so greatly exasperated against the inhabitants, that he caused it to be demolished, and in its stead founded a city to which he gave the renovating name of his patron saint, San Felipe. Another honor claimed by San Felipe, and it is indeed a proud one, is, that it gave birth to the distinguished painter, Joseph Ribera, whom, for his diminutive size, the Italians christened *Spagnoleto*. On the road which leads to San Felipe is a small bridge, thrown over a torrent in which a widowed mother had the hard fortune to lose her only son. Making an honorable exception to the unworthy rule, that misery loves company, she caused this bridge to be erected, that no other mother might suffer like herself. It still bears the name of the Widow's Bridge, or, in the more melodious language of the country, Puente de la Viuda.

At sunset we arrived at a *venta*, or solitary inn, which lay at a short distance from Mogente. We had journeyed forty-eight miles, and, instead of going in a direct line towards Madrid, had been making a right angle to its direction from Valencia, and, to look on the map, were not a jot nearer our destination than when we started. So much for communications in Spain. In the venta we found

a German merchant, who had come from Alicante to take passage with us to Madrid. He proved an agreeable companion, and brought his share of amusement to our already pleasant little party. When supper was over, and our passports had been returned by the intendant of police, each hurried to his bed, in order to improve the few hours that were to intervene before we should renew our journey.

The next day we were called at an early hour, and by three o'clock were already in motion. There was a keen wind from the north-west; and as we were going in that direction, it drove into the crannies of the cabriolet, and produced the withering sensation of the most intense cold, which to me was the more severe that I had no great coat. My companion had rolled himself up in his ample cloak until nothing but his cap was visible, and seemed to defy the weather. Seeing that the mayoral had a variety of sheepskins and blankets under him, I procured from him the warm fleecy skin of a merino, which I rolled closely round my torpid feet. Thus partially relieved, I sought the support of the corner, and was soon asleep.

When the morning came, we no longer beheld the vineyards and fruit trees of Valencia, or an expanse of sea and mountains. On reaching the summit of the mountains near Mogente, we had

entered on that vast level region which forms the greater part of the two Castiles, and lies near two thousand feet above the level of the sea; an elevated plain in the midst of the Peninsula. Nothing can be more unqualified than the gloomy character of this plain. When we first entered it, a solemn group of olives might occasionally be seen, sheltered by a slight inequality of the surface of the country; but in advancing, these too disappeared, until the monotony at last became perfect and pervading.

The utter destitution of trees in La Mancha, and the almost equal deficiency of them in the other provinces which form the central regions of Spain, is attributed partly to the flat, unsheltered nature of the country, and the dryness of the climate, but chiefly to a prejudice which the inhabitants have entertained from time immemorial against them, as being the means of attracting and sheltering birds, those busy pilferers. After having long since stripped the country of its trees, the Castilian, instead of creating nurseries for their restoration, has such an abhorrence for every thing of the kind, that he will even prevent the establishment of them along the high roads, by wounding those which the government has been at the expense of planting there. In consequence of their proscription in the interior of Spain, it has been remarked, that the soil, scorched by a powerful sun,

with no trees to moderate its force or attract humidity, has gradually lost its streams and fountains, of which nothing now remains but empty ravines, to mark the forgotten sources of former fertility.

The greater part of this country is, however, susceptible of being rendered productive, and especially of furnishing wheat and wine of the finest quality; but its population is so dwindled, and has so partial an interest in the produce of the soil, which is monopolized by an inactive clergy and nobility, that agriculture is on the worst possible footing. The system of manuring is not generally practised; and thus, while three fourths of the country remain fallow, the remainder only produces a scanty crop of grain or potatoes. The great distance between the towns, too, and the insecurity of life and property, which prevents the farmers from living each isolated on the land which he cultivates, are additional checks to agriculture and population. We frequently travelled eight or ten miles without finding a single habitation on this road, one of the most important in Spain, and which, perhaps, was a Roman way in the time of Cæsar. When, too, after hours of rapid travelling, we at length came to a town, nothing could be more gloomy than its appearance. As there were neither hills nor forests intervening to obstruct the view, it could be seen a long way off, with its ill-

fashioned towers projecting out of a gloomy group of houses plastered over with clay, which, being of the color of the soil, were only distinguished from it by rising above the cheerless horizon. At the entrance of each town was a gate for receiving the duties on all the articles which passed, and in the centre of it a square, round which were the different buildings of the ayuntamiento, or municipality, of the posada, of the butcher, baker, tailor, cobbler, and of the village surgeon or barber, living at the sign of a bleeding arm and leg, flanked by the helmet of Mambrino. Most of these towns exhibited strong symptoms of decline. Many houses were abandoned, with their roofs fallen in; and those which continued tenanted had but a cheerless look; while, as a key to this desolation, the master of each might be seen, listless and unoccupied, enveloped in a tattered cloak, and moping like a statue within the doorway. It was, besides, the season of sadness and decaying nature. There were no cattle, no pasture; and the single harvest of the farmer having already been gathered, nothing but a dusty and faded stubble remained upon the soil, to attest that it had once been productive. I had at length arrived in a country where forests and the feathered songsters who find their home in them were alike proscribed. As I looked round on the dismal expanse, unvaried

by either tree or bush, I was at a loss to imagine upon what the inhabitants could subsist, unless, indeed, it was on the recollections of the past, or upon the poetic associations which Cervantes has fastened to their soil. How different all this from the streams, the trees, and the gardens we had left behind us in the Huerta!

On reaching this mountain plain, the change in character of the country was even surpassed by the change in the climate. The day before, we had basked at Valencia in a summer's sun, tempered by Mediterranean breezes; whereas here we were met by a cold wind, which rushed unchecked over the wild monotonous plains, and seemed to freeze one's blood. It was indeed cold; there could be no mistake about it; for we found ice in several places, long after the sun had risen, though it was only the fourth of November.

This sudden change of climate in so short a distance calls for a corresponding change in the popular costume. Besides a waistcoat and jacket of cloth covered with abundance of silver buttons, the inhabitant usually wears a jacket of skin, with the wool outwards, which once warmed the back of some black merino; or, instead of this, an ample cloak of brown, the right fold of which is thrown over the left shoulder with a Roman air. The head is covered with a pointed cap of black velvet,

the ends of which being drawn down over the ears, leave exposed a forehead which is usually high, and features which are always manly. Instead of the primitive braga of the Valencian, we now find tight breeches, sustained above the hips by a red sash, and fastened the whole way down the outside of the thigh by bell buttons. In the place of the naked leg and hempen sandal, are woollen stockings, stout shoes, well shod with nails, and gaiters of leather curiously embroidered. These are fastened at the top with a gay-coloured string, and not buttoned the whole way up, but left open for the purpose of displaying a muscular calf, and to produce that jaunty air which pleases the fancy of a Spaniard. The poorer people, instead of shoes and stockings, had their feet simply wrapped in bits of old cloth or blanket, and covered with skins bound to the foot with a thong.

The inhabitants of this central region speak the pure Castilian tongue, unadulterated by foreign idioms, or provincial pronunciation, and in all its native simplicity and beauty. They are of larger size and stouter conformation than the half-clad Valencians, but are perhaps inferior to them in that symmetry of limb, which the latter possess to an equal extent with the aboriginal Americans. They are stigmatized by strangers as being proud, grave, inactive, and silent, more ignorant and more

attached to their antique prejudices than those of their nation, who, living in the neighbourhood of the sea, have gained something by commercial intercourse. Be this as it may, I could not help admiring the unbent form and lofty bearing with which those poor fellows strode forward, enveloped in threadbare cloaks, their feet bound in sandals of untanned leather, disdaining to ask the alms they so evidently needed, or to betray any sense of inferiority to those who were better apparelled than themselves; nor could I avoid the conclusion that, if the Castilian be fallen from his proud rank among the people of Europe, we must not seek the cause of this abasement in the man himself, but in the institutions which have crushed him.

The road over this monstrous region was almost as lonely as the surrounding country. Occasionally, indeed, we could see a large covered waggon, miles ahead of us, rising like a house at the end of the road, and drawn by a string of mules as long as the train of our diligence. One that we passed had pots and kettles and chairs suspended about it, as if a family were moving, whilst beside it were four or five servants, armed with fowling-pieces. Our colonel at once recognised their livery, and, putting down the coach-window, waved his handkerchief to the travellers. One of the servants soon overtook us, and, jumping to the box of the mayoral, rode

awhile with us, answering the inquiries of our colonel, "*Como esta la Marquesa?*" and a thousand others, all ending with *Marquesa.* A marchioness! thought I—perhaps the wife of a *grande*, making a nine days' journey in a wagon, from Valencia to Madrid! At other times we overtook groups of dusty mules and asses, loaded with sacks of wheat or skins of wine, and driven by fellows in coats of sheepskin. They were usually walking, to work off the cold. Once we saw them stopping by turns to drink wine from a leathern bottle, the drinker looking steadfastly towards the heavens, like Sancho, in the adventure of the wood. An envious glance of our mayoral to the upraised bottle was a sufficient hint to these simple roadsters, and one of them came running with it beside us, to make a tender, which was sure not to be rejected. Early in the morning we met a half-naked muleteer of Valencia, bestriding one of a string of mules, returning homeward. He seemed to have been baffled in his calculations, and prematurely overtaken by the cold, like Napoleon in Russia; for, rolling his blanket tightly about him, and drawing up his legs, so as to bring them under the broad folds of his linen bragas, he hurried his mules forward, eager to escape from the unfriendly climate.

Having journeyed sixteen miles, we came to

Almansa, in the kingdom of Murcia, over a corner of which the road passes to Madrid. This old city derives its celebrity from the bloody battle fought in its neighbourhood, in the beginning of the last century, between the forces of the Archduke Pretender and the Marshal Duke of Berwick. The signal victory achieved by the latter decided the dispute of succession, and secured the Spanish crown to the grandson of Louis XIV. The family of this illustrious son of James II. continues in Spain to the present day, enjoying the highest honors. Just before reaching Almansa, we came to an inconsiderable pyramid, erected upon the site of the battle, which it is every way unworthy to commemorate.

Our arrival at Almansa was most welcome to all of us; and the diligence had scarce paused in front of the inn where we were to eat our breakfast, before we all abandoned it, descending carefully, lest our legs, which were brittle with the cold and torpor, should break under us; and when fairly on the ground we hobbled with one accord to seek out the kitchen of the posada. By the smoke circulating throughout the building we soon found the place of which we were in search. The kitchen was a square room, with a funnel roof, having a large hole at the top for the escape of the smoke. In the middle of the earthen floor was a large fire of brushwood,

blazing and sending forth volumes of smoke, that either circulated in the room or sought the aperture above. Round this primitive fireplace was a close ring of tall Murcians and Castilians, or bare-legged Valencians, whose fine forms and strongly-marked features were brought into increased relief by the glare of the fire. At one side of the room was a dresser of mason-work connected with the wall, which contained small furnaces heated with charcoal. Here was an old dame, with three or four buxom daughters, preparing our breakfast, which I discovered was to consist, among other things, of eggs fried in oil and the universal puchero. The arrival of the diligence had accelerated matters, so that I happened to come up just at the interesting moment when the old woman was holding the pot in both hands, and turning its contents into an immense dish of glazed earthen ware. First would come a piece of beef, then a slice of bacon, next the leg, thigh, and foot of a chicken jumping out in a hurry, and presently a whole shower of garbanzos. I said not a word, for fear of disturbing the operation; but rubbing my hands and snuffing up the odor, I bethought myself of my cold feet, and joined the group that was huddled closely about the fire. The circle at once made room for me; but unfortunately I was on the smoky side, and, before I had even begun to thaw, my eyes were suffused

with tears. It is the province of tears to excite pity. A stout Manchego who stood near, compassionating my suffering, grasped my arm and pulled me into his place, taking mine in its stead. I would have remonstrated, but he shook his finger, as if it were all one to him, and said, "*No le hace.*"

Leaving Almansa at ten, we journeyed forward over a dull and level country until sunset, when we arrived at the considerable town of Albacete, which boasts some rough manufactures in steel and iron, and an annual fair in September, which is one of the most frequented in Spain. Having reposed until three in the morning, we once more set forward. The cold was not less severe than the morning before; but my system had become a little hardened to it, and besides my former travelling companion, the student in the rotunda, had lent me his black uniform cloak, which he had replaced by a heavier one of brown cloth. To be sure, if it were not for the name, I might as well have covered myself with a cobweb; for this apology for a cloak was, from old age and much brushing, quite as thin as paper, and had doubtless served in the family of the young man for several generations of *estudiantes*. It was, furthermore, very narrow in the skirts, and my vain endeavours to roll myself up in it furnished abundant amusement to my companions, who would fain have persuaded me to put

on the cocked hat of the student, to complete the metamorphosis of the Anglo-Americano.

From Albacete we went to El Provencio, in the province of Cuenca, which, with those of Toledo and Madrid, through which the remainder of our road lay, form part of New Castile. Cuenca is an arid and sterile region, the most desert in the whole Peninsula. The streets of El Provencio were strewed with the yellow leaves of the saffron, of which large quantities are raised in the neighbourhood. This plant is prepared in the form of a powder, which serves as a dye for the coarse goods made in the country, and is likewise universally used in cooking, to season the soup and puchero. Leaving El Provencio, after breakfast, as was our custom, we all went to sleep. When we had advanced about twenty miles, I was startled by an unusual noise, and, on looking round, found that it proceeded from ten or twelve windmills that were drawn up on the top of a ridge on either side of the road before us. They seemed stationed there to dispute the passage of the place, a circumstance which, doubtless, suggested to Cervantes the rare adventure of the windmills; for these which now flapped their heavy arms in defiance at us were no other than the giants of Don Quixote. Having left them behind, we came unhurt in sight of El Toboso—a place not less famous than the Troy of

Homer and of Virgil *. This considerable village lay a league or more to the left of the road, with a single tower and some dingy houses rising above the plain. I looked in vain for the grove in which the sorrowful knight awaited the return of Sancho, who had gone to Toboso to beg an audience of the Dulcinea whom he had never seen. I took it for granted that the wood had sprung up for the express accommodation of the poet, for during the whole day's ride I do not remember to have seen a single tree.

* A single fact, found in the delightful Memoirs of Rocca, whilst it shows how universal is the fame of Cervantes, displays also the benign influence of letters in awakening the kinder sympathies of our nature, and stripping even war of its sternness. It reminds me of what I have somewhere read of an Athenian army, defeated and made captive in Sicily. The prisoners were ordered to be put to death; but, out of reverence for Euripides, such of his countrymen as could repeat his verses were spared.

"If Don Quixote was of no service to widows and orphans whilst alive, his memory at least protected the country of the imaginary Dulcinea from some of the horrors of war. When our soldiers discovered a woman at the window, they cried out, '*Voila Dulcinea!*' Instead of flying before us as elsewhere, the inhabitants crowded to see us pass; and the names of Don Quixote and Dulcinea became a friendly watchword and a bond of union."

Don Quixote is written indifferently with an *x* or *j*. Both these letters take the pronunciation of *h* before a vowel; a guttural pronunciation, which, doubtless, derives its origin from the Saracens.

The country through which we were now passing was consecrated by the oddest associations, though itself a dull, unvaried waste. Every thing that met my eye furnished matter of amusement. Near Toboso we saw an immense flock of wild pigeons, blackening the field on which they had alighted. Our guides frightened them from their resting-place, and they kept alternatively flying and alighting before us for an hour. These whimsical birds would, doubtless, have furnished La Mancha's knight with an excellent adventure. When within a league of Quintanar de la Orden, and with the town in sight, we descried three horsemen in the road before us, apparently awaiting our arrival. As we came up, they appeared to be accoutred and armed, each according to his taste, but all had steel sabres and carabines, which hung at the side of their saddles behind them. One of them had a second carabine, or rather fowling-piece, on the other side; and as we approached, we beheld smaller weapons, such as pistols, long knives, and dirks, sticking through their belts or lodged at the saddlebow. I quickly prepared the pistol which the colonel had lent me, and, when he had done the same, I thought that if Don Quixote had been near to aid us, the contest would not have been so unequal. When alongside of them, the faces of these fellows exhibited scars and slashes, partially covered with

whiskers and mustaches confounded together; and the glare of their eyes was at the same time fearless and stealthy, like that of the tiger. But there was no cause for alarm. These fellows, whatever they might once have been, were no robbers; for, beside the red cockade, which showed they were true servants of Ferdinand, each wore a broad shoulder-belt with a plate of brass in front, and on it engraven *Real Diligencia.*

These fellows, instead of intending to plunder us, had come to prevent others from doing so; for which service they had received a daily salary from the company, ever since about three months before, when the diligence had been robbed on its way to Valencia, almost in sight of Quintanar. There were several other situations through which we had already been escorted since the commencement of our journey; but hitherto the guards had been soldiers of the royal army, such as had accompanied us occasionally in coming from Barcelona. It chanced that these troopers belonged to the very regiment of horse of which my companion was colonel; but as they lived dispersed in the villages over a large extent of country, they had never seen him before. It was curious enough to hear him occasionally addressing those who rode beside us, and telling them "*Soy su coronel,*" "I am your colonel," showing, at the same time, as if by acci-

dent, the three bands of gold lace which bound the cuffs of his jacket, and which in Spain mark the rank of all officers above a captain; for none of higher rank wear epaulettes. Indeed he would usually turn back his cloak to expose its red velvet lining, and project his arms negligently out of the window, or raise them to curl his mustaches, whenever he entered a village; and this he now did as we were whirled rapidly into Quintanar.

Just before reaching the gate we had halted to take up two children, a boy and a girl, who had come out to meet us, and seemed dressed for the occasion. They were the children of our mayoral Lorenzo, who had lately come with his family from Catalonia to keep a posada in Quintanar, and to be one of the conductors of the diligence. Having kissed each as he took it up, and placed one on each side of him, he smacked his whip, as if with contentment, and kept looking first at one and then at the other the whole way to the door of the posada. I saw that there could be good feelings under the red cap of Catalonia.

The noise of our entry into the little town brought into the street all those who had nothing better to do, as well as such stable-boys, serving-maids, and others as had a more immediate concern in our arrival. Among them was a large and fine-looking woman, who withdrew within the door-

way of the inn when the diligence halted, and there received Lorenzo, and in such a way as showed she could be no other than his wife. Here was an end to all services from our mayoral; so leaving him, Æneas like, to tell over his toils and receive consolation, we descended with one accord to make the most of our momentary home.

Most of the inns we had hitherto come to had been established under the immediate patronage of the Catalan company. They were in consequence well kept, and, though in a homely way, were wanting in no comfort that a reasonable traveller could ask for, but possessed many that I was not prepared to find in a Spanish posada. With none, however, was this so much the case as with the one we now entered. The building itself did not seem to have been originally intended for an inn; for, contrary to the usual custom in Spanish posadas, the dwellings of man and beast, of men and mules, were completely separate. In the better days of Quintanar, it had more probably been the family mansion of a race of hidalgos. The large door on the street opened upon a vestibule, leading to a square court, which had in the centre the dry basin of what had once been a fountain, and was surrounded by light pillars of marble, behind which were an upper and lower corridor. Along both sides of the vestibule were stone benches, which,

as well as every other part of the building, had been newly whitewashed. Here were basins of glazed earthenware and pitchers of water, with a clean towel of coarse linen for each passenger, hanging from nails against the wall. Having paused here to get rid of the dust which we had collected during the day, we next sought out the kitchen, which was in an entirely different style from the one in which we had warmed ourselves at Almansa. The cooking operations were, indeed, performed over charcoal furnaces, much in the same way; but instead of the rude roof and bonfire in the middle of the apartment, there was here an immense fireplace, occupying the whole of one end of the room, and which called strongly to my mind a kitchen chimney I had seen more than a year before in the old chateau of the Count de Dunois, the appendage, in times gone by, of baronial hospitality. At each side of the large aperture were benches incorporated with the wall, and which, being within the chimney itself, and covered with *esparto*, formed delightful sofas for the chilly and fatigued traveller. Here then did we bestow ourselves, to await contentedly and even overlook the preparations for our evening repast; and, as we inhaled the well-savored odor that arose from it, we chatted sociably and cheerfully among ourselves, or exchanged a complacent word with the Castilian

damsels who were performing so near us their well-ordered operations.

The evening had set in cold, and the cheerful blazing of our fire offered an attraction which brought together many of the worthies of Quintanar. The ill-favored members of our escort, now divested of every thing but spurs and sword-belt were among the number. They were to accompany us the next morning the whole of the first stage beyond the village, and were talking over in monosyllables, with Lorenzo, the preparations for our departure. Wherever we had hitherto stopped, the robbery of the diligence near the Ebro had furnished a fruitful and anxious subject of discussion. A robbery of the diligence, attended with murder, was not so common an occurrence in the country but that it was looked to with interest; particularly by our party, which, being similarly situated with the persons who met with the adventure, was liable to a similar interruption. Our student of the rotunda, calling up the rhetoric he had learned in Barcelona, was ever ready to give a colored picture of the transaction; whilst I, as a witness, was called on to add my testimony, or, in the absence of the young man, to furnish, myself, the particulars. The escort too, drawing inferences of what might be from what had been, were no less interested than ourselves. Besides, they had

heard that a noted robber of Quintanar, not less cunning than bold, had disappeared from his home, and that several armed men had been seen in the morning, by a muleteer, in the direction of Ocaña. This was matter for reflection, and Lorenzo, after gazing awhile upon the quiet comforts of our fireside, and on his yet handsome wife, as she busied herself in sending off our supper to an adjoining room, seemed to think that things would not be the worse for a little delay in our departure the next morning; for when he had glanced round, to see that there were none near who should not hear it, he named four o'clock as the hour for starting.

The escort continued still to linger awhile beside the fireplace. They had many complaints to make of the insufficiency of their pay, many against their want of proper protection from the authorities. A year before, they had repulsed an attack made against the diligence by five robbers; for, having killed the horse of one of them, the fellows made off, carrying with them their dismounted companion. The horse was at once recognised to have belonged to a man in Quintanar, who had been at the head of most of the robberies committed in the country for a long while, and who was the very same one of whom they were now in dread. The suspected person was found badly bruised in his bed, and was

of course imprisoned; but, having brought many persons to swear that at the time of the attack he was sick at home in Quintanar, he was released after a short detention. The fellow neither lacked money nor friends. He pursued robbery as a regular trade, and was actually getting together a little estate. "*Es hombre pequeñito,*" said the narrator, "*pero el hombre mas malo que hay en el mundo.*"—"He is a little man, but the worst fellow in the world." What, however, they most complained of was, that a cloak and some arms which they found with the horse, to the value of twenty dollars or more, had been seized upon by the justice, and either retained or appropriated by the members of the tribunal; "Because," they said, "the matter was not yet adjusted; and these tangible objects were *el cuerpo del delito*—the body of the offence." In this way, after having met the enemy and stood fire, the shoes and skin of the dead horse, which they had sold for sixty reals, were the only fruits of their victory.

This conversation, and the disagreeable reflections and conjectures to which it gave rise, were at length interrupted by the announcement of supper, and the past and future were soon forgotten amid the substantial realities of a well-filled board. Our supper-room was adjacent to the kitchen, and its arrangements showed the same spirit of order and

neatness with the other apartments. The tile floor was every where covered with mats, and the table, in the centre of it, was furnished with as many covers as passengers, and at each a clean napkin and silver fork, after the French fashion. Beneath the table was a brasero, or brass pan, filled with burning charcoal, which had been kindled in the open air, and kept there until the gas had escaped. The brasero was well burnished, and stood in a frame of mahogany or cedar, upon which each of us placed his feet, so that the outstretched legs of our party formed a fence, which, together with the table, retained the heat effectually. Supper over, we dropped off one by one, and sought the common bedroom of our party, situated at the opposite side of our court, with a complete carpeting of straw, and a clean cot for each, placed at regular intervals along the apartment. The conversation which had commenced in the kitchen and was kept up at the supper-table still continued to be carried on by a scattering sentence, first from one and then another of the party, as he drew the clothes more closely about him, or turned over in his bed, nor had it entirely subsided when I fell asleep.

Our journey the next day commenced at four o'clock, as had been already concerted; and I found, on going to the diligence, that the seat between

the colonel and myself was to be occupied by a hale, well-made young woman, who had come the evening before from El Toboso and was going to Madrid. When the colonel had taken his place, which was farthest from the door, I put both hands to her waist to help her up, and, estimating the solidity of her body, prepared to make a strong effort. But she little needed any such assistance; for a vigorous spring took her from my grasp, and brought her to the seat in the cabriolet. As she shot suddenly away from me, I was reminded in more ways than one of the baffled Don Quixote, when Dulcinea leaped through his fingers to the back of her *borrico*.

Our ride to Ocaña was effected without interruption. Such, however, was not the case with the diligence on its return to Valencia, about a week afterwards. It was stopped by a strong party, and with no little advantage to the robbers; for there happened to be in it an Englishman, who ignorant, doubtless, of the danger, and of the express injunction of the Company against carrying a large sum of money, had with him nearly a thousand dollars, and a watch of some value. This prize stimulated the band to new exertions, and during the winter the Valencia coach was plundered nearly a dozen times. Nor did Lorenzo

always pass clear. I met him one day in the street at Madrid, with a long face, that told me of his misfortune ere he had given its history.

Ocaña is as old and ruinous in appearance as any other city in Castile. I went forth with the student, while breakfast was preparing, to look at the public square with its colonnades and antiquated balconies. Thence we went to a large reservoir of water in the outskirts of the town, where part of the inhabitants supply themselves, and where the women wash clothes in stone troughs prepared for the purpose. The place was thronged with donkeys, coming and going with earthen jars suspended in wooden frames upon their backs, and conducted by lads mounted behind the load on the very end of the animal, which was urged on with a cry of "*Arre, borrico!*" and guided by the touch of a staff, first on one side of the head, then on the other. There were many young women gathered about the stone basins, kneeling down with their clothes tucked under them, laughing and chatting with each other, crying out in answer to the salutation of a lad of their acquaintance who had come for water, or singing *seguidillas* and wild love-songs of Andalusia. The level of the town in the neighbourhood of the reservoir seemed to be raised with the course of centuries; for I saw several subterranean houses, now inhabited, which seemed to have

been once on a level with the street. Ocaña is celebrated in the history of the late Peninsular war for a decisive battle fought in the neighbourhood, in opposition to the wish of Wellington, and in which the Spaniards were completely beaten.

On leaving Ocaña, the eye is still fatigued with a weary and monotonous waste. As you approach Aranjuez, the face of the country assumes a white and dusty appearance, as of a soil that has long been superannuated and worn out. A rapid descent down a hill, partaking of the gloomy character of the plain above, brought us in sight of the Tajo Dorado—the Golden Tagus of the poets, winding along its deep sheltered bed, in the direction of Toledo. As we passed into the wide street of Aranjuez, on our right hand was the unfinished arena for bull-fights, on the left the residence of the Spanish kings, consisting of palaces, churches, and barracks for the soldiery, all bound together by a succession of colonnades; before us opened a wide square, studded with statues, and enlivened by fountains of marble; the Tagus flowed beyond. We crossed the river by a wooden bridge of a single arch and of great elegance, and then entered an alley surrounded on every side by lofty trees, which concealed the palaces of Aranjuez from view ere I had time for a second glance. But there was that which recompensed me for the loss. Instead of the

naked plains of Castile, we were now surrounded by noble trees that had not yet lost their foliage; we passed through meadows that were still flowered and verdant, and were cheered by the singing of birds and by the flow of water.

This state of things was too good to last long. It ceased when we reached the sandy banks of the Jarama, the larger half of the Tagus, and which only awaits the assistance of man to cover its shores with equal fertility. Here is one of the noblest bridges in Europe, built of beautifully hewn stone, with high walks for foot passengers, and parapets at the sides, in which the stones are arranged to resemble panels. In the war of independence, the English blew up the road over one of the arches, to check the pursuit of the French. The communication was, doubtless, immediately re-established in the centre; but the parapets and side-walks remain prostrate at the bottom of the river, though the king and court have made their annual passage of the bridge every spring since the restoration of the Bourbons.

Having crossed the Jarama, we ascended its western bank by a noble road which makes repeated angles to overcome the abruptness of the declivity. Arrived at the top, we still retained for a few moments in view the verdant groves of Aranjuez, so different from the unvaried plain that spread

out before us, and whose monotony was but slightly relieved by the dreary chain of Guadarrama. As we receded, however, from the brink of the ravine, which the Tagus had fashioned for its bed, the level ground we stood on seemed to reach over and combine itself with the kindred plains of Ocaña, swallowing up the verdant valley from which we had just emerged, and which had intervened, like an episode, to qualify the monotony of our journey.

The mountains of Guadarrama form the boundary of New and Old Castile; and it is in the former kingdom, and on the last expiring declivity of these mountains, that the city of Madrid is situated. This noble chain grew as we advanced into bolder perspective, lifting its crests highest immediately before us, and gradually declining to the north-east and south-west, until it blended with the horizon in the opposite directions of Arragon and Estremadura. Having passed a hermitage which a devotee from America had perched upon the pinnacle of an insulated hill, we at length caught sight of the capital, rising above the intervening valley of the Manzanares.

Our first view of Madrid was extremely imposing. It offered a compact mass, crowned every where with countless domes of temples and palaces, upon which the setting sun sent his rays obliquely, and which conveyed, in a high degree, the idea of

magnificence and splendor. Nor was this effect diminished as we advanced; for the cupolas first seen grew into still greater pre-eminence, whilst others at each instant rose above the confusion. At the distance of half a league from the city, we were met by a carriage drawn by two mules. It halted opposite us, and an officer got down to inquire, on the part of some ladies who were in it, for a female friend whom they were expecting from Valencia. There was none such in the diligence. She had announced her arrival, and these friends, who had come forth to meet her, as is the amiable custom of the country, looked disappointed and anxious. After a short consultation, their carriage turned about and followed ours in the direction of the city. Soon after we came to the small stream of Manzanares, one of the confluents of the Jarama, and upon whose north-eastern bank Madrid is situated. This river, taking its course through mountains, is liable to frequent inundations, and it is to obviate the inconveniences which these might occasion, that it is here crossed by the fine bridge of Toledo, which would do honor to the Hudson or the Danube. When we crossed it, one of its nine noble arches would have been sufficient to allow the passage of the Manzanares; for it flows in a narrow bed of shingle, in the middle of the ravine. The rest was abandoned to a light growth of grass,

which some sheep were cropping quietly. A few women in the neighbourhood of the arches were gathering together the clothes which had been drying on the grass; whilst others, having already done so, were moving slowly with bundles on their heads in the direction of the city. The Manzanares was seen doubtless in the same dwindled state by the person, whoever he was, who first took occasion to remark, that he had seen many fine rivers that wanted a bridge, but that here was a fine bridge sadly in want of a river.

Beyond the bridge was a wide road, leading up a gradual ascent to the splendid portal of Toledo. It was thronged by carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, returning to the shelter and security of their homes. We left them to pursue their course, and, taking an avenue that led to the right, in order to avoid the narrow streets of the ancient city, we passed the fairy palace and garden of Casino, and came to the old gate of Atocha. Here our passports were taken to be sent to the police, and in another minute we were within the walls of Madrid and in the capital of Spain. It was already dark, but as we drove rapidly forward, my companion showed me the large building of the Hospital General on the left; on the right was the Garden of Plants, and the wide alley of trees through which we drove was the now deserted

walk of the Prado. Thence, passing along the broad street of Alcala, we were set down in the court-yard of the post-house. Having taken leave of my good-hearted travelling companions, and rewarded the kind attentions of Lorenzo, I put my trunk upon the back of a Gallego, and soon after found myself at home in the Fonda de Malta, in the calle or street del Caballero de Gracia.

*Costume of Madrid.*

## CHAPTER V.

### KINGDOM OF NEW CASTILE.

Accommodations for the Traveller in Madrid.—Don Diego the Impurificado.—A Walk in the Street of Alcala.—The Gate of the Sun.—A Review.—Don Valentin Carnehueso.—His Gacetas and Diarios.—His Person and Politeness.—His Daughter.—His House and Household.—His Mode of Life.

ONE of my first objects on arriving in Madrid was to seek winter quarters, which should combine the essentials of personal comfort with favorable circumstances for learning the language. These were not so easily found; for though the Spaniards have no less than six different and well-sounding names to express the various degrees between a hotel and a tavern, yet Madrid is so seldom visited by foreigners, that it is but ill provided for their accommodation. In the way of hotels, the Fonda de Malta is one of the best in the place; and yet the room in which I passed the first two days of my stay in Madrid had but a single small window, which looked on the wall of a neighbouring house. There were but two chairs, one for my trunk, the other for myself; these, with a bed in an alcove at one

end of the room, comprised the whole of the furniture. There was no table, no looking-glass, no carpet, and no fire-place, though there had already been ice, and my window was so placed that it had never seen the sun. There was nothing, in short, beside the bed and two chairs, and the grated window, and dark walls terminated overhead by naked beams, and below by a cold tile floor. What would have become of me I know not, if I had not been taken from this cell on the third day, and moved into a large apartment at the front of the house, where the sun shone in gloriously, and which, besides, had a sofa and half a dozen straw-bottomed chairs, a straw mat which covered the whole floor, a table with crooked legs, and even a mirror! As for meals, public tables are unknown in Spain, and doubtless have been unknown for centuries; for men here are unwilling to trust themselves to the convivialities of the table, except in the society of friends. It is the custom for each party or person to eat alone, and in the lower part of our fonda was a public coffee-room for this purpose, which I used to resort to, in preference to remaining in my room. It was fitted up with much elegance, having marble tables, mirrors with lamps before them, columns with gilt capitals, a pretty woman placed in an elevated situation to keep order, and sometimes a band of music.

Though this mode of living was tolerable, yet it would not have been so for a whole winter. On inquiry I was told that there were *casas de alquiler*, or houses to be let, in Madrid, in which a person might rent a whole habitation, and hire or buy furniture to please himself, and be served by a domestic of his own; likewise, that there were other establishments called *casas de huespede*, or boarding houses, kept by families, who, having more room than they had occasion for, were in the habit of receiving one or more lodgers, who took their meals at the common table, or were furnished apart. I determined at once for a *casa de huespede*, as according better with means that were rather limited; and because the intercourse of a family would be more favorable to the acquisition of the language. This done, the next thing was to find a place that would suit me, and I was yet pondering over the matter on the sixth day of my arrival, when I was interrupted by the announcement of Don Diego Redondo y Moreno, who came, recommended by a friend, to give lessons in Spanish As I saw a great deal of this man during my stay in Madrid, it may not be amiss to give some account of him.

Don Diego Redondo, as he was called, by his own right, and Moreno, as he was also called from the name of his wife, was a native of Cordova, who had resided some years in Madrid, and who, under

the Constitution, had been employed in the office of the minister of state. On the overthrow of the Constitution he had been tossed out of his office, which had at once been taken possession of by a relation of one of the new chiefs; whilst he, not having yet undergone purification, remained in the situation of an *impurificado*. The reader is not perhaps aware, that on the return of despotism in Spain, Juntas of Purification were established in all parts of the kingdom, before which all persons who had held offices under the abolished system were bound to appear and adduce evidence that they had not been remarkable for revolutionary zeal, nor over active in support of the Constitution, before they could be admitted to any new employment. Such as come out clean from this investigation, from being *impurificados* or unpurified, become *indefinidos* or indefinites, who are ready to be employed, and have a nominal half-pay. These indefinidos have long formed a numerous class in Spain, and now more so than ever. They are patient waiters upon Providence, who, being on the constant look out for a god-send, never think of seeking any new means to earn a livelihood. They may be seen in any city of Spain, lounging in the coffee-houses, where they pick their teeth and read the gazette, but never spend any thing; or else at the public walk, where they may readily be known,

if they be military officers of rank, by the bands of gold lace which bind the cuffs of their surtouts of blue or snuff color, and by their military batons, or still more readily by the huge cocked hats of oil-cloth with which they cover their sharp and starved features.

Many impurificados of the present day have been prevented from offering themselves for purification by the scandal of their past conduct; but a far greater number are deterred by the rapacity and corruption of the purifying tribunals. Don Diego being both a peaceable and poor man, was probably among the last class. Indeed, I was afterwards assured that he was, and that he had been repeatedly solicited by various emissaries, one of whom came from the girl of the president of the Junta, and offered, for a stipulated sum, to pave the way to his thorough purification. Whether he looked on the nominal pay of an indefinido as dearly purchased by an immediate expenditure, or that he never had enough money at one time to gratify official or sub-official rapacity, he still continued impurificado, and gained his bread the best way he could, as a copyist and instructor of the Castilian. This he was well qualified to teach, for, though he had never read a dozen books besides the Quijote, and was as ignorant of the past as of the future history of his country, he had, nevertheless, pur-

sued all the studies usual among his countrymen, wrote a good hand, was an excellent Latinist, and perfect master of his own language.

The dress of Don Diego had evidently assimilated itself to his fallen fortunes. His hat hung in his hand greasy and napless; his boots, from having long been strangers to blacking, were red and foxy, while his pea-green frock, which, when the cold winds descended from the Gaudarrama, served likewise as a surcoat, looked brushed to death and thread-bare. He had, nevertheless, something of a supple and jaunty air with him, showed his worked ruffles and neckcloth to the best advantage, and flourished a little walking wand with no contemptible grace. So much for his artificial man, which was after the fashion of Europe; the natural man might have bespoke a native of Africa. Though called *redondo*, or round, in his own right, he was exceedingly spare and meagre; but he better deserved the cognomen of *moreno*, or black, though he had it in right of his wife, who was of a fair complexion, for his face was strongly indicative of Moorish blood. It showed features the reverse of prominent, and very swarthy; coal-black hair and whiskers, and blacker eyes, which expressed a singular combination of natural ardor and habitual sluggishness. What my friend had said of Don Diego Redondo y Moreno was greatly in his

favor, and there was something in his appearance that strengthened my prepossession. Nor did I afterwards have reason to regret it; for though indolent and wanting in punctuality, I ever found him ready to oblige, and, on the whole, the best-natured fellow in the world. Indeed, I never knew him to be angry but on one occasion, when a servant woman at the palace shut a door in our faces. Don Diego, who was doing the honors of his country to a stranger, felt his Spanish pride grievously insulted; he flew into a terrible rage, foamed at the mouth, and called her *tunante*, or vagabond, an epithet peculiarly odious to Spanish ears, perhaps because too often merited.

Having mentioned to Don Diego my desire to get into comfortable lodgings for the winter, he proposed that we should go at once in search of a room; so, taking our hats, away we went together. The Calle Caballero de Gracia, which we followed to its termination, conducted us into the broadest part of the street of Alcala. Here we found a number of asses which had brought lime to the city. The commodity was piled in a heap, and the owners were sitting on the bags, dozing, or singing songs, and waiting for purchasers; whilst the donkeys, covered with lime dust, were lying as motionless as the stones beneath them, or standing upon three legs with heads down and pensive.

Having turned to the right, we went in the direction of the public place called the Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, looking attentively on both sides of the balconies, to see if there were any with white papers tied to the rails to show that there was a room to be let. We found two rooms thus advertised, but the sun never shone on one of them, and the other was kept by a sour old woman, who did not seem to care whether she took in a lodger or not; so we passed on.

As we approached the Gate of the Sun, we were entangled in a drove of turkeys, which a long-legged fellow was chasing up the street of Alcala. They went gobbling good-naturedly along, pausing occasionally to glean the pavement, and unmolested by the driver, unless, indeed, any one, abusing his licence, happened to wander out of the way, when a rap on the wing from the long pole which the countryman carried would make the offender hop back to the ranks, and restore him to a sense of subjection. Seeing me look about as though I might be in want of something, the countryman caught up a well-conditioned and consequential cock, and brought him to me, holding him unceremoniously by the legs. "*Vea usted que pavo, Señor!*" "Look, sir, what a turkey!" said he. I admitted that it was a noble bird. He insisted that I should buy it. "*Para su Señora!*" I replied that I had no wife.

"*Para su Queridita!*" Not even a mistress. The cock was thrown down, took the respite in good part, and we renewed our progress.

Passing on, we came to a long row of *calesines*, a kind of gig, of grotesque Dutch figure. Many were oddly painted with the church of *Buen Suceso*, the fountain of the Sibyl, or the Virgin Mary, on the back, and were named accordingly. They were furthermore profusely studded with brass tacks, and so was the harness of the horse; usually a long-tailed Andalusian, decorated with many bells, tassels, and a long plume of red woollen, erect between his ears. As for the drivers themselves, they wore round hats, adorned with buckle, beads, and tassels; jackets and breeches of velvet; worsted stockings, and long-quartered shoes. Each had a second jacket, either drawn on over the other, or more commonly hanging negligently from the left shoulder. This was of brown cloth singularly decorated with embroidered patches of red or yellow cloth, to protect the elbows; a tree and branches of the same upon the back; and in front, instead of buttons, loops and cords, pointed with brass or silver, which were attached to strengthening pieces of red in the shape of hearts. These *caleseros* were grouped together about the doors of the *tabernas*, cracking their whips and their jokes together. Nor did they fail to make us proffers of their services, calling our

attention to the elegance of a *calesa*, and the good points of a *caballo*. The merry mood, hyperbolical language, and fantastic dress of these fellows, so greatly at variance with the habitual gravity of the Castilian, bespoke them natives of the mercurial region of Andalusia.

Leaving this row of vehicles behind, we came to the Puerta del Sol. This is an open place in the heart of Madrid, where eight of the principal streets come together, and where the city may be said to have its focus. In the centre is a fountain, from which the neighbourhood receives its supply of water. One of the forks is formed by the parish church of Buen Suceso, and the others by the post-office and a variety of shops and dwellings. In former times it was the eastern gate of the city; hence its name of Gate of the Sun; but when the court came to Madrid, the nobility who followed in its train constructed their palaces in the open place to the east, so that the Puerta del Sol, from being the extremity, became the centre of Madrid. From hence are streets leading directly to almost any place of which you may be in search; and, put yourself into any street in the extremities of the city, it is sure to discharge you here. In this way all Madrid passes daily through this centre of circulation; so that a stranger may station himself

here and see the population of the whole capital passing, as it were, in review before him.

Here the exchange is each day held, and the trader comes to talk of his affairs; the politician, rolled in his cloak, signifies, by a shrug, a significant look, or a whisper, the news which with us would be told with the hands in the breeches' pockets, the legs striding apart, and the voice lifted up in loud declamation. Hither the *elegante* is mechanically drawn to show off the last Parisian mode; or the idle thief, enveloped in his dingy cloak, to talk to a comrade of old achievements, or to plan future crimes and depredations. Here are constantly passing flocks of sheep and droves of swine, going to the shambles; mules and asses laden with straw or charcoal, or dead kids hooked by the legs; and always on the very end of the last beast of each row, a rough clad fellow, singing out, with a grave accent on the last syllable, "*Paja! paja! carbon! cabrito!*" "Straw! straw! coals! kids!" There are, moreover, old women with oranges or pomegranates, pushing their way through the crowd, and scolding those who run against their baskets; also *aguadores* with jars of water, who deafen you with cries of "*Quien quiere agua?*" "Who wants water?" Nor do beggars fail to frequent this resort, especially the blind, who vociferate some ballad which they have

for sale, or demand alms in a peremptory tone, and in the name of Maria Santisima.

Here, too, may be seen all the costumes of Spain: the long red cap of the Catalan; the Valencian with his blanket and airy bragas, though in the midst of winter; the montera cap of the Manchego; the leathern cuirass of the Old Castilian; the trunk hose of the Leones; the coarse garb and hob-nailed shoes of the Gallego; and the round hat and embroidered finery of Andalusia. Nor does the Puerta del Sol fail to witness prouder sights than these. At one moment it is a regiment of the royal guard going to review; in the next, a trumpet sounds, and the drums of the neighbouring piquets are heard beating the call. The coaches and six approach, guarded by a splendid accompaniment. The cry of "*Los Reyes!*" passes from mouth to mouth; and the Spaniards, unrolling their cloaks and doffing their hats, give place for the absolute king. Presently a bell rings, and every voice is hushed. A long procession of men, with each a burning taper, is seen preceding a priest, who is carrying the reconciling sacrament to smooth the way for some dying sinner. Does it meet a carriage, though containing the first *grande* of Spain, the owner descends, throws himself upon his knees in the middle of the street, and offers his carriage for the conveyance of the host. "*Su Majestad!*" "His Ma-

jesty!" to indicate the presence of the Saviour sacramentized, passes in a tremulous whisper from lip to lip. The faithful are all uncovered and kneeling; they smite their breasts with contrition, and hold down their heads, as if unworthy to look upon the Lamb.

We were yet standing in the midst of this buoyant scene of bustle and confusion, when a sturdy wretch brushed past us, frowning fiercely on Don Diego. He was rolled in the tatters of a blanket, and had on a pair of boots so run down at heel that he trod rather upon the legs than the feet of them. An old cocked hat, drawn closely over the eyes, scarcely allowed a glimpse of features further hidden under a squalid covering of beard and filth. Though I had already seen many strange people in Spain, this fellow attracted my attention in an unusual degree. Not so with Don Diego. The fellow's frown seemed to forbid recognition, and he said not a word until he had been long out of sight. He at length told me that the man had once been his acquaintance, and was, like himself, a native of Cordova. He had been a captain of horse under the Constitution, and, having been a violent man, had lain long in the common prison after the return of despotism. When he at length escaped from it, Don Diego took compassion upon him, as one of his own province, and a companion in misfortune.

He allowed him to sleep in the outer room of his apartment, and even shared with him the contents of his own scanty purse. Very soon after, his lodgings were robbed of every thing they contained, and his friend came no more to share his hospitality. In a short time some darker crime forced the miscreant from Madrid, and Don Diego had not seen him for more than two years. I inquired why he did not send the police after him. He answered that the police would give him more trouble than the robber, and ended by saying, "Is it not enough that he has plundered me? would you have him take my life?"

The unpleasant reflections excited by this rencontre were soon banished by strains of music, and the clatter of advancing hoofs. The body of cavalry, which now attracted the attention of the multitude in the Puerta del Sol, and for which a passage was soon opened by the long-bearded sappers who marched in front, was a regiment of lancers of the royal guard; a beautiful and well-mounted corps in Polish uniforms, with high schakos, each bearing a lance decorated with a red and white pennon. Next came a band of some thirty musicians, playing that most beautiful piece, *Di piacer mi balza il cor*, from the *Gazza Ladra* of Rossini. I thought I had never heard any sounds so delightful: even the ardor of the horses seemed

lulled by them. Presently, however, the cadence passed into a blast far livelier than the love-song of Ninetta, and away they went at a gallop in the direction of the Prado.

Immediately behind the lancers came a regiment of cuirassiers, mounted chiefly on powerful steeds, with long sweeping tails, and manes parted in the middle, and flowing on both sides the whole width of the neck. The men were stout fine-looking fellows, encased in long jack-boots, with Grecian helmets and cuirasses of steel, on the front of which were gilded images of the sun. Their offensive weapons consisted of stout horse pistols and straight sabres of great length, from the royal armory of Toledo. There was to be a review on the Prado; and having always been fond of listening to music and looking at the soldiers, I proposed that we should see it. Don Diego was one of those ready fellows of idle mood and ample leisure who are pleased with every proposition; so we went at once in quest of the soldiery.

The review took place near the convent of Atocha. The minister of war, with a brilliant staff mounted on splendid barbs from the meadows of the Tagus or the Guadalquivir, was posted in front of the convent, and received the salutations of the passing soldiery. It was one of those bright and cloudless days so common in the elevated region of Madrid.

The sun shone full upon polished helmets, cuirasses, and sabres, or flickered round the ends of the lances; whilst the combined music of both corps, stationed at the point about which the platoons wheeled in succession, sent forth a martial melody. The display was a brilliant one, and I enjoyed it without reservation. I looked not to the extortion and misery which, among the industrious classes, must pay for this glitter and pageantry; to the cause of injustice and oppression it might be called to support; to the rapine and murder, the famine and pestilence, the thousand crimes and thousand curses that follow in the train of armies.

The corps of the royal guard has been established within a few years to supply the place of the foreign mercenaries, the Swiss and Walloon guards, formerly employed by the kings of Spain. It consists of twenty-five thousand men, at least as well equipped as those of the French royal guard; while in point of size, sinewy conformation, capacity to endure fatigue, and whatever constitutes physical excellence, the Spaniards are far superior. The officers, however, and it is they who give the tone to an army, are very inferior; for the old Spanish officers, having been almost all engaged in bringing about and sustaining the Constitution, are now generally in disgrace or banishment. Their stations in the regiments of the line are chiefly filled by low-born

men, taken from the plough-tail or the workshop, who were led by avarice or fanaticism to join the royalist guerillas at the period of the last revolution. In the royal guard they have been superseded by young nobles, who are many of them children in age, and all of them infants in experience. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive a greater disparity than exists between those old French *sabreurs*, with their long mustaches and scarred features, who have gained each advancement upon the field of battle, and these beardless nobles of the Spanish guard. Though young and inexperienced, however, these officers are spirited, fine-looking fellows. They are said to be imbued with liberal ideas, and to be only different from their predecessors of the Constitutional army in not having had an opportunity to declare their sentiments. This is the more likely to be true from their youth; for though at a more advanced age men easily adapt their opinions to the dictates of interest, yet the young mind ever leans towards truth and reason. When there is another revolution in Spain, it will doubtless be brought about by the army, which in point of intelligence is far in advance of the nation; and, though expressly created to prevent such a result, it is most likely to originate with the royal guard.

By the time the review was over and we were

on our way back, Don Diego was very tired. He had a mode of walking on his heels with out-turned toes, which, however graceful, did not at all answer on a march. He complained bitterly of his feet, sent his bootmaker to the devil, and made a low bow at every step. I sympathized in his sufferings, offered him my arm, and helped him to carry himself back to the Puerta del Sol, from which the soldiers had drawn us. On the way he bethought himself of an old friend in the Calle Montera, who might perhaps be willing to receive a lodger. The man's name was Don Valentin Carnehueso, and the particulars of his history were strongly indicative of the character of his countrymen and of the misfortunes of his country*.

Don Valentin was a native of Logroño, in the fertile canton of Rioja. He was by birth an hidalgo, or noble in the small way, after the manner of Don Quixote, and had been of some importance in his own town, of which he was one of the *regidores*. In the political ups and downs of his country, he had several times changed his residence and occupation; was by turns a dealer in cattle, which he purchased in France or in the northern provinces of the Peninsula, to strengthen the stomachs

* It has occurred to the author that it would be safer to change the name of his host and instructor, and he has christened them accordingly.

of the combatants who disputed for the possession of Spain; or else a cloth merchant, keeping his shop in the same house where he now lived, near the Puerta del Sol. His last occupation was interrupted, according to his own account, in a very singular way. Whilst he had been regidor in Logroño, the ayuntamiento of the town became acquainted with the hiding-place in which some French troops, in retreating rapidly towards the frontier, had deposited a large quantity of plate and valuables robbed from the royal palace. On the return of Ferdinand, the account of the buried plate reached his ears; and having likewise learned that there was a man in Madrid who knew where it had been concealed, he sent at once for Don Valentin, who was the person in question. When ordered by his majesty to conduct a party to the place of concealment, he pleaded the situation of his affairs. If his shop should continue open, it would be pillaged by the clerks, who are the most unprincipled fellows, except the escribanos, to be found in Spain; and if it were shut up, he should lose both present and future custom. Besides, the other regidores, his colleagues, were yet alive, and still resided at Logroño. He entreated his majesty, therefore, not to send him from his affairs; for he was but a poor man, and had a wife and daughter. Ferdinand, in reply, promised to re-

compense all losses he might sustain by abandoning his trade, and to pay him well for the sacrifice. He ended by putting it upon his loyalty. Don Valentin was an old Castilian; so he hesitated no longer, but sold out, shut his shop, and went off to Rioja.

Whether it were owing to the small number of persons who had been in the secret, or to the sacredness with which the Spaniards regard every thing which belongs to their religion and their king, the treasure was all found untouched in the place of its concealment. It was brought safely to Madrid, Don Valentin being at the expense of transportation. He now presented his claims to government, for damages suffered by loss of trade, and for the expenses of the journey, including the subsistence of the foot soldiers, who had served as escort, which he had defrayed from his own purse. These claims were readily admitted, and an early day appointed for their liquidation. The day at length comes, but the money comes not with it. Don Valentin has an audience of the king; for no king can be more accessible than Ferdinand. He receives the royal *word* for the payment; for no king could be more compliant. He has many audiences, receives many promises, but no money. Meantime he lives upon hope, and the more substantial balance remaining from the sale of his stock. These were

near failing together when the year 1820 brought some relief to the misfortunes of Spain. It likewise improved the condition of Don Valentin. Taking advantage of the publicity which was allowed in Spain by the new system, he established a reading-room, where all the daily papers of the capital, and of the chief cities of Europe, were regularly received. This went on very well, until the French, who never yet came to Spain on any good errand, overthrew the Constitution. The liberty of thought and speech fell with it. Don Valentin was invited to shut up his reading-room, and he once more retired to live upon his savings, amounting to some ten or twelve hundred dollars, which he had stowed away in a secret corner of his dwelling. This was taken out, piece by piece, to meet the necessities of his family, until one day the house was entered by three robbers, who gagged the old woman, tied her to the bedstead, and then carried off, not only the earnings of Don Valentin, but silver spoons and forks, and every thing of any value, to the very finery of his daughter. This last blow laid poor Don Valentin completely on his back. All that he now did was to take the *Diario* and *Gaceta*, which his wife let out to such curious people as came to read them in the common entry of their house. This furnished the trio of which the family consisted with their daily puchero, his daughter

with silk stockings and satin shoes, to go to mass and walk on a feast-day upon the Prado, and himself with now and then his paper *cigarillo*.

By the time we had discussed the history of Don Valentin, we reached the door of his house in the Calle Montera. Nearly the whole front of the basement story was hung with cloths festooned from the lower balcony, to show the commodity that was sold within. Beside the shop was a second door opening on a long entry, about four feet in width, which led to an equally contracted staircase at the back of the house. Here we entered, and found seated within the doorway an old woman, with a woollen shawl over her head, and on her lap a bundle of Gacetas and Diarios. The whole extent of the entry was strung with a file of grave politicians, wrapped in their cloaks, as in so many sleeveless frocks, with their hands coming out indecently from beneath to hold a Gaceta. Don Diego begged my pardon, and went in advance to clear the way, with the cry of "*Con licencia, señores!*" The readers let their arms fall beside them, drew nigh to the wall, and turned sideways to make themselves as thin as possible. We did the same, and as, fortunately, none of us were very corpulent, we got by with little detention or difficulty, and commenced ascending a stairway, partially illuminated by embrasures, like a

Gothic tower. Let us pause to take breath during this tedious ascent up three pairs of stairs, and profit of the interval to say something of the Diario and Gaceta, which so greatly occupied the attention of the politicians below, and which contain, the first all the commercial information of the Spanish capital, the second all the literary, scientific, and political intelligence of the whole empire.

The Diario is a daily paper, as its name indicates. It is printed on a small quarto sheet, a good part of which is taken up with the names of the saints who have their feast on that day; as, *San Pedro Apostol y Martir, San Isidoro Labrador,* or *Santa Maria de la Cabeza**. Then follows an account of the churches where there are to be masses, and what troops are to be on guard at the palace, the gates, and the theatres. Next the commercial advertisements, telling where may be purchased Bayonne

* I forget whether it was from the Diario of Madrid or of Barcelona that I took the following singular heading in relation to the religious ceremonies of the day. "To-morrow, being Friday, will be celebrated the feast of the glorious martyr, San Poncio, advocate and protector against bed-bugs —*abogado contra las chinches.*—There will be mass all the morning, and at seven o'clock will take place the blessing of branches and flowers, in honor of the aforesaid saint."—The branches and flowers thus blessed are doubtless found efficacious in preserving houses from these irksome tenants, and so form a convenient substitute for the troublesome care of cleanliness.

hams and Flanders butter, with a list of wagons that are taking in cargo and passengers for Valencia, Seville, or Corunia, and the names and residence of wet nurses, newly arrived from Asturias, with fresh milk and good characters.—The Gaceta is published three times a week, at the royal printing-office, on a piece of paper somewhat larger than a sheet of foolscap. It usually begins with an account of the health and occupation of their majesties, and is filled with extracts from foreign journals, culled and qualified to suit the meridian of Madrid; with a list of the bonds of the state creditors which have come out as prizes, that is, as being entitled to payment by the *Caja de Amortizacion*, or Sinking Fund; with republications of some old statute, condemning such as neglect to pay their tithes to the infliction of the bastinado; or with an edict against freemasons, devoting them to all the temporal and spiritual punishments which the throne and altar can bestow—death here, and damnation hereafter.

Meantime, we had reached the landing-place of the third story, and pulled the bell-cord which hung in the corner. Before the sound was out of the bell, we were challenged by a voice from within, crying in a sharp tone, "*Quien?*"—"Who is it?" "*Gente de paz!*"—"Peaceful people!" was the answer of Don Diego. Our professions of amity

were not, however, sufficient, and we were reconnoitred for half a minute through a small wicket, which opened from within, and was provided with a mimic grating like the window of a convent. The man who reconnoitred us from the security of his strong-hold had no occasion to close one eye whilst he peeped with the other; for he was one-eyed, or, as the Spaniards, who have a word for every thing, express it, *tuerto*. When he had sufficiently assured himself of our looks and intentions, several bolts and latches were removed, the door was opened, and Don Valentin stood before us. He was tall, gaunt, and bony, dressed in a square-tailed coat and narrow pantaloons of brown, with a striped vest of red and yellow. The collar and ruffles of his shirt, as well as the edges of a cravat of white cambric, were elaborately embroidered, and made a singular contrast with the coarseness of his cloth. Beside him were an immense pair of stiff-backed boots with tassels, ready to supersede the slippers which he wore. Don Valentin's face was thin, wrinkled, and sallow, and was set off by black and bristly hair, which seemed to grow in all directions from sheer inveteracy.

These observations were made whilst the punctilious politeness, which distinguishes the Old Castilian, and to which the Andaluz is no stranger, was expending itself in kind inquiries after the health

of each other and family. "*Como esta usted?*"—"How fares your grace?" "*Sin novedad para servir á usted y usted?*"—"As usual, at your grace's service: and yourself?" Then followed a long list of inquiries for *Doña* Concha on one part, and *La* Florencia on the other; with the replies of, "*Tan buena—tan guapa—para servir á usted;*" "Equally well—famously—at your grace's service." By this time Don Valentin had discovered me in the obscurity of the doorway: so directing his eye at me, and inclining his ungainly figure, he said, with an attempt at unction, "*Servidor de usted caballero,*" and bid us pass onward into a small saloon, of which he opened the door. When he had drawn on his boots, he followed, and, after a few more compliments, Don Diego opened the subject of our visit. Don Valentin, after a becoming pause, replied that the room we were in had served them as a saloon, and that the alcove had been the sleeping apartment of his daughter; but that if it suited me to occupy it, they would live in the *antesala* adjoining the kitchen, their daughter would move up stairs, and I should have the whole to myself. The room was every thing one could have wished in point of situation; for it overlooked the Puerta del Sol, and had a broad window fronting toward the south-east, which, from its elevation above the opposite roofs, was each morning bathed by the earliest rays of the

sun. But I did not like the look of Don Valentin, nor did I care to live under the same roof with him. So, when we rose to depart, I said I would think of the matter, secretly determining, however, to seek lodgings elsewhere.

Don Valentin accompanied us to the door, charged Don Diego with a load of *expresiones* for his family, and, as is the custom on a first visit to a Spaniard, told me that his house and all it contained was at my entire disposal. He had told us for the last time, "*Que no haya novedad! Vayan ustedes con Dios!*"—"May you meet with no accident! God be with you!"—and was holding the door for us, when we were met on the narrow landing, full in the face, by the very Doña Florencia about whom Don Diego had asked, and who had just come from mass. She might be nineteen or thereabout, a little above the middle size, and finely proportioned; with features regular enough, and hair and eyes not so black as is common in her country, a circumstance upon which, when I came to know her better, she used to pride herself; for, in Spain, auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty. She had on a mantilla of lace, pinned to her hair and falling gracefully about her shoulders, and a *basquina* of black silk, trimmed with cords and tassels, and loaded at the bottom with lead, to make it fit closely, and show a shape

which was really a fine one. Though high in the neck, it did not descend so low as to hide a well-turned ankle, covered with a white stocking and a small black shoe, bound over the instep by a riband of the same color.

As I said before, I was met full in the face by this damsel of La Rioja, to whose cheek the ascent of three pairs of stairs had given a color not common in Madrid, and to herself not habitual. Her whole manner showed that satisfaction which people who feel well and virtuously always experience on reaching the domestic threshold. She was opening and shutting her fan with vivacity, and stopped short in the midst of a little song, a great favorite in Andalusia, which begins,

"O no! no quiero casarme!
Ques mejor, ques mejor ser soltera!"

"O no! I care not to marry!
'Tis better, 'tis better live single!"

We came for a moment to a stand in front of each other, and then I drew back to let her pass, partly from a sense of courtesy, partly, perhaps, from a reluctance to depart. With the ready tact which nowhere belongs to the sex so completely as in Spain, she asked me in, and I at once accepted the invitation, without caring to preserve my consistency. Here the matter was again talked over,

the daughter lent her counsel, and I was finally persuaded that the room and its situation were even more convenient than I at first thought, and that I could not possibly do better; so I closed with Don Diego, and agreed to his terms, which were a dollar per day for the rent of the room and for my meals*. That very afternoon I abandoned the Fonda de Malta, and moved into my new lodgings, where I determined to be pleased with every thing, and, following the prescription of Franklin's philosopher with the good and bad leg, to forget that Don Valentin was *tuerto*, and to look only at Florencia.

Being now established for the winter, it may not be amiss to give some account of the domestic economy of our little household. The apartments of Don Valentin occupied the whole of the third floor and two rooms in the garret, a third being inhabited by a young man, cadet of some noble house, who was studying for the military career. One of these rooms was appropriated by Don Valentin as a bedroom and workshop; for, like the Bourbon family, he had a turn for tinkering, and usually passed his mornings, to my no small inconvenience,

* In Madrid, lodgings are hired by the day. A tenant may abandon a house at a day's notice, but cannot be forced from it by the landlord so long as he continues to pay the stipulated rent.

in planing, hammering, and sawing, in his aerial habitation. I used sometimes to wonder, when I saw his neighbour, the cadet, lying in his bed and studying algebra in his cloak, boots, and foraging-cap—for he kept no brasero,—how he managed, with such a din beside him, to follow the train of his equations. The third room was the bed-chamber of Florencia.

On the same floor with my apartment was one inhabited by Doña Gertrudis, an Asturian lady, whose husband had been a colonel in the army, and who dared not return to Spain, whence he fled on the arrival of the French, because he had given an ultra-patriotic toast at a public dinner in the time of the Constitution. He was wandering about somewhere in America, she scarce knew where, for it was next to impossible to hear from him. This woman was a singular example of the private misery which so many revolutions and counter-revolutions have produced in Spain, and brought home to almost every family. Of three brothers who had held offices under the government, two had been obliged to fly, and were now living in England, a burden to the family estate. This, with the death of her two children, and the absence of their father, who alone could have consoled her for the loss, had so greatly preyed upon her health, that she was threatened with a cancer in the breast. Her friends

had sent her to the capital to procure better advice than could be found at Oviedo. She frequently told me her story, talked of other days, when her husband, being high in favor, had brought her to this same Madrid, taken her to court, and led her into all the gaieties of the capital. Her situation was indeed a sad one, and I pitied her from my soul.

My own room was of quadrangular form, and sufficiently large for a man of moderate size and pretensions. On the side of the street a large window, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, opened, with a double set of folding doors, upon an iron balcony. The outer doors were glazed, the inner ones were of solid wood, studded with iron, and firmly secured by a long vertical bolt. This folding window is found all over France, and the bolt which confines it is there called *espangolette*. Directly in front of the window was a recess or alcove, concealed by curtains, within which was my bed. At the bedside was a clean merino sheepskin, in addition to the mat of straw, or *esparto*, which covered the alcove and sitting-room.

The furniture consisted of a dozen rush-bottomed chairs, a chest of drawers, which Don Valentin himself had made, and where, at my request, Florencia continued to preserve her feast-day finery, and a huge table, which filled one end of the room, and

which I had at first taken for a piano. There were here but few ornaments. Two or three engravings hung about the walls, in which one of Raphael's Virgins was paired with a bad picture of hell and its torments. There was, likewise, on the bureau, a glass globe with a goldfish in it. Though the pet of Florencia, and well taken care of, this little fellow seemed weary of his prison-house; for night and day he was ever swimming round and round, as if in search of liberty. On the whole, there was about this dwelling an air of great snugness and quiet. The balcony, however, was by far the most agreeable part. There, leaning on the railing, I passed a portion of each day; for when cavalcades and processions failed, there was always abundant amusement in gazing upon the constantly circulating multitude, and in studying the varied costumes and striking manners of this peculiar people. Nor were other motives wanting to lead me to the balcony. The one immediately next my own was frequented at all hours by a young Andaluza of surpassing beauty; whilst over the way was the habitation of Letizia Cortessi, the *prima donna* of the Italian opera.

As for the occupations of our little family, they were such as are common in Spain. The first thing in the morning was to arrange and order every thing for the day. Then each took the little *higada*

of chocolate and *panecillo*, or small roll, of the delightful bread of Madrid. This meal is not taken at a table, but sitting, standing, or walking from room to room, and not unfrequently in bed. This over, each went to his peculiar occupations; the old woman, with her Diarios and Gacetas, to open her reading room in the entry; Florencia to ply her needle; and Don Valentin to play tinker overhead, having first taken out his flint and steel, and cigar and paper, to prepare his brief cigarillo, which he would smoke, with a sigh between each puff, after those days of liberty when a cigar cost two *cuartos*, instead of four. Towards noon he would roll himself in his *capa parda*—cloak of brown—and go down into the Puerta del Sol, to learn the thousand rumors which there find daily circulation. If it were a feast-day, the mass being over, he would go with his daughter to the Prado. At two, the family took its mid-day meal, consisting, beside some simple dessert, of soup and puchero, well seasoned with pepper, saffron, and garlic. If it had been summer, the *siesta* would have passed in sleep; but it being winter, Don Valentin took advantage of the short-lived heat to wander forth with a friend, and in the evening went to his *tertulia*, or friendly reunion. In summer, one, or even two o'clock, is the hour of retiring; but in winter it is eleven. Always the last thing, before going to bed, was to take a supper

of stewed meat and tomatos, prepared in oil, to sleep upon.

Such was the ordinary life of this humble family. Don Valentin sometimes varied it by a shooting excursion, from which he scarcely ever returned without a good store of hares and partridges. On such occasions he was followed by his faithful Pito, a fat spaniel, of very different make from his master. This Pitt or Pito, so called in honor of the British statesman, had passed through dangers in his day; for in Spain even the lives of the dogs do not pass without incident. He was one day coursing with his master in the neighbourhood of the Escurial, when they were suddenly set upon by robbers. Don Valentin was made to deliver up his gun and lie down on the ground, whilst his pockets were rifled. When, however, the robber who took the gun had turned to go away, Pito gathered courage, and seized him by the leg. The incensed ruffian turned about and levelled his piece, whilst poor Pito, well aware of the fatal power of the weapon, slunk to the side of his master. The situation of man and dog was indeed perilous; but fortunately the piece missed fire, and both were saved. Nor should I forget to say something of a cat, last and least of our household. His name was *Jazmin*, or Jessamine. It was only in name, however, that he differed from and was superior to other cats. Like

them, he was sly, mischievous, and spiteful, and would invite my caresses by rubbing his back against my leg, or playing with the tails of my coat, only when he wished to share my dinner or be allowed to warm himself on the brasero.

Of my own mode of life and occupations in Madrid it is unnecessary to speak, since they had little connexion with the customs of the country. It may, however, be proper to say something of the city and of the public spectacles and amusements, which have so much to do with forming, as well as elucidating, the manners and character of a nation.

*Costume of Madrid.*

# CHAPTER VI.

## NEW CASTILE.

Kingdom of Castile.—Situation and Climate of Madrid.—Its History.—General Description of the City.—The five royal Palaces.—Places of public Worship.—Museum of Painting.—Academy of San Fernando.—Museum of Armour.—Charitable and Scientific Institutions.—Royal Library.

NEW CASTILE occupies the centre of the Peninsula, and is enclosed on every side by the kingdoms of Arragon, Old Castile, Cordova, Jaen, Murcia, and Valencia. It is subdivided into the provinces of Madrid, Guadalaxara, Cuenca, Toledo, and La Mancha. Its surface consists chiefly of elevated plains, intersected by lofty mountains, notwithstanding which its rivers are few and inconsiderable; and as it rains seldom, the country frequently suffers from drought, particularly in La Mancha, where the potable water is of very bad quality. The cold is often severe in winter in New Castile, especially in Cuenca; but the air is very pure and the climate healthy. This kingdom possesses mines of calamine at Riopar, in La Mancha, and of quicksilver at Almaden, in the same province, and near the celebrated shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe. The mines of Almaden produce annually twenty

thousand quintals of this precious mineral. The mountains of New Castile supply the inhabitants of the plains with charcoal for fuel, and are covered with noble trees, suitable for ship-building. They likewise afford pasture to horses, cows, mules, and swine, and to large flocks of wandering merinos, which come in summer from the warmer plains and valleys, to crop their tender herbage. The level regions produce wheat and wine of excellent quality; some oil, honey, saffron; a plant called alazor, useful in dying; and sumach, barilla, and glasswort. With the exception of manufactures of cloth at Guadalaxara, of silk at Toledo and Talavera, and such rude fabrics as are necessary for domestic use, New Castile possesses no industry *.

The city of Madrid is the capital of New Castile, as of the whole Spanish empire. It is situated upon the left bank of the small stream of Manzanares, on several sandy hills, which form the last declivity of the mountains of Guadarrama. It stands in latitude forty north, at an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and almost mathematically in the centre of the Peninsula. It is the highest capital of Europe; for its elevation is fifteen times as great as that of Paris, and nearly twice that of Geneva. The neighbour-

* Antillon.

ing country is of very irregular surface, and broken into an infinite succession of misshapen hills, so that, although there are near two hundred villages in the vicinity of the capital, not more than four or five can ever be discovered at once. The soil is of a dry and barren nature, producing nothing but wheat, which yields only ten for one, but which is very sweet and of excellent quality. Madrid has no immediate environs, no country seats of the rich inhabitants, none of those delightful little colonies which are usually found clustering round the walls of a great city, and which combine the convenience of a town residence with the enjoyments of rural life. If you wander a hundred yards from the gates of Madrid, you seem to have taken leave of civilization and the haunts of men. Nor are there any forests or orchards to make up for the absence of inhabitants, if indeed you except the valley of the Manzanares, and to the east a few scattering olive-trees, as sad and gloomy in appearance as their owners, the monkish inmates of San Geronimo and Atocha. In former times, however, the country about Madrid was covered with forests, abounding in wild boars and bears; and hence it is that the city derives its arms of a bear rampant, with his fore paws resting against a tree. The total disappearance of these forests can be accounted for only

by that singular prejudice of the Castilians which has already been noticed.

The climate of Madrid, though subject to great variation, is, nevertheless, healthful, and has ever been a stranger to epidemic diseases. Its sky is almost always transparent and cloudless, and its air so pure, that the carcasses of cats and dogs, which are often allowed to remain in the streets, dry up beneath the ardent sun with scarce any signs of putrefaction. The ordinary extremes of temperature in Madrid are ninety of Fahrenheit in summer, and thirty-two in winter; but there is scarcely a year that the thermometer does not rise above a hundred, and fall below fourteen; for, though the inclined position of the city facilitates its ventilation, it likewise exposes it more fully to the unintercepted rays of a powerful sun; and in winter the neighbouring mountains of Guadarrama send down from their snowy reservoirs such keen breezes, that perhaps in few places is the cold more pinching than in Madrid. This was especially the case during the winter I resided there, which was the most inclement that has been known in Europe for many years. Several sentinels at the royal palace were frozen on their posts along the parapet in front, overlooking the ravine of the Manzanares, down which the north-west winds descend

with accumulated violence. Two soldiers of the Swiss brigade were among the number; and though they were relieved at short intervals, and might have been supposed no strangers to cold in their own Alpine country, they were nevertheless found in their sentry-boxes stiff and lifeless. Several washerwomen, too, going as usual to the Manzanares—for, being poor, they could not well lie by for the weather—were overtaken by a similar calamity; so that the police was obliged to place sentinels to prevent others from pursuing their ordinary occupation.

I have said that the climate of Madrid was healthful in the extreme. This, however, like every general rule, has its exception. There is in winter a prevailing disease, called *pulmonia*, a kind of pleurisy, which carries off the healthiest people, after four or five days' illness. I was one evening, in the month of November, at the house of a marquis, a very fat man, who in his early days had been an officer in the navy, and had even made a six weeks' cruize in a *guarda-costa*. Though he had retired to Madrid, decorated with a variety of crosses, to live upon the income of extensive estates which he possessed in Murcia, his tastes were still altogether naval, and his rooms were hung round with plans of ships, dry-docks, and sea-fights. A short time after, I met him in the Puerta del Sol, as fat

and smiling as ever; but at the end of three days I was told that he was ill of a pulmonia; on the fourth he received the viaticum and extreme unction; and the next day the poor marquis was no more. This was not a solitary case; for during the months of November and December this disease carried off its hundreds in a week. The Madrileños have a mortal dread of a still cold air which comes quietly down from the mountains, and which, they say, "*Mata un hombre, y no apaga una luz,*"—"kills a man, and does not put out a candle." In such weather you see every man holding the corner of his cloak or a pocket-handkerchief to his mouth, and hurrying through the streets, without turning to the right or the left, as though death, in the shape of pulmonia, were close upon his heels. For myself, I never felt the cold more sensibly. It seemed to pierce like a shower of needles, and I found there was no way of excluding it, but to get a cloak as ample as John Gilpin's, and roll myself in it like the Spaniards.

Such are the situation and climate of Madrid. As for its antiquity, the pride of its inhabitants would carry us back to a period anterior to the foundation of Rome, when some foolish Greeks came, passing over the fair regions of Andalusia or Valencia, to found in this cheerless waste, and among the savage Carpitanians, a city to which

they gave the name of Mantua. If such were indeed the case, these colonists could only have been members of some Stoic sect, whose chief ambition it was to reject ease and comfort for self-denial and mortification. The first mention that is any where found in history of Madrid is in the tenth century, two hundred and twenty-five years after the Moorish invasion, when Don Ramiro II., king of Leon, fell upon the Moors of the town of Magerit, entered the place by force of arms, threw down its walls, and committed all sorts of ravages. Hence, it probably owes its foundation to the Moors.

Don Enrique III. was the first king of Castile proclaimed in Madrid. The court continued still to fluctuate between Valladolid and Madrid, until the accession of Philip II., who finally settled it in the latter place, where it has remained ever since, with little interruption. He is said to have been chiefly attracted by the salubrity of its climate, the excellence of the water, and the vicinity of the mountains of Guadarrama, which furnished abundance of game. At the same time, the principal nobles removed to Madrid, in order to be near the court, and the city began to acquire the magnificence becoming a capital which was the focus and rallying point of the whole Spanish monarchy. The arts and sciences were soon in a flourishing condition, and churches and convents rose in every direction,

to bear testimony to another age of squandered wealth and mistaken piety.

Notwithstanding the civil wars which disturbed the accession of Philip V. to the throne, he found means to increase and embellish the capital, by establishing the royal library and various academies. He constructed the bridge of Toledo, and commenced the building of the palace. But it is to Charles III. that Madrid owes all its present magnificence. Under his care the royal palace was finished, the noble gates of Alcala and San Vincente were raised; the custom-house, the post-office, the museum, and royal printing-office were constructed; the academy of the three noble arts improved; the cabinet of natural history, the botanic garden, the national bank of San Carlos, and many gratuitous schools established; while convenient roads, leading from the city, and delightful walks planted within and without it, and adorned by statues and fountains, combine to announce the solicitude of this paternal king. In the unworthy reign of Charles IV., of his wicked queen, and of Godoy, Madrid was the scene of every thing that was base and degrading, until the nation, wearied of such an ignominious yoke, proclaimed Ferdinand VII. at Aranjuez, and the populace testified their joy by plundering the palace of the Prince of Peace. Very soon after his accession Ferdinand left Madrid

on his infatuated journey to Bayonne, and Murat took possession of the city at the head of thirty thousand French. The occasion of the departure of the remaining members of the royal family for Bayonne first gave vent to the indignation of the Madrileños. The gallant partisans, Daoiz and Velarde, turned two pieces of cannon upon the usurpers, and fell gloriously in the cause of their country, whilst the populace, rushing forth with their knives, assassinated the defenceless French wherever they met them. The vengeance of Murat was terrible. Sending patroles into every street, he seized all such as were found with knives, drove them into the neighbourhood of the Retiro, and fired upon them by volleys. This is the celebrated *Dos de Mayo*, second of May. The news of the atrocity spread like wildfire throughout the Peninsula. The Spaniards flew to arms, and the war of independence was commenced. After the shedding of rivers of blood, and the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, Ferdinand at length returned to his capital, to which he was chiefly restored by the fierce energies of his subjects.

Such are some of the events of which Madrid has been the theatre. When the stranger, newly arrived within its walls, looks round in search of the local advantages which led to its foundation, he is at a loss to conceive how it should have become

a great city. The surrounding country is so little adapted to pastoral and agricultural pursuits, that butcher's meat, and fruits, and almost all the necessaries of life, are brought from the extremities of the kingdom. Thus, supplies of fish come on the backs of mules from the Atlantic and Mediterranean, cattle from Asturias and Gallicia, and fruit from the distant orchards of Andalusia and Valencia. With these disadvantages, manufactures can never flourish in Madrid; and as to commerce, the mountains which form its barrier on the north and west check its communications with half the Peninsula; whilst the inconsiderable stream of Manzanares furnishes no facilities of transportation; none of any sort, indeed, except supplying water to accommodate the washerwomen.

Though accident or caprice have alone given existence to Madrid, and though a city thus raised to wealth and power must necessarily relapse into insignificance when the interests of the whole, and not the will of one, shall govern the concerns of Spain, yet it is not the less a great city. It is nearly eight miles in circumference, of square figure, and contains a population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, living in eight thousand houses; so that there are about eighteen persons to a house, each house containing, in general, as many families as floors. Madrid has one hundred and

forty-six temples for worship, including collegiate and parish churches, convents, *beaterios*, oratories, chapels, and hermitages. Among this number are sixty-two convents for monks and nuns. It has, besides, eighteen hospitals, large and small, thirteen colleges, fifteen academies, four public libraries, six prisons, fifteen gates of granite, eighty-five squares and places, and fifty public fountains which supply the inhabitants with delightful water brought from mountain springs thirty miles from the city.

The water is conveyed from the fountains to the houses of the inhabitants by several thousand Gallegos and Asturians, who are the exclusive water-carriers. Indeed, a Gallego who has established an extensive custom, when he has made a little fortune of two or three hundred dollars, wherewith to retire to his native mountains and rear a family, has the privilege either of selling his business or of bequeathing it gratuitously to a relative. To lay up money on their scanty earnings of course requires the most narrow economy. Accordingly, we find them doing menial offices for a family, for the sake of sleeping on the entry pavement, or else clubbing together, a dozen or twenty, to hire a little room in the attic. As for their food, they buy it at a *taberna*, or from old women who keep little portable kitchens, or rather furnaces, at the corners, and either eat it on the spot, or seated on their water-

kegs about the fountains; two or three messing together, and helping themselves with wooden spoons from the same earthen vessel. Others there are, who, instead of carrying water for domestic use, parade the streets, taking due care not to infringe the domain of a brother, and sell it by the glassful to those who pass. They carry simply an earthen jar, suspended behind the back by a leathern sling. The mouth of the jar has a cork with two reeds; one to allow the water to pass out, the other to admit the air. When asked for water, they take a glass from the basket on their left arm, and stooping forward fill it with great dexterity. They do not wait, however, for the thirsty to find them out, but deafen one with cries in badly pronounced Spanish of—"*Agua! Agua fresca! Que ahora mismo viene de la fuente! Quien bebe, señores? Quien bebe?*" "Water! fresh water! fresh from the fountain! Who drinks, gentlemen? who drinks?"

In stature the Gallegos are low, stout, and clumsy, as different as possible in form and figure from the Spanish in general, and equally different in manners and in dress. They wear a little pointed cap; jackets and trousers of brown cloth, extremely coarse; heavy shoes, armed with hobnails, and made to last a lifetime; a large leathern pocket in front to receive their money, and a pad of the same on the right shoulder to protect the jacket.

They are but a rough set, and little mindful of the courtesies in use among their countrymen. They even take the right-hand side along the narrow walk, and never turn out for man or woman. One day Don Diego came up to my habitation to give the customary lesson, with his hat in hand, endeavouring to restore it to shape, and cursing a Gallego who had run against him at the turning of a corner. He had undertaken to lecture him; but the Gallego, putting down his keg, and drawing himself up with dignity, said to him, "I am a noble!"—a thing not uncommon among his countrymen—"you, may be, are no more!"—"*Soy noble! usted acaso no sera mas!*" Notwithstanding their bluntness, however, they have many good qualities, and are trusty and faithful in a rare degree.

They and the Asturians act as porters; in which capacity they are even employed to deliver money and take up notes. Such is the unshaken probity of these rude sons of the Suevi.

The streets of Madrid are in general straight and wider than those of most cities in Europe; a fact which is probably owing to its being almost entirely modern, and having been built under royal patronage. They are all paved with square blocks of stone, and have side walks about four feet wide, and on a level with the rest of the pavement. In order to avoid contention for this narrow footway, it is the custom

always to take the right side; and you may thus, in a crowded street, notice two currents of people going in opposite directions without interfering with each other. This has, however, the inconvenience, that a person cannot choose his own gait, but must move at the pace of the multitude.

Some of the palaces of the high nobility are built in a quadrangular form, with a square in the centre. The dwelling-houses, generally, however, are built much in our way: they are three or four stories high, with a door and small entry at one side, and balconies at the upper windows. They have rather the look of prisons, for the windows of the first floor are grated with bars of iron, whilst the stout door of wood, well studded with spike heads, has more the air of the gate of a fortified town than of the entrance to the dwelling of a peaceful citizen. The outer doors of the different suites of apartments indicate the same jealousy and suspicion, nor are they ever opened without a parley. These precautions are rendered necessary by the number and boldness of the robbers in Madrid, who sometimes enter a house in the middle of the day, when the men are absent, and, having tied the female occupants, plunder the dwelling, and make off with their spoil. This is of no uncommon occurrence. Indeed I scarce became acquainted with a person in Madrid who had not been robbed one or more times. The

greatest danger is, however, at night in the streets. I knew a young man, a native of Lima, who was encountered in a narrow street, on his way to an evening party, by three men, who dragged him into the concealment of a doorway. One of them held a knife to his throat, whilst the two others stripped him of his clothes and finery, until nothing was left but his shirt and boots. Then giving him a slap on the *trasero*, and the parting benediction, "God be with you, brother"—"*Vaya usted con Dios, hermano!*" they gathered the spoil under their cloaks, and made off in another direction.

By far the noblest building in Madrid is the royal palace. It is built on the same site where formerly stood the old Moorish Alcazar. Philip V., who caused it to be erected, conceived originally the idea of a palace which was to have four *façades* of one thousand six hundred feet by one hundred high, with twenty-three courts and thirty-four entrances. A mahogany model of the projected palace is still shown in Madrid, and must of itself have cost the price of as good a dwelling as any modest man need wish for. This palace was to have lodged the royal body guard, the ministers, tribunals, and indeed every thing connected with the machine of state. Though this stupendous project was never realized, the present palace is, nevertheless, every way worthy of a prince who had been born at Versailles.

It consists of a hollow square, four hundred and seventy feet on the outside, and one hundred and forty within. Within is a colonnade and gallery, running entirely round the square; and without, a judicious distribution of windows, cornices, and columns, unencumbered by redundant ornament, except, indeed, in the heavy balustrade which crowns the whole, and hides the leaden roof from view. The construction of this palace is of the noblest and most durable kind, being without any wood, except in the frame of the roof and the doors and windows. The foundation stands entirely upon a system of subterranean arches. The first floor is occupied by the officers and servants of the court. A magnificent staircase of marble, on which the architect, the sculptor, and the painter have exhausted their respective arts, leads to the second floor, which is likewise sustained upon arches. Here is a second colonnade and gallery, which looks upon the court, and which is paved with marble. This is always filled with groups of body guards and halberdiers on service, and with people in court dresses ready to go before the sovereign. This gallery opens upon the apartments of the different members of the royal family, the chapel, and audience chamber. Their different ceilings are appropriately painted by the pencil of Mengs, Bayeux, Velasquez, or Giordano; whilst the walls

are hung round with the best productions of Rubens, Titian, Murillo, Velasquez, and Spagnoletto. The small oratory of the king is, perhaps, the most beautiful apartment of the palace. It is adorned with rich and finely variegated marbles found in the Peninsula. A single glance at them is sufficient to convince one that the marbles of Spain are surpassed by none in the world. The clocks, furniture, tapestry, beds, dressing-tables, and glasses are in the highest style of magnificence. It will give a sufficient idea of this to mention, that in one room there are four mirrors one hundred and sixty-two inches high by ninety-three wide. They were made at the royal manufactory which formerly existed in San Ildefonso, and, with some others cast in the same mould, are the largest ever known. This palace, whether it be viewed with reference to its architecture or decoration, is, indeed, a noble one. I have heard it said, by those who had visited the chief capitals of Europe, that they had seen none superior to it, and, though Versailles may excel in detail, as a perfect whole the palace of Madrid may even claim pre-eminence.

The palace of Buen Retiro, where the court lived before the completion of the new palace, is at the eastern extremity of Madrid, overlooking the Prado. It consists of a variety of ancient and disjointed edifices rapidly falling to ruin. The progress of

decay would have been assisted, and the whole pile long since demolished, were it not for some paintings in fresco which still cling to the mouldering ceiling, and are in Giordano's best style. The most remarkable one is allusive to the institution of the Golden Fleece, in which Hercules is seen offering the prize to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. This order of knighthood, which has preserved its splendor better than any other in Europe, has the King of Spain for its head, as Duke of Burgundy, one of the many titles attached to the crown since the time of Charles V. In another room are some scenes from the wars of Grenada, in which the Moors are, of course, represented as vanquished.

The garden of the Retiro is of great extent, but its situation is high and exposed, and the walks are by no means agreeable. The present family has directed the different improvements, if indeed they may be so called, which are in process here, and perhaps nowhere has there been so much labor expended and so little produced. In one place is an artificial mound, with a Chinese temple perched upon it; in another, a little cottage, with an old woman of wood sitting by a painted fire, and rocking her baby in a cradle: overhead are wooden hams and leathern sausages; whilst in an adjoining room the good man of the house is ill and in bed, with a pot of soup beside him, and rises by ma-

chinery when strangers enter. In another part is an oblong lake, enclosed with a wall of cut stone and a rich railing of iron. On one side of it is a small building surmounted by naval emblems and a flag-staff, and beneath it is a dock or cove for the royal galley. The elevation of the Retiro is an obstacle to the bringing of water in pipes to fill the lake, and the object is therefore effected by the labor of a mule, who turns a wheel hard by, and is hidden under a rustic shed adorned with Egyptian pagods. Sometimes the royal family take a water excursion upon the lake. The basin is then filled, the gilded barge, which is truly classic in its construction, is floated to the stairs of the navy-yard, and the august individuals enter and put forth, with an air of perfect contentment and unaffected complacency, to the great admiration of the beholders, which is evinced by waving of hats and handkerchiefs. If you happen to be near the wheel-house, the creaking of the machinery, the *Arre!* of the muleteer, and the grunting of the mule, furnish a suitable musical accompaniment to this raree show.

They are likewise constructing here a new house for the royal menagerie; and it is not a little singular, that, at a moment when the debts of interest, honor, and gratitude are left unpaid, at the very time when money is wanting to buy horses for a train of artillery, waiting to depart for the frontier of

Portugal, a considerable sum is remitted to foreign countries for the purchase of wild beasts. There is one thing, however, in the garden of the Retiro which any man may admire. It is a bronze statue of Philip IV., cast by Taca, a Florentine sculptor, after a painting of Velasquez. Though the figures are four times as large as life, and the enormous mass, weighing no less than nine tons, is supported on the horse's two hind feet, yet the beholder is not struck with astonishment; for there is a harmony in the parts and perfection in the whole that prevent it from appearing cumbrous or unwieldy. This beautiful colossus stands in an elevated situation of the Retiro, and looks the modern gewgaws into insignificance. And yet the prince thus immortalized by the hand of genius was even less than an ordinary man. He never did any thing to promote the interests and add to the honor of human nature. He was imbecile in character, and mean in appearance.

The Casino is a mimic palace, on the scale of a private dwelling. It is situated in a populous part of the city, and is decorated with taste and elegance. The last queen took great delight in this little retirement, and spent much of her time there; but since her death it is rarely visited by any of the family. The Casa del Campo is another royal mansion, which stands low in the valley of the

Manzanares, and directly in front of the palace. Its gardens offer shade and seclusion, but their chief ornament is a bronze statue of Philip III., the joint work of Bolonia and Taca, which, though weighing twelve thousand pounds, was sent from Florence as a present from Cosmo de Medicis. In its present situation it is scarcely ever seen, and there are doubtless many persons in Madrid who are ignorant of its existence. There is yet a fifth royal mansion in the environs of Madrid. It stands upon a hill, and overlooks the valley of the Manzanares and the grove of the Florida.

Although Madrid contains in all near one hundred and fifty places of worship, yet it cannot boast a single one of superior magnificence. In those days when most of the Gothic cathedrals which we meet with in the older European cities were erected, Madrid was but an inconsiderable place. Even now, though the political capital of Spain, it still belongs to the diocess of Toledo, and is not so much as the see of a suffragan. Most of the churches are small, of mixed Grecian architecture, and many in their exterior appearance are hardly distinguishable from the dwelling-houses which surround them. The interior, however, is usually decorated with much architectural ornament, and with a profusion of paintings and statues. The Jesuits have by far the largest and most imposing church

in Madrid. This order is the most enlightened of the Spanish clergy, and I took much pleasure in going to hear them preach, especially during the Carnival. As it was the winter season, the pavement was covered with mats, upon which the multitude kneeled during the exhibition of the host. When the invocation was over and the sermon commenced, the women assumed a less painful and a more interesting posture, sitting back on the mats with their feet drawn up beside them. If pretty, as was generally the case, one foot was allowed to peep out from beneath the basquiña, presenting itself in its neat thread or silken stocking, and little shoe of prunello, in the most favorable position for display. The men stood intermingled with the women, or apart in the aisles and chapels, or reclined against the columns, making altogether a very singular scene, not a little augmented in interest by the deep obscurity, approaching indeed to darkness, which generally prevails within the walls of the churches.

Some of the preachers were very eloquent, and the strong yet graceful language in which they spoke gave additional force and beauty to every sentiment. By far the greatest treat, however, is the music performed on these occasions. Nowhere indeed, perhaps not even in Italy, is the luxury of church music carried to a greater extent than in

Madrid. The organs are played in perfection; and, in order to procure fine tenor voices, a practice is still continued here which has been abolished in Italy since the domination of Napoleon. In the Musical College of Madrid, vulgarly called the Colegio de los Capones, the mutilated victims of parental avarice are received at an early age, and their voices carefully cultivated. Some are admitted to holy orders, evading the strict canon of the church, which requires physical perfection in its ministers, by a most whimsical artifice. Others earn their bread easily as public singers, living in the world, or rather enjoying a negative existence, readily recognised by the unnatural shrillness of their tones, and by the heavy expression of their beardless, elongated, and unmanly visages. One or two of these miserable beings are employed in the choir of the royal chapel. The maintenance of worship in this establishment costs Spain annually one hundred thousand dollars, no small part of which is for singers and musicians. A solemn mass witnessed in this chapel is, indeed, one of the greatest musical treats in the world. The structure is of octagonal form, and surmounted by a dome, not dissimilar, nor altogether unworthy of being compared to the dome of the Invalids. Here architecture, statuary, and painting have lavished their beauties in a narrow compass. The organ, with a choice selec-

tion of bassoons and viols, and the full choir are placed in a hidden recess beside the dome. Thence the music follows the sacrifice, through all the sad symbols of the Saviour's passion; and when the expiation is made, and man is reconciled to his Maker, the circling concave rings with exulting peals, which the entranced listener is almost ready to ascribe to the hosts of angels which he sees in the hollow hemisphere above, surrounding the throne of the Eternal.

The museum of statuary and painting at the Prado is a modern and admirably contrived building, which extends its front along the public walk, and adds greatly to its elegance. No building could be better adapted to the exhibition of paintings than this, which was commenced under Charles III. with an express view to its present object. The collection of paintings in the Prado was made in the better days of the Spanish monarchy, when the gold of America could command the presence and services of living artists, and purchase the productions of such as were dead. It is said, in the illustrious names of the contributors and the excellence of the pieces, to be inferior to no other; and when the additions which are now making from the different royal palaces shall be completed, it will probably be the first in the world. To give an idea of the Italian school, it will be

sufficient to name some of those great men who are here represented by their finest productions. Such are Guerchin, Tintoret, Poussin, Annibal and Augustine Carracci, Guido Reni, Luca Giordano, Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese; Michael Angelo, the head of the Florentine school; Titian, the prince of Venetian painters; and Raphael of Urbino, the great father of all, who is here represented by his painting of Christ carrying the Cross, which is esteemed second to nothing but the Transfiguration. It was originally painted on wood, but with the lapse of three centuries the wood became rotten, and there was a danger of its being entirely lost. This was of course among the immense number of paintings carried away to Paris by the French. It was likewise among the smaller number of those which returned after the final overthrow of Napoleon. In this case the voyage was a serviceable one; for the French artists were so fortunate as to succeed in transferring the painted surface from the wood to canvas, and have thus saved it from premature destruction.

Nor are the Flemish masters without their representatives in the Prado. It is there, however, that one may study and appreciate the Spanish school, which had scarce been known in Europe until the invading armies of Napoleon carried off some of the best pieces to constitute the brightest

ornaments of the Louvre, and to form several private collections. Witness the undisgorged plunder of the Duke of Dalmatia*.

The Spanish school is chiefly celebrated among painters for perfection of perspective and design, and the vivid and natural carnation of its coloring. One of the first painters that became celebrated in Spain was Morales, who began his career about the time that Raphael's was so prematurely closed, in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose heads of Christ have merited him the surname of Divine. Morales was a native of Estremadura, but the art in which he so greatly excelled made more rapid progress in the city of Valencia, where a kindly soil and kindlier sky seem to invite perfection. Juan de Juanes is considered the father of the Valencian school, which in the beginning was in imitation of the Italian, but which afterwards assimilated itself to the Flemish, and to the manner of Rembrandt and Vandyke, until, under the name of the school of Seville, the Spanish painters had acquired a distinctive character.

Under Ribera, better known at home and abroad by the singular surname of Spagnoletto, the Valencian school attained the highest perfection. The subjects of Spagnoletto are chiefly Bible scenes,

* Soult, whose collection is readily seen at Paris.

taken indifferently from the Old or New Testament; but his most successful efforts have been the delineation of scenes of suffering and sorrow, such as are abundantly furnished by the lives of our Saviour and the saints. In describing the extremes of human misery, a macerated wretch, reclining upon a bed of straw in the last agony of starvation or infirmity, he is perhaps unequalled; and he has been able to give such a relief to the perspective, such a reality to the coloring, that the deception, at a first glance, is often irresistible. Indeed my memory became so strongly impressed with some of his pieces, that I can still call them up at will in all their excellence. He was, however, a gloomy painter, giving to his works the sad coloring which he borrowed from the religion of his day; a religion which was fond of calling up reflections of despondency, and of representing Christ as the bleeding and the crucified.

Another great painter, who, like Spagnoletto, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was Diego Velasquez. Velasquez is sometimes an imitator of his great contemporary; at others his style is materially different, and he is generally allowed to be superior to Spagnoletto in correctness of design and fertility of invention. His portraits, for furnishing accurate representations of individuals, are perhaps superior to those

of Titian and Vandyke. They are not, indeed, highly wrought, but have about them the strong strokes of a master.

Bartholomew Murillo, who was born in Seville, studied at Madrid under the direction of Velasquez, and never travelled out of Spain. There is in his manner all the correctness of Velasquez, all his truth to nature, which he seems to have studied thoroughly, and at the same time a more perfect finish, and a warmth and brilliancy of coloring to which the pencil of Velasquez was a stranger. Nothing indeed can be so true and palpable as Murillo's scenes of familiar life, nothing so sweet and heavenly as his Virgins. Murillo brought the school of Seville, or more properly of Spain, to the height of its glory. He seems to have combined the excellences of Vandyke and Titian, the truth of the one and the warm carnation of the other; and though Raphael be looked on by painters and connoisseurs as the most perfect of known artists, yet if the chief excellence of the imitative art consist in showing nature, not as it ought to be, but as it is, and in producing momentary deception, this excellence belongs to none so entirely as to Murillo.

The decline of painting throughout Europe during the past century has likewise extended itself to Spain, with, however, some honorable exceptions, such as Bayeu in the past century, and

Maella and Lopez in the present. The last is a living artist, whose portraits are admirable.

The cabinet of natural history stands beside the stately edifice of the Aduana or custom-house, and with it constitutes one of the principal ornaments of the noble street of Alcala. Here is a fine collection of birds, quadrupeds, and fishes, arranged in elegant cases of plate-glass and mahogany. The collection of minerals is, however, the most perfect, especially in whatever relates to the precious metals, so abundantly found in the former possessions of Spain. There is also a small cabinet of marbles, brought from every corner of the Peninsula, and which can scarcely be surpassed for variety and beauty. The cabinet of natural history is open twice a week to the visits of the public; and the learned and ignorant may there pass in review the whole realm of nature, compare the narrow shades of distinction between those animals that are most similar, and then admire the immense disparity between the extremes of creation.

In the same building are the school, library, and museum of San Fernando, where the three noble arts, painting, statuary, and architecture, are taught gratuitously. In the academy of San Fernando, excellent masters are provided, who superintend the labors of such persons, whether children or adults, as choose to turn their attention

to either of these arts; and by a happy arrangement the school is only opened in the evening, when the ordinary studies or labors of the day are over. Every three years premiums are distributed to such of the students as are most distinguished; and when a young man of great promise is discovered, he is sent to Rome to study at the public expense.

Lectures on descriptive geometry are given in the academy for the advantage of the students; and there is likewise a library, which, beside a general collection of books, is very rich in such as relate to the arts. The most remarkable part of the institution, however, is a museum of paintings, intended as a study for the scholars, and which contains some of the finest in Spain. The stolen benediction of Jacob by his father Isaac is the most perfect thing I have seen from the pencil of Spagnoletto; and in a private room, which is seldom shown to any one, are some interdicted paintings of singular merit. Here one is surprised to see a full-length portrait of Napoleon in his imperial robes, a copy of the celebrated portrait of Gerard, which the emperor sent to Madrid at the time he was alluring the royal family to Bayonne. There are likewise some naked beauties by Rubens, water-nymphs closely pursued by greedy satyrs, whose ill-made legs and clumsy ankles are perfect prototypes of

his own Dutch models. Such is not the case with the blooming mistress of King Philip II., whom Titian has represented with so much truth of design and reality of carnation as to bring the beauty and the spectator into the presence of each other. But he is not admitted to the privilege of a *tête-à-tête;* for on the foot of the silken couch upon which she reclines, half sleepy, half voluptuous, sits young Philip playing on a piano. His head is turned to gaze upon the unveiled charms of the beautiful creature behind him; his thoughts seem to wander from the music, and his fingers are about to abandon the keys of the instrument. That a young man should have been willing to place himself in such a situation is not incredible; but that he should have been willing to be seen in it, and even thus to appear before posterity, is a thing of more difficult reconciliation. This, too, was the prince who afterwards became so bigoted and so blood-thirsty, and though not the murderer of his own son, at least the persecutor, and it may be the destroyer, of his brave brother Don Juan of Austria. The most remarkable painting, however, of this collection is Murillo's picture of Saint Isabel, the good Queen of Portugal, so celebrated in regal annals for benevolence and charity. She is represented washing the sore of a beggar. At one side is an old man binding his leg, whom one might almost fancy

living; on the other a ragged boy scratching his head, with his face screwed up into a whimsical expression of pain. The subject of this painting is disgusting enough. It will, however, offend less, if it be remembered that Murillo painted it in Seville to hang in the Hospital of Charity.

The academy of San Fernando deliberates on the plans of all public buildings proposed to be erected; a censorship whose good effects are evident in all the fine monuments with which Charles III. has ennobled the capital. Institutions similar to this, and which like it bear the name of San Fernando, are found, since the time of the same beneficent monarch, in all the larger cities of Spain; and though checked and counteracted by a hundred obstacles, their effect cannot be other than beneficial to national industry. There is, indeed, scarce a station in life in which a knowledge of drawing and design may not be turned to good account. The builder will make a handsomer house, the cabinet and coach maker will turn out more elegant furniture and equipages, and even the tailor will cut a neater coat, from possessing the principles of the art. As for men of leisure, their perception of beauty, whether it exists in the productions of art or nature, must by it be sharpened and developed, and new avenues thus opened to pleasure and happiness. One would think that no great

city which has an eye to the advancement of industry within its walls should be without an institution like this of San Fernando.

Another museum is that of artillery. It contains a large collection of models of gunpowder manufactories, cannon founderies, and of all such machines and weapons as are useful in warfare. The most remarkable objects to be seen here are models of the fortresses of Cadiz, Carthagena, and Gibraltar, made of clay, and colored to imitate more closely the reality. The scale of these models is so large that all the streets and public buildings are laid down in them; and perhaps a better idea may be formed of the whole of one of these places from looking down upon the model, than from any single view that could be caught of the place itself. Gibraltar is so accurately represented, that the plan of an attack could be as well or better devised at Madrid, than before the fortress, by a general who should be without such assistance.

The museum of the armory, in front of the royal palace, is of a similar but far more interesting character—at least in the eye of poetry; for in it are arranged the armor of all the illustrious warriors which Spain has produced, of many whom she has conquered, and a variety of trophies, arms, and banners, which have been won in battle. On entering the hall, you first see, without knowing why, the

funeral litters in which the remains of Charles IV. and his queen were brought from Rome to be interred in the Escurial. Here is likewise the coach of Joana the Foolish, which was the first used in Spain since the fall of the Roman domination. It is oddly carved and fashioned; not much more so, however, than some that are still seen of a feast-day on the Prado. Near this is the litter in which Charles V. used to make his journeys and excursions. It was carried like a sedan-chair by two horses, one going before and the other behind, between shafts which were supported on their backs. Before the seat within is a moveable desk, which could be adjusted in front of the occupant. Here the emperor transacted business as he travelled, in order to economize time, so valuable to one who took care of the affairs and bore the burdens of so many people. The remainder of the large hall is full of armor, either hung in detached pieces against the wall, or arranged collectively in standing postures, or mounted on wooden horses.

Among the antiques are many shields and helmets, curiously and beautifully worked into relief, representing land and sea engagements, charges of cavalry, and contending galleys. There is one helmet, however, of more than ordinary beauty, worthy in all respects to have covered the head of Julius Cæsar, to whom it is said to have belonged. In

answer to all my inquiries concerning the way in which this precious piece of antiquity came into the possession of his catholic majesty, I could get nothing but "*Es de Julio Cæsar, y no hay mas.*" —"It's Julius Cæsar's, and that's an end of it." There is likewise a shield of one of the Scipios. The armor of the Cid has nothing remarkable about it but the having belonged to him. The same may be said of the suit of Guzman the Good, the royal governor of Tarifa, so celebrated in the annals of Andalusian chivalry. At the extremity of the room is a chapel of Saint Ferdinand, the conqueror of Cordova and Seville, the sainted king, of whom it was disputed whether he was most distinguished for valor, or piety, or good fortune. The armor of the saint is so arranged that he seems seated on a throne in his proper person, having on the left side his good sword, and on the right a list of the indulgences which the father of the church grants to such as shall there say a *Pater* or an *Ave*.

In one of the most conspicuous stations is the suit of armor usually worn by Ferdinand the Catholic. He is seated upon a war-horse, with a pair of red velvet breeches, after the manner of the Moors, with lifted lance and closed visor. There are several other sūits of Ferdinand and of his Queen Isabella, who was no stranger to the dangers of a battle. By the comparative heights of their

armor, Isabella would seem to have been the larger of the two, as she certainly was the better. Opposite to these is the armor of Abou-Abdallah, or Boabdil, whom the Spaniards have surnamed Chico, the last of the Grenadian kings, and who was by turns the friend, the enemy, and the captive of Ferdinand and Isabella. His armor is of beautiful finish, in all respects like the other suits, except that the helmet, instead of being in the form of a Grecian casque with a visor, having apertures in it to close down from above, is made of a solid piece, of great thickness in front, and screws upon the cuirass. Instead of sight-holes in front, it has a broad gap, like a skylight, running across the top above the eyes, the lower part overlapping so as to keep out the point of a lance. On the right side is a small window, which swings upon hinges, and is fastened with a steel button. This may have served to take in refreshment, or for the purpose of a parley. I was at a loss to conceive what could have been the object of this unwieldy head-gear, and the explanation of the keeper was not very satisfactory. According to his account, it was to protect the head against the iron maces used in duels. It is, perhaps, as likely that casques such as this were used in the tilting-matches and tournaments so frequent among the Grenadian chivalry, as offering more effectual resistance to a splintered reed or the point

of a lance than the visor of a common helmet. Though a cavalier might be safer from harm with this box upon his head, he would be less fitted for action, for it could not have weighed less than twenty pounds. If he should fall from his horse thus accoutred, he would never be able to stir, but must lie and be trampled upon by friendly and hostile feet, like poor Sancho sweating between two shields. I was generally struck with the great weight of these suits of armor, and saw in it an explanation of instances that more than once occurred in the Spanish wars, of valiant princes falling from their horses and fainting to death upon the field of battle.

Gonsalo Fernandez of Cordova, and Hernan Cortez, stand forth in full array. The armor of Philip I., surnamed the Handsome, shows him to have been a giant, certainly not less than six and a half feet high; nor could Charles V. have been less than six feet. There are many splendid suits, which the great emperor received from foreign princes and from the cities of his vast empire. Philip II., too, though he never came within reach of a blow, was no less abundantly supplied than his father with the means of warding one off. The helmet of one of his suits is covered with a variety of figures, so beautifully executed as to compare with those on the antique shields and helmets.

Beside the suits of his father and brothers is the giant armor of Don Juan of Austria, the natural son of Charles V. and the hero of Lepanto.

Such are some of the suits of armor arranged in standing attitudes around the hall; and in which one may almost fancy the cavaliers they once enclosed still keeping guard over their trophies. In the middle of the room are a variety of weapons, ancient and modern. Among the number is an old machine, mounted like a field-piece, which was used to project iron balls, upon the principles of a crossbow. On each side of the shrine of Saint Ferdinand are glass cases, containing a variety of scimitars and fire-arms, the handles of which are profusely inlaid with gold and precious stones. These, with some splendid housings, the bits and broad stirrups of which are of gold or silver, came as a present from the Turkish sultan. It is a singular instance of the changing destinies of nations, that mention should be found in the Arabic historians of the caliph of Spain receiving rich presents some eight centuries before from the christian emperor of Constantinople.

In these are also the swords of the Cid, of Guzman, Gonsalo, and Cortez. They are all straight, long, and two-edged, with plain scabbards of red velvet, and hilts in the shape of a cross. Thus armed, a cavalier carried with him at once the em-

blem of his faith and the instrument of his valor; and if mortally wounded on the field of battle, he could, like Bayard, kneel and pray before the emblem of the crucifixion *. Here are likewise some swords of immense length, made at Rome, and consecrated by the Pope, who sent them to be used in the crusades against the Saracens. In those wars of the faith, they were borne by bishops in the midst of the array, together with the bones of a saint, or some favored statue of the Virgin. Thus sustained, the Christians were sure to conquer, for they carried with them the pledges of victory. Overhead hang the banners taken in battle. Many have doubtless been removed, with the sword worn by Francis at Pavia; but many still remain. The whole hall is surrounded by large leathern shields, taken from the Turks at Lepanto.

The cabinet of armory furnishes a great historical record, in which the Spaniard may come and read of the better days of his country, and, amid these pledges of departed greatness, lose sight of her present degeneracy. Here the Cid still stands forth, the unequalled cavalier; Ferdinand frowns upon Boabdil; Cortez strikes terror into the trembling Montezuma, whose feathery armor still flutters

* There is at Grenoble, the native place of Bayard, a bronze statue of very noble execution, in which the dying hero is seen reclining against a tree in this attitude of devotion.

to the breeze; whilst Don Juan of Austria may see around him the three tails and the bloody turban of the Pasha Ali, whom he slew with five and twenty thousand of his followers in the bloody battle of Lepanto.

There are a vast number of charitable institutions in Madrid, and it would be an endless task to enumerate the different hospitals, three of which alone receive annually twenty thousand patients or paupers. Among them are houses of refuge for old men, poor gentlemen, sick priests, and worn-out players; also one or two houses for pregnant women, in the principal of which such persons of respectable connexions as have come into this situation by accident are shut up with great secrecy, and may be supposed absent in the country. There are also several hospitals for foundlings; one of which, the Inclusa, receives annually a thousand infants. It has an open porch, with a shrine that is illuminated in the night by a single lantern. Here infants may be deposited in front of the altar, and are taken in at stated periods during the night. From that moment they are consigned to the care of mercenary hands, and sink into the condition of orphans. There are likewise two houses of refuge for public prostitutes. The first, called Recogidas, is under the invocation of Mary Magdalene. Its inmates are well lodged and fare sumptuously, but they cannot leave the

walls of the building, except to become nuns or be given in marriage. Under the same roof is a room of seclusion, where women are kept in confinement at the desire of their husbands.

Such are some of the institutions, called charitable, to be found in Madrid. They are supported on the rents of houses that have been entailed upon them by their founders, or by assignments on the income of the theatres, on lotteries, and bull-fights. Many similar establishments have degenerated from their primitive destiny into hermitages and oratories, where a few monks say mass, and fatten from year's end to year's end, under the pious title of *Arrepentidos*, *Afligidos*, or *Agonizantes*. Those which still exist are for the most part appendages of vice and misery, which they probably tend more to promote than to check or alleviate. The same may not be said of the *Monte-de-Piedad*. This is an establishment the object of which is to alleviate the necessities of the poor by lending them money upon pledges. These pledges are preserved a year, and then, if they remain unreclaimed, are publicly sold. The loan being liquidated, the balance is returned to the borrower, who, though he may have saved but little from the wreck, has at least escaped the greedy clutches of the pawnbroker.

Nor are the learned institutions of Madrid less numerous than those of which the object is benevolence. The first of these in rank and name is the *Real Academia Española*, the object of which is to refine and perfect the national language. The academy has published a grammar, in which every thing is defined by invariable rules, conformable, in an unusual degree, to reason and the soundest logic. It has also produced a dictionary, which is considered the most perfect of any known. The Spaniards, doubtless, owe no little of that rare and admirable symmetry for which their language is conspicuous to the labors of this learned society.

The *Real Academia de Historia* undertakes to inquire into the past and record the present history of Spain. The society of *Amigos del Pays* was instituted to investigate all subjects relating to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, to suggest the means of raising them from their fallen condition, and to stimulate and direct the dormant energies of the nation. Similar societies are found in all the cities of Spain. There are likewise royal academies of surgery, veterinary surgery, botany; of roads and bridges, of cosmography, and even of stenography. In each of the thirty-two *barrios* into which Madrid is divided is a school for boys and another for girls. The children whose parents

are unable to pay the small charge for tuition are taught gratuitously, and the teachers are recompensed by the Junta of Charity.

Madrid had formerly an academy for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and claims the high honor of having originated this noble art. It was invented towards the commencement of the seventeenth century, by Don Juan Pablo Bonet, and was put in practice, under his direction, by Father Bernardino Ponce. Bonet, being secretary to the Constable of Castile, was led to turn his attention to the subject by the grief which he felt at seeing the brother of his patron deprived of the use of speech. This wonderful art is a triumphant proof of what man is capable when guided by the noble desire of alleviating misery. It is one of the proudest efforts of the human mind.

There is another institution more remarkable than those just enumerated. It is called the Hidrografica, and its object is to collect information relative to naval affairs. For this purpose the principal of the establishment is in constant correspondence with the officers of government in Spain and the colonies, and with men of science in every country, in order to receive the earliest information of newly discovered land or dangers in the ocean, or of corrections in the positions of such as are already known. These are forthwith inserted and made

public in the charts, which are, from time to time, published by the Hidrografica. Connected with the establishment is a press; a shop where all the books and charts published by it are sold at cost; and a well-selected library, in which one may find all books, in whatever language, of mathematics, astronomy, navigation, voyages, and travels; in short, every thing which in any way relates to the nautical art. Of two draftsmen employed in the Hidrografica, I found one occupied in correcting a map of Cuba, the other in making a new chart of the coast of the United States. It was curious to see a Spaniard, in the heart of the Peninsula, laying down the soundings of Chesapeake Bay, which is scarcely visited once a year by the flag of his country. The execution of such charts as were finished was as good—nay, better, than that of any that are published in France or England. Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete is at the head of this establishment; and in this character he has lately published a collection of Spanish voyages and discoveries, which contains the journal of Columbus. He is a veteran sea-officer, who has a high character for science; and the admirable order visible in the Hidrografica speaks greatly in his favor.

There are in Madrid four public libraries, which are constantly open from nine until two o'clock,

with the exception of feast-days. Of these the *Biblioteca Real* is the principal. It has been lately removed to a building erected for the purpose, which is finely situated on the square beside the palace. The reading tables are placed in three noble rooms, corresponding to as many sides of the edifice, which is built round a court, and has a fine staircase in the centre. These rooms are carpeted with straw mats, and in the middle are files of tables with pens and ink, and comfortable chairs beside them. Against the walls are the book-shelves, numbered and tastefully ornamented. In each corner of these rooms are persons reading at their desks, who rise instantly to hand down such books as are asked for. The catalogues are kept in a smaller room apart, where there are two or three persons to answer the inquiries of the stranger, and to give the number and shelf where any particular work may be found. The attendants are generally well-bred respectable men, apparently literary persons, who find here a maintenance and leisure to follow their pursuits. Beside these attendants, ten in number, there were a porter, who lived in a small room upon the lower court, and whose business it was to kindle and place the braseros of burning embers in the different rooms; a gardener, who cultivated a small spot adjoining the edifice; and over all an aged chief, decorated with three or

four ribbons and crosses, and who came and went every day very quietly in a low-hung carriage drawn by two fat mules, and driven by an ancient postilion. Thus there were no less than thirteen persons attached to the royal library, without counting a picquet of the Spanish guards, who kept sentry at the door to see that every one doffed his hat and unrolled his cloak before entering this sanctuary of learning.

Besides two hundred thousand printed volumes, the Royal Library contains a number of Arabian, and an immense quantity of Spanish manuscripts, that have never seen the light. This fact is not conclusive as to their want of merit, but shows the barrier which has for centuries been maintained here against every species of publicity. I have even heard it said, that in Spain, the manuscript was well nigh as valuable as the printed literature. The *monetario*—cabinet of medals—is arranged in one of the most beautiful rooms I have anywhere seen; and indeed it well deserves the care taken of it, for it contains an extensive series of Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arabic, and modern coins and medals in excellent preservation, and is considered the third in the world, being estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

Few establishments of the kind are on an equal footing, for convenience and comfort, with the Bib-

lioteca Real. Its rooms have a pleasant exposure, are well furnished, and appropriately ornamented. They are kept warm in winter, and silent at all times. Indeed, the most fastidious reader, as he sinks into one of their ample chairs, glances round upon the well-filled shelves, and thence upon the busy people about him, each intent upon his book, and at length lets his eye fall upon the volume of his choice spread out before him, could not possibly find any thing to desire. This prosperity is doubtless owing to the library's drawing its support from sources which are independent of the necessities of the state. It is one of many institutions which awaken the admiration of the stranger in Spain, as being at variance with the pervading decay.

Such are some of the claims which Madrid possesses to be called a great city. So great, indeed, is the enthusiastic opinion which the inhabitants entertain of it, that they will even tell you, with the bombast in which they are apt to indulge, that "Madrid alone is a capital," and "where Madrid is, let the world be silent."—"*Solo Madrid es Corte,*" say they, and, "*Donde esta Madrid Calle el Mundo!*"

## CHAPTER VII.

### NEW CASTILE.

Social Pleasures in Madrid.—Drama.—Tragedy.—Sainete.—Theatres.—Actors.—Bolero.—Bull Fight.—Ancient Fight.—Modern Fight.—Corrida de Novillos.

THE period of the Constitution was, in Madrid, a season of jubilee. The public mind, so long shackled by despotism, and held in check by inquisitorial dread, was at once allowed free exercise and unrestrained expression. The people, intoxicated by indistinct notions of liberty, evinced their joy by crowding to the places of public amusement, and by festive entertainments, given in the open promenade of the Prado. This, however, had its end, like the season of stupor by which it had been preceded. The French were admitted to an easy conquest of Spain, and Ferdinand having exchanged one set of masters for another, returned once more to his capital. Fury and fanaticism came with him. Robberies, murders, and public executions took the place of rejoicings; and the Spaniards who still continued to think and feel sought to conceal it under a cloak of apathy. The effect of such a change on public manners is perfectly obvious. Friends no longer cared to meet friends,

where every topic of discourse might lead insensibly to something that was proscribed, and when no man was willing to trust his security to the keeping of another. Each person sought his amusements within the well-bolted door of his own apartment, and festivity no longer gained by participation. As the storm passed over, and the panic abated, the intercourse of society was partially resumed; but, in general, it still confines itself to meeting at the theatres, public walks, or in the evening tertulias, when the ladies remain at home and receive the visits of their male acquaintance, who circulate until a late hour from house to house. In the most distinguished class, consisting of the higher noblesse and the diplomatic corps, the French usages are so entirely adopted, that, when they occasionally come together, even the national language is partially superseded. With the French customs, however, the French fondness for society has not been adopted, or else it is restrained and counteracted by political dissension.

Notwithstanding the stagnation of public festivity, brought about by the counter-revolution, those who cater for the Spanish nation in all matters, whether of politics, information, or amusement, still continue to provide certain diversions, to give employment to the public mind. Of these, the most prominent is the drama.

The Spanish theatre is said to possess the richest fund of dramatic literature in existence, and to have contributed abundantly to the other theatres of Europe. It counts upwards of twenty thousand comedies, of which Lope de Vega alone furnished near two thousand. Lope de Vega is by far the most prolific dramatist that ever lived, and a line of his own has been quoted to show, that the same day has frequently witnessed the writing and performance of his comedies. They are not, however, so much esteemed as those of Calderon de la Barca, who wrote less and better. Calderon is remarkable for a fruitful invention in developing a plot and in bringing about unexpected coincidences; for nobleness of sentiment, too, and harmony of diction; but his compositions are wanting in attention to general effect, abound in plays upon words and in equivoque, mix together pathos and buffoonery, and sometimes set all moral at defiance. They are chiefly copies of Spanish manners as they existed in the more chivalrous days of the nation, abounding in romantic actions of courage and patriotism, of disinterested generosity and of revenge, the consequence of that easily offended honor which distinguished the old cavaliers. They likewise show the intrigue which passionate love suggested in a country where the obstacles to female intercourse, the bolts and bars, bequeathed by the Moors, which

compassed the Spanish women about as in a seraglio, served to inflame desire and awaken ingenuity. Scarcely one of them but has a lover, meaning no harm, yet caught by accident in the apartment of his mistress, and forced to resort to concealment. The brother of the lady enters and discovers the supposed delinquent. A duel ensues, and, without time for explanation, he is left dead on the pavement. The lady is casually saved from a similar fate by the interposition of a third person, and presently after her innocence is manifest. Sometimes there are three or four duels, and as many dying men crying out, "*Muerto soy!*" in the very first *jornada*. This furnishes abundant perplexities for the heroes and heroines, of whom there are usually two or three sets, and the plot becomes entangled in such a knot of trouble, that to cut off the whole *dramatis personæ* would seem the only means of extrication. But the ready wit of the females generally saves all; the entanglements are all dexterously unravelled, as if by magic, and the whole *dramatis personæ* are commonly linked in couples, ready to be married, at the falling of the curtain.

How little the moral is sometimes regarded by Calderon may be seen in the tragedy entitled *A Secret Agravio, Secreta Venganza*, which I saw represented at Madrid. It begins with the story of one Don Juan, who, having killed a rival for giving

him the lie at Goa, escapes in a ship to Lisbon. At Lisbon he is publicly pointed at as an insulted man, and at once puts to death this new assailant of his honor. These two preliminary deaths are introduced for no other purpose than to prove that an affront is often remembered when its reparation is forgotten. On his arrival at Lisbon, Don Juan finds his old friend, Don Lope de Almeyda, newly married to Doña Leonor, a lady of Toledo. This Doña Leonor had been affianced to Don Luis de Benavidas, who, being at the wars in Flanders, is, through some mistake, reported to have been slain in battle. Doña Leonor, believing her lover dead, becomes indifferent to life, and is easily prevailed upon by her father to give herself away to Don Lope de Almeyda. Scarcely, however, had she contracted this unhappy tie, when her former lover —the only lover of her choice—returns from Flanders, and appears before her in Lisbon. The first surprise over, she reproaches his delay as the cause of her misfortunes. Then, yielding to the necessities of her situation, and to the new obligations which bound her, she grants him an interview, that they might make their peace and bid adieu for ever. For this purpose, Don Luis is admitted into the house of Leonor. As bad luck, or the will of the poet, would have it, he is there discovered by Don Lope in concealment. The latter, however, dreads

the stain which his honor would suffer from public scandal, if a fatal affray should take place in his own house. He, therefore, affects to believe the evasive explanations of Don Luis, and conducts him secretly to a door, whence he makes his escape; consoling himself with the reflection, that a man who seeks revenge must await the occasion, and, until it be found, suffer, dissemble, and be silent. At length, chance throws the husband and the lover together into the same boat, embarked upon the Tagus. There, Don Lope grapples with the supposed destroyer of his honor, and throws him into the stream. Thus much of his revenge accomplished, Don Lope returns to land, as if shipwrecked; and, having told Doña Leonor that his companion had perished in the destruction of the boat, he affects to receive her grief at the death of her lover as if excited by his own danger. In the dead of that very night he fires his country-house upon the banks of the Tagus, and murders his wife. Fire and water have thus combined to cleanse his honor of its stain, and he consoles himself with the reflection, that his secret is in good keeping, and that they will not proclaim his affront who cannot proclaim his revenge. The story is only related to King Sebastian, who observes, that a secret injury calls for secret revenge, and they all set off to fight for religion in Africa.

The Spanish *sainetes*, or farces, are very different from these long-winded old tragedies of *capa y espada*. The scene, instead of passing in the capital, is always laid in some obscure village; and the personages, instead of being princes or nobles, are of the lowest class. The stage is alternately trod by a gipsy, a courtesan, an alcalde or alguazil, a robber, a contrabandista, or a sexton. The plot of the sainete is always perfectly simple, and turns more frequently upon the passing interests of a moment, than upon matters which concern the future happiness of the parties. The inside of a dwelling or posada, or the public square of a village, is laid open to the audience. A few of the worthies of the place come together and talk for half an hour, uttering equivoques, and sometimes saying things that are not at all equivocal. They at last begin to quarrel, and get by the ears; the chairs and tables are overturned in the confusion, and the parties fall to beating each other off the stage with pasteboard clubs, which make a loud report, and gratify the audience, without breaking the bones of the comedians.

There is no people who have more in their manners of the grotesque and amusing than the people of Spain. For this reason, the sainete, which, like Gil Blas, is a copy and not an invention, is always full of amusement. The play upon words,

and the lively sallies of the *gracioso*, so offensive in serious pieces, are here no longer amiss. One has to laugh, not only at the wit of the sainete, but often at its very absurdity. The name of the piece, too, and the list of personages, often suffice of themselves to promote merriment. At one time it is *Saint Antonio's Pig*, in which the characters are a peasant, his wife, an alcalde, a *castrador*, and a sexton, the latter of whom makes love successfully and talks Latin. At another, it is the *Cause of a Jackass*, pleaded by his driver and an innkeeper, before some worthy alcalde, who administers justice much after the manner of Sancho in his island of Baritaria. The interlude of Olalla is a good specimen of the Spanish sainete.

Olalla is a country lass, sadly perplexed by the solicitations of several equally detested suitors. One of them is a sexton, another a soldier, and a third no less a person than the village doctor. In order to rid herself of their entreaties, she determines to set them all by the ears together. When, therefore, the sexton comes to see her, she promises to grant his most unreasonable request, if he will dress himself as a dead man and lay himself out in the church at midnight. From the soldier she next obtains a promise that he will go at the same hour and keep watch over the corpse; and the doctor is persuaded to assume the attributes of the devil, and

go to turn the dead man out of his coffin. Last of all, she gives notice to the alguazils—constables—of the expected disorder. At the appointed hour, Rinconete, the sexton, goes to the church, wrapped from head to foot in a white sheet, with a light in his hand, and with his face covered with flour. Having stretched himself out in the place where the funeral mass is performed, he puts the candlestick on his breast, and commences a soliloquy on the wonder-working power of love. Presently the soldier appears, and takes his post tremblingly, with shield and buckler. The sexton is greatly alarmed at the soldier, and the soldier much more so in finding himself in private with a dead man, who presently begins to talk with him and tell him that there is no jest about it, but that he is really dead. Upon this the doctor enters, covered over with little bells, having a pair of horns on his head and a long tail behind. He is the least frightened of all, and finds that the guise of the devil lends him courage. The soldier, unused to face such foes, is greatly dismayed, and the dead man believes that the devil has indeed come for his own. Meanwhile the devil advances, catches the corpse by the feet, and pitches it over upon the pavement. The dead man resents the blow. He falls upon the devil; and the soldier, gaining courage as the strife grows warm, begins to lay about him furiously. As a finale, they are

all pounced upon in the midst of the affray, and carried off by the justicia.

In addition to the tragedies, comedies, and farces, they have in Spain short musical pieces, called *tonadillas* and *seguidillas*, which are sung, danced, and recited by two or three performers. The music is entirely national. One may find in these primitive little pieces the earliest stage of the opera. As for the theatres of Madrid, they do not confine themselves to Spanish productions; but more frequently represent tragedies, comedies, and melodramas in the modern taste, chiefly translated from the French. They likewise have very fair Italian operas once or twice a week, which are given in the two theatres alternately.

There are at present in Madrid two public theatres, the *Teatro de la Cruz* and the *Teatro del Principe*. Their decoration is neat, though plain, and their scenery very good. Each is capable of containing about fifteen hundred persons. In arrangement these theatres cannot well be surpassed for comfort and convenience. The half of the pit immediately behind the orchestra is divided into rows of seats, each with a back and arms. They are likewise numbered, so that a person may, late or early, find his place unoccupied. These seats are called *lunetas*, and are either hired for a month or for the evening. They cost twelve reals, or

about three shillings. The remaining half of the pit contains seats of inferior price and convenience; and, still farther in the rear, are people who stand up and see the play, mixed with royalist volunteers, who are present to keep order. The boxes are either hired for the season or the night. The pit is entirely occupied by men. For the exclusive accommodation of the women, there is a large gallery directly in front of the stage, known by the whimsical name of the cazuela, or stew-pan. Here no gentlemen are admitted. To look on the pale faces, black mantillas, and blacker eyes of the assembled damsels, one might almost believe them a party of nuns, such as may be seen in the chapel of a convent, peeping through a grating upon some solemn ceremony, and casting now and then a furtive, I have sometimes fancied, a wistful glance, upon the assembled multitude. This deception, however, is but momentary; for the inmates of the cazuela are, many of them, any thing but nuns. It is somewhat unfavorable to the gentler sex to remark, that, whilst every thing goes on orderly in the lunetas, the cazuela is often the scene of scolding and contention. This, however, may proceed from their being more crowded together than the men, and being, furthermore, left entirely to themselves; whilst the men are watched and taken care of by sundry fierce-looking *realistas*.

Be it as it may, the cazuela often afforded me as much amusement as the stage; for, what with the confusion of voices, adjusting of hair and mantillas, nods, glances, and agitation of fans, it had the turmoil and flutter of a rookery.

The two companies of Madrid are of pretty equal force. If there be any difference, it is in favor of the Principe. At the Cruz, the first parts are filled by Garcia Luna; at the Principe, by La Torre, who is the first Spanish tragedian of the day. La Torre is a pupil of the celebrated Maiquez, who must, from all accounts, have been a wonderful actor. Maiquez had formed himself under the eye of Talma, and played for a while with great success in Madrid. But being infected with liberal notions, he found a difficulty in smothering his feelings, and allowed himself on several occasions to direct his indignant declamations towards the king, who used to come frequently to the theatre during the lifetime of his last queen. For this or for some other reason, he fell into disgrace, and was driven from the capital. Being unable to delight other countries with those talents which could only be appreciated in his own, he languished in poverty somewhere in Andalusia, where he at last pined away and died, just before the return of the constitution. As for La Torre, he is above the middle size, and finely proportioned, but his face is far from handsome. His features are

too large, and his face is deeply pitted with the small-pox. La Torre is, on the whole, a good tragedian, equal, perhaps, to the best on the French stage. He has, to a certain extent, shaken off that forced, declamatory, and inflated style too general among Spanish players, and which they doubtless borrow from the exaggerated and bombastic character of their national drama. Though following nature rather than the rules of critics, La Torre is still a long way from perfection, and is entirely a stranger to those quiet, those wonder-working touches, which gave such a charm to the acting of Talma.

Nor should I forget to mention Guzman, who likewise plays at the Principe, and who is far better as a gracioso than is La Torre as a tragedian. As for the female performers, they are equally poor in both theatres; a singular fact, which may, perhaps, find a cause in the disreputable character of the dramatic profession in Spain, which excludes educated women from the stage; and in the looseness of morals, which soon leads such as are beautiful to abandon an ungrateful profession. In private life the Spanish females are remarkable for tact and sprightliness in conversation, and for that natural courtesy which gives a charm to social intercourse. When they step upon the stage, they seem to leave all their fascination behind them.

Their manner is at times inflated and unnatural; at others they exhibit symptoms of weariness by gaping, or of inattention to the business of the scene by exchanging glances of recognition and smiles with their acquaintances among the audience.

But by far the most objectionable appendage of the Spanish stage is its prompter. He sits in a kind of trap-door in front of the stage, immediately behind the lights, concealed from the audience by a tin box or screen. From hence he reads the whole of the piece, for the guidance of the players, who seldom commit their parts to memory. His book and hand usually project upon the boards, and are seen pointing from one to another of the actors, to indicate whose turn it is. His voice is always audible, and, occasionally, in a pathetic part, his declamation becomes loud and impassioned, and he forgets where he is until called to order by the audience. Since the prompter precedes the actor, you frequently know in anticipation what the latter is to say, and the idea is conveyed by the ears before you see the action which is meant to accompany it. After a while the actor draws himself up in a mysterious way, to repeat to you a secret which is already in your possession. This is even more monstrous than the custom which prevailed in the infancy of the Greek drama, of having one man to speak and another to gesticulate. Hence all de-

ception is destroyed, and the chief pleasure of the drama, that of making one forget that he has actors before him, instead of persecuted orphans, hapless lovers, or heroes bearing up under misfortune, is lost entirely. It is an excellence, which, with one or two solitary exceptions, is absolutely unknown to the Spanish comedians. They are all players.

At all events, this is true of them considered as tragedians. In the sainete, the case is different, where the men, throwing away cloak and sword and kicking off the buskin, appear in the every-day garb of peasants, gypsies, and contrabandistas; and the women, laying aside their assumed and ill-worn look of innocence, step forth loosely and boldly as coquettes and courtesans. The jokes and equivoques call down unremitting bursts of laughter, and the finale of breaking each other's heads with clubs of paper is the signal for shouting and uproar amidst the dispersing audience. That the Spaniards should fail in tragedy and succeed in farce, may clash with all those received notions of lofty bearing and Castilian gravity which the reader may have formed to himself. Such is, nevertheless, the case; and I describe things as I found them, not as I expected to find them.

But I had well nigh forgotten to say something of the dancing, usually performed as an interlude between the play and the farce. Who has not

heard of the fandango?—a dance which has been bequeathed to Spain by the Arabs, together with the guitar and the castanet; and which, though now banished from refined society in Spain, still prevails in all the cities of South America. The fandango is danced by two persons, who stand opposite to each other, and who, without touching so much as a finger, still contrive to interest each other by alluring postures, by advancing, retreating, and pursuing; the female flying for a time before her partner like a scared pullet, and showing at last evident symptoms of languor, hesitation, and approaching defeat. No one can deny that the fandango is a most fascinating dance; and there is even a story told of it which would set the matter beyond a doubt, and which is, perhaps, as true as many other very good stories.

The holy see, it appears, being incited by the solicitude of the Spanish clergy to attempt the reformation of public morals in Spain, issued a decree forbidding the exhibition of bull-fights, and sent a Roman bull to drive all the Spanish ones out of the arena. This triumph paved the way for another. The fandango was presently attacked in form, as having a tendency to excite unchaste desires. But as the reverend consistory of cardinals was too just to pass sentence unheard, even upon the fandango, a couple were brought before the grave assemblage

to exhibit the delinquent dance. The dancers made their appearance in the usual costume, took out their castanets, raised their voices, and commenced the fandango. The venerable fathers first received them with the look of sages, determined to hear in patience and decide justly. When the dance began, however, they contracted their brows and looked on frowningly, as if each would conceal his own secret satisfaction. But at last nature overcame dissimulation, their hearts warmed, their countenances brightened, and, flinging their long hats and scull-caps at each other, they began to caper over the floor in vain imitation of the fandango.

The fandango having thus successfully pleaded its own defence, continues to appear nightly upon the Spanish stage, but the progress of refinement has gradually stripped it of all indecorum. The bolero is neither more nor less than a new edition of the fandango, which contains all the beauties of the original, curtailed of every thing which might offend the most scrupulous delicacy. There are several varieties of the bolero, known by distinct names, and which may be danced by two, four, six, and even eight persons. To my taste, however, the most beautiful version of all is the cachucha. It consists of a natural succession of movements at once easy and graceful, and has been well defined

"a just and harmonious convulsion of the whole body." You are not astonished, as at the French opera, by the execution of feats of force and agility, which you would deem impossible did you not see them, nor by a combination of intricate movements in which the art consists in reducing confusion to order; but you are led along, delighted by a series of motions and attitudes, which succeed each other so naturally that the dancers seem to be on the floor rather for their own amusement than for the purpose of exhibition. The Andalusian bolero dances, not only with her feet, but likewise with her arms, with the graceful inflexions of her body, and with her speaking eyes.

I have seen the cachucha danced in many Spanish cities, but never so well as one night in the theatre of Malaga. On that occasion the couple could scarce have been surpassed, either for good looks or good dancing. Of the young man it is but small praise to say, that he was of fine size and perfect proportions;—for how could it be otherwise, when he had been selected from a whole nation of well-made men to do the honors of his country? All this nature had given him; nor had art failed to lend it assistance. He was dressed in the gala costume of Andalusia, which is known all over Spain under the well received name of *majo*, or dandy. His long hair was combed backward and

plaited with ribbons, whilst his luxuriant whiskers were trimmed into the true Andalusian curve. Over a shirt, richly worked at the breast, sleeves, and collar, he wore a green velvet jacket, too narrow to meet in front, and trimmed at the lappels and cuffs with abundance of dangling gold buttons of basket-work. Under this jacket, and indeed forming part of it, was a waistcoat of the same material, richly embroidered with gold, and which served to tighten the outer jacket to the body. The collar of his shirt was confined by a narrow scarf of yellow silk, which descended along the bosom, and his waist was girded with many turns of a sash of the same material. He wore small-clothes of green velvet, studded with buttons from the hip to the knee; white silk stockings and black shoes; and an embroidered handkerchief peeped from each pocket of his jacket. Such was the majo of Malaga.

But how shall I give the reader an adequate idea of the charms of the *bolera*? for though here, too, art had been busy, nature had done more, and had even surpassed herself. Though taller than women usually are, she was still of perfect conformation, with just enough of fullness to remove the imputation of being lean, and to indicate the perfection of agility and grace. Her appearance offered one of the best comments upon the character of the

bolero; for her form had not suffered by the nature of the exercise, and was neither cramped nor emaciated by painful exertion. Her head wore no other covering than its own luxuriant tresses of jet black hair, parted in the middle and decorated by a single red rose. As for her complexion, it was of a ripe and ruddy brown, with features dignified enough, but rather laughing and complacent; white teeth, well-arched eye-brows and flashing eyes, such as are only to be met with in the mellow region of Andalusia. There was, in fact, about this lovely girl the air of one who had inherited even more than a woman's share of soul and feeling.

The dress of the maja was of green silk trimmed with gold, and the lower half was entirely surrounded by a loose tassel work of glittering gold fringe. When she stood still, it hung in rich and heavy folds around her; but when turning rapidly in the windings of the dance, it would expand into a golden halo. Though her dress rose high in the neck, it left the arms at liberty, and their healthy hue was relieved by black ribbons tied above the wrist and elbow, whilst a string of the same confined a castanet to either thumb. Over stockings of white silk she wore a light slipper, partially covering a foot that did but touch the ground, as if unwillingly, at the heel and toe, and seemed to spurn it.

At a preparatory flourish of the music the well-matched couple dart from behind the scenes, rattling their castanets. They are evidently well-pleased with themselves, and their eyes beam with good humor towards each other and the audience. As for the bolera, she salutes us with a laughing eye, a retreating step, a backward motion of the arms, and a single stroke of her castanet. They are, in fact, only waiting for the murmur of applause to pass away, that they may begin the entertainment. I would willingly make the reader follow them in this trial of grace, but to give an idea of any dance where so much depends on the motion, the attitude, or the look of the moment, is an ungrateful task. I will, therefore, merely tell him, that here, as in most Spanish dances, there was implied a simple story of rural courtship and coquetry, upon which to found a pantomime. The dancers alternately advanced, drew back, pursued, retreated, passed and repassed each other, keeping time all the while with their arms and castanets, nay, with the whole body to the peculiar music, which was sometimes gay, sprightly, and animating, sometimes wild, plaintive, and reproachful; expressing now contentment and happiness, now the poignant sorrow of unrequited love. Sometimes there would occur an abrupt break in the music, and they would remain an instant in the attitude in

which it left them. At others the bolera alone would pause, look with a satisfied air upon the performance of her partner, and, not content with striking the castanets in her extended hands, would mark the time for him by a skilful motion of her heel. At this critical moment the curtain descended, and interposed its dingy folds. The interruption was most unwelcome. I thought I could have gazed for ever. Nor was the impression merely momentary; for never since that time have I heard the sound of the castanet without a quickened motion of my blood, and a full recollection of that lovely Maligueña.

The bull-fight is, however, the great national amusement of Spain; an amusement which, though it may be stigmatized as cruel and brutalizing, is, nevertheless, unequalled in deep and anxious interest. It has furnished matter of much learned discussion whether the Spaniards derive their bull-fights from the Romans or the Moors. It is, however, pretty well established that the *Taurilia* of the Romans were similar to those of modern times*. It is equally certain that the bull-fight held an important rank in the chivalrous sports of the Arabian Spaniards. Having adopted this custom of the conquered country, they carried it to great perfection;

* Clarke, Letters concerning the Spanish Nation.

for with them it furnished a means of finding favor with the fair, who attended the spectacle, and was, besides, a miniature of those scenes of strife and warfare in which they were constantly engaged. They, doubtless, introduced the mode of fighting the bull on horseback and with the lance; for they were a nation of cavaliers, who did every thing in the saddle, and even conquered Spain at a gallop. Thus improved, the bull-fight, with many other usages, was transmitted by the Moors to their christian conquerors, who also inherited many beautiful ballads on the subject*. These are still preserved in the Castilian, and form part of the spoil which the exiles left behind them when they returned to Africa.

Even in the last century the *Fiestas Reales* were still given in Spain on all great occasions, such as the birth, marriage, or coronation of a prince. In Madrid these feasts always took place in the Plaza Mayor, an extensive quadrangle, four hundred and fifty by three hundred and fifty feet, which stands in the centre of the city. The Plaza Mayor is surrounded by uniform ranges of houses five and six stories high, with wide balconies and an arcade below which runs round the whole interior. At each of the corners, and midway between them, are

* Poesias Escogidas Romancero.

arched portals which communicate with the streets without, whilst within the arcade furnishes a covered walk round the area, which serves as a market-place. The buildings around the Plaza Mayor consist of the royal bakery and of one hundred and thirty-six dwelling-houses, which contain a population of three thousand persons. When the royal feasts took place, the front apartments of these houses were let out by their occupants, and were thronged with people to their very roofs. Below wooden benches were erected for the population, and the royal halberdiers, with their steel-headed battle-axes, formed a barrier to protect them from the fury of the bull. The royal family drove into the Plaza in splendid carriages of state, and being attended by the first cavaliers and most distinguished beauties of the court, took their station in the gilded balconies of the Panaderia; whilst all the surrounding houses were hung with curtains of variegated silk, intermingled with fans and handkerchiefs set in motion by the hand of beauty.

When all was ready, the cavaliers selected for the combat made their appearance in gala-coaches, attended by their sponsors, who were usually the first grandees of Spain; for, in the days of chivalry, to fight the bull was the peculiar privilege of gentle blood. They were followed by companies of horse-

men dressed in the Moorish garb, who led the horses of their masters. These having mounted and received their lances, went beneath the royal balcony to salute the king, and each took care, doubtless, to catch the approving or cautionary glance of his mistress. The arena being cleared by the alguazils, the king waved his handkerchief; warlike music repeated the signal, and a bull was let in. The cavaliers approached him one by one with lances in rest, and their ardor was shared by their proud-spirited horses. Sometimes the bull would receive the spear deep into his neck, at others he would shiver it to pieces, and overturn everything in his course.

*Bull-fight on horseback.*

There were on these occasions several modes of combat. Dogs were occasionally introduced to meet the bull; and though often tossed and mangled, it was more frequent for them to succeed in seizing his nose and holding him motionless to the ground. Another manner was much more harmless. The skins of different animals, blown into whimsical figures, were placed in the arena; and it was often found that the bull had less dread of an armed antagonist than of these immoveable objects, which awaited his attack without any sign of fear. There was, however, one mode more cruel and dangerous than all. A man dressed in fantastic colors to attract attention placed himself in front of the portal by which the bull was to enter. He held in both hands an iron spear, one end of which was fixed in the ground, whilst the point inclined upwards in the direction of the portal. The combatant crouched closely behind this spear, which served the double purpose of weapon and defence. Thus prepared, he awaited the career of the bull, who, on the opening of the portal, made at once towards the only object which stood in the way of his fury. If the career of the bull were direct, the spear entered deep into his forehead, and he remained nailed to the earth. If, on the contrary, the hold of the combatant became unsteady through fear, or the bull glanced to either side, he would pass the point of

the weapon with a grazed face or the loss of an eye, and dart with fury upon his unprotected victim, toss him high into the air, and moisten the arena with his blood.

*Bull-fight on foot.*

The bull-fight has been several times abolished in Spain; once in 1567, by an edict of Pope Pius V., which was revoked in 1576 by Clement VIII. In the present century it was again abolished by Godoy; but is now re-established, and will doubtless long continue to form the favorite amusement of the Spanish people. It is true, they are no longer the splendid spectacles which they once were. We look in vain for gilded balconies thronged with the wealthy and the beautiful, and for that soul-inspiring enthusiasm which has died with the days of chivalry. But though princes and nobles no longer descend into the arena, their places are filled with equal courage, and perhaps greater skill, by butchers from

Andalusia, who become toreros by profession. The toreros of modern times no longer contend from a thirst after honorable distinction, or a desire to win the approving smile of beauty; but for money, to be spent in brothels and taverns, where such as escape the dangers of the arena often end their lives in brawls by the knives of their companions.

At Madrid the bull-fight now takes place in an edifice called the Plaza de Toros, which stands upon an eminence without the gate of Alcala. The Plaza is of a circular form, and not elliptical, like the Roman amphitheatres. The extreme diameter of the outer walls is three hundred and thirty feet, of the arena two hundred and twenty. It is capable of containing eleven thousand spectators. The exterior wall is of brick, but the barriers, benches, and pillars which sustain the two covered galleries and the roof are all of wood. The upper gallery is divided into commodious boxes, of which the one which looks to the north, and which is never shone on by the sun, is decorated with royal arms, and set apart for the king. Beneath the first gallery is another similar to it, except that it is not divided into boxes, but is left open the whole way round. Beneath this last gallery there is a succession of uncovered benches, sloping down towards the lobby which encloses the arena. These benches make the

complete circuit of the edifice, and give a good idea of a Roman amphitheatre.

The portion of the Plaza allotted to the bulls, horses, and toreros is of very simple construction. The arena is enclosed by a barrier six feet high, surrounded by a circular lobby, into which the combatants escape when too warmly pursued. This lobby is pierced by four sets of folding-doors communicating from the arena to the different apartments beneath the amphitheatre. One of these is the toril, where the bulls are enclosed preparatory to the combat. The folding door opening into the arena in front of that of the toril gives admittance to the alguazils, who act as marshals; a third to the horses and picadores; whilst through a fourth are dragged away the carcasses of the victims.

In summer the bull-feast usually takes place in the morning of a week-day. In winter it is given on Sunday afternoon. The winter feasts are called *Corridas de Novillos*, because young bulls only are then brought forward. The style of the handbill issued on these occasions is singularly indicative of that propensity to be pompous and bombastic which the Spaniards ridicule in the Portuguese, and for which they are themselves equally remarkable. It begins thus: "The king our master, whom may God preserve, has been pleased to name this day

for the fifth course of novillos, granted by his majesty for the benefit of his royal hospitals and the gratification of his vassals. His excellency the corregidor of this very heroic city will preside over the Plaza. The function to commence with two valiant novillos, which will be attacked by the intrepid amateurs Bernardo Bermudez and Ramon de Rosa."

This modest invitation was always sufficient to bring together several thousand motley Madrileños and Madrileñas. Few or none of the Spanish gentry were present on these occasions, and the boxes of the upper row were almost entirely deserted. I do not know, however, whether they continue to avoid the Plaza in summer, when the number of muertos —bulls which are to die in the arena—instead of two, is increased to six, and when a hotter sun maddens the victims into deadlier fury. The second row was usually better filled, but the company by no means select. The well-dressed persons were chiefly strangers belonging to the different legations, intermingled with officers, royalist volunteers, shopkeepers, and women, congregated together, or else singly with small children by the hand, and not a few suckling their infants. Here and there, too, one might see a dirty priest, who, having chanted himself hoarse in the morning, comes with his snuff or cigarillo to pass more con-

genially the evening of the sabbath. But the uncovered benches of the *patio* were ever filled to overflowing. They were the favorite resort of the populace; and no vagabond ever remained away who could muster the two reals demanded for admission, whether by stealing or starvation. Here the *canalla* are in all their glory. Whilst the contest lasts, they encourage or reprove the combatants, applaud or bellow at the bull, then shout, swear, and whistle during the period of the interlude. It is they, in fact, who give a tone and character to the whole entertainment.

The hour appointed for the commencement of the feast having at length arrived, the corregidor takes his seat in the royal box, supported by his officers. A priest also remains in waiting with *su Magestad*—the host—ready to administer the sacrament to the dying toreros. The trumpets now sound, the gate under the royal box is thrown open, and two alguazils enter the lists, mounted on proud Andalusian steeds, whose heads are half hidden under manes parted in the middle, with eyes glaring fiercely through their forelocks, and tails which sweep the arena. These noble animals are richly caparisoned, with powerful bits, peaked saddles, and broad stirrups, after the manner of the East. The alguazils have their black wands of office, and are dressed in cloak, buskin, slashed

sleeves, ruffs, and plumed hat—the ancient Spanish costume. Having rode round the lists, to clear them of those who have been sweeping and sprinkling the ground, and of the canalla who have been wrestling and rolling in the dust, they meet each other in the centre, and then ride to the box of the corregidor, before which they make an obeisance, to signify that every thing is ready for the opening of the feast. Upon this the corregidor throws down the key of the toril, waves his handkerchief, and the music stationed at the opposite side of the amphitheatre sounds a march. The folding gates are thrown open at the left, and the *chulos* enter, escorting the two picadores.

The *chulos* or cheats are dressed as majos—some in black, some in green, and some in crimson. They are all well-made men, and are seen to peculiar advantage in their tight dress, ornamented with bunches of riband at the knees, the shoes, and in the hair. Beside a worked cambric handkerchief floating from either pocket, each chulo wears a silk cloak of green, red, or yellow. This serves to irritate the bull, and to divert his attention.

The picadores wear Moorish jackets embroidered with gold; large flat hats of white, ornamented with roses or gay ribands, and which are confined by a string passing round the chin; and buckskin

pantaloons lined with plates of armor to protect the leg. Their lance is long and heavy, with a small three-cornered point of steel at the end. This point is wound round with yarn, to prevent it from penetrating far. The lance of the picador serves to turn the bull off, but does him little injury; indeed it may rather be looked on as a defensive than as an offensive weapon. Thus, in the contest between the bull and the picador, the danger is altogether on the side of the horse and his rider. The picadores enter the lists mounted on jaded beasts, which are evidently within a few months of their natural death. They are bought for a few dollars, part of which the proprietor gets back by the sale of the skin. When brought into the lists, they are half hidden under huge Moorish saddles, which rise before and behind, near a foot from the back, in order to strengthen the seat of the picador. If the animal has a good eye remaining, it is covered with a pocket-handkerchief. The attire of the picador is usually soiled by frequent rolling in the dust. Indeed, as he poises his lance and kicks his limping beast forward, by dint of spurs, to pay his devoirs to the corregidor, his whole appearance offers a striking contrast to the gallant bearing of the alguazil.

The winter feast always commenced with *novillos embolados*, whose horns were covered with balls,

and who overturned the picadores and their horses without doing them much injury. This contest is sustained, usually, by novices, whose clumsy efforts to turn aside the bull give infinite amusement to the audience, and prepare them to estimate the excellence of the veteran picadores, who come afterwards to contend with the muertos. Indeed, to appreciate correctly the difficulty of any task, we should not only see it well, but ill executed. The novillos and the novices who contended with them, having left the lists, two old toreros ride through the portal, and are greeted with the applause of the multitude, to whom they have been rendered familiar by many a feat of skill and courage, and by many a scene of danger.

To give a general idea of the mode of attacking the bull, it may be sufficient to describe an individual fight, by far the most bloody of many that I saw in Spain. On the occasion to which I allude, the bull, though he bore the name of novillo, was a sturdy beast, that might have counted a lustrum. Though not large, his conformation could scarce have been more powerful. He was rather lightly built behind, widening, however, in span towards the shoulders, which served as foundation to a thick neck and short head, armed with a pair of horns, which were not long, but stout and well pointed. His coat was of a rusty brown, darkening into

black towards the neck and shoulders, where it became thick and curly, like the mane of a lion.

This bull had taken the place of a companion who had preceded him to slaughter, in the narrow entry which leads from the toril to the arena. The chulos having taken their stand with the two picadores drawn up behind them, the signal was given, and the trumpets sounded a martial flourish. The gates were at once thrown open to admit a passage into the lists, and we now first discovered the bull, such as I have described him, endeavouring to force his way through the iron grate which separated him from the toril. The poor animal had been tormented by separation from his herd, by confinement, by tortures to which his lacerated ears bore testimony, and by desires which had been pampered, but not gratified. At this moment a prick from a torero in the lobby caused him to turn about, when he discovered an open passage into the lists, and rushed at once madly in, hoping, doubtless, that he had at last found an open road to conduct him to the fertile marshes of the Guadiana, where he had so long reigned lord of the herd.

This moment is one of the most interesting of the whole spectacle. The bull is seen coming forward in mad career; his tail writhing furiously, his head down, mouth foaming, nostrils wide open and fiery, and eyes glaring fiercely through the matted

curls of his forehead; whilst the red riband, nailed with a barbed iron to his neck, flutters wildly back, and serves at once as a torture and device. Having reached the centre of the arena, he discovers that his hope of escape was illusory; he pauses, glares with wonder upon the multitude drawn up in a continuous ring around him, and who greet his arrival with shouts, whistlings, and the waving of garments. But though astonished, he is not terrified. He glances his bewildered eye about the arena, in search of some enemy upon whom to wreak his fury*.

No sooner did the bull in question discover the chulos, fluttering their gay cloaks, and inviting him to victory by showing a disposition to fly before him, than he made after the nearest at the top of his speed. The chulo, thus warmly pursued, waved his crimson cloak to the right and left, to retard the progress of the beast by rendering it unsteady, and, having with difficulty reached the barrier with-

* "Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow."
*Childe Harold.*

out being overtaken, he leaped over it into the lobby. The escape of the chulo was by no means premature; the bull reached the barrier at the same instant, and as the legs of the fugitive were vaulting over, his horns caught the fluttering silk and nailed it to the boards.

Excited by victory, the bull now makes for the picador. Here is another situation which would furnish a fine study for the pencil. The picador is seen drawn up at a short distance from the barrier, with his lance grasped tightly in his right hand and under the arm, and presenting the right shoulder of his horse to the attack of the bull. Before aiming his blow, the bull usually pauses a moment to eye his antagonist. Then, if he be cowardly, he paws the ground, bellows, and bullies, going backwards all the while, as if to gain space for his career; but in reality to place a greater distance between himself and his adversary. Such, however, was neither the character nor conduct of the bull in question; indeed, no sooner had he cleared his horns of the cloak of the chulo, than he rushed towards the first picador. The shouts of the multitude now gave place to silent glances of anxiety; for the bull, having aimed his blow, dropped his head to cover it with his horns, and, shutting his eyes, darted upon his enemy. This first effort, however, was unsuccessfully made, or at least it was defeated by

the address of the picador. The bull was met by the lance just as he rose on his hind legs to make his last bound, and was turned dexterously aside. Without checking his career, he darted at once upon the second picador, drawn up behind his comrade. This second attack was more successful. The lance of the picador was driven in by force, and the horns of the infuriated animal entered deep into the side of his victim. The wounded horse now turned to escape in the direction opposite to that whence this unseen attack had come; but he was instantly overtaken by the bull, who, driving his horns into the flank and tossing his head, completely overturned both horse and rider. But the fury of the animal was not yet satisfied. He darted upon his fallen adversary, and most unluckily came upon that side where lay the entangled picador, trampled him under foot, and drove his horns deep into the saddle. The anxiety of the multitude was now at its height, and horror was painted upon every countenance. The men rose from their benches; some of the women uttered prayers and crossed themselves, whilst such as had infants clasped them tighter. At this moment the chulos came up with their cloaks, and drew the bull to another quarter of the lists. It was for a moment uncertain whether the fallen man were dead or living; but being at length raised from the dust, it

appeared that he had sustained no serious injury. The horse, being the more prominent object of the two, had attracted the chief attention of the bull; but a deep rent in the jacket of the picador showed how narrow had been his escape.

Whilst this was doing, the first horseman, who had turned the bull, rode round the lists to take his place in the rear of his comrade. His second effort to turn the bull was less successful than before; probably through the fault of the horse, which, being imperfectly blinded, saw the approach of his antagonist, and retreated sidewise before him. The lance of his rider was forced in, and the bull, darting his horns into the side of the horse, held him securely to the barrier. The picador now abandoning his lance, caught the top of the barrier, and being assisted by people from without, was drawn over into the lobby. The chulos again diverted the attention of the bull. He released the horse, and the wounded beast, no longer supported by the murderous horns which had rendered support necessary, staggered sidewise towards the centre of the lists. At each step the blood gushed in a torrent from behind his shoulder, until he fell motionless to the earth. The saddle and bridle were at once stripped from the carcass of the horse, and carried away to deck out another for the same doom.

Meantime the second picador raised his horse from the ground, reached the saddle with the assistance of a chulo, and commenced spurring the mangled beast around the arena. I felt more for this poor horse than I had for his hireling rider, when trampled beneath the feet of the bull. He was a beautifully formed animal, once doubtless the pride of the Prado, and fit to have borne a Zegri beneath the balcony of his mistress. He even yet showed a shadow of his former grace, and something of his former ardor; for though his bowels were gushing from his side, and were at each instant torn and entangled by the spur of the picador, he still struggled to obey. In this sad condition the poor horse made several times the circuit of the lists, his bowels getting nearer and nearer to the ground, until they actually reached it, were drawn awhile over the dirt, and were at length trampled upon and torn asunder by his own hoofs. Even yet he continued to advance, and would perhaps have stood another attack, had not the audience, barbarous as it was, interceded in his favor. He was led staggering away, and as the gates closed upon him we even lacked the poor satisfaction of knowing that his sufferings were at an end.

The lists were now cleared, and the bull, wandering about unopposed, came at length to the spot

wet with the blood of his comrade. When he had rooted the ground awhile, he turned his nose high into the air, snuffed the passing breeze, and then, having sought in vain to discover the passage by which he had entered, made a desperate effort to leap the barrier. He was very nearly successful; his body for an instant balanced in uncertainty on the top, and in the next fell back into the arena. The new hope thus speedily defeated, he bellowed in a low indistinct tone, and being excited by the taunting shouts which greeted his failure, he fell to wreaking his fury upon the dead body of his first victim.

By this time the picadores were again mounted and in the lists. The first horse was forced round and overtaken in his flight as before, and being gored behind fell back upon his rider. The chulos with their cloaks most opportunely diverted the attention of the bull, and the grooms hastened to raise the wounded horse, and drag him out of the lists. The thigh-bone of the poor animal had been either broken or dislocated; the leg being useless and dangling behind, he was forced away upon the three which remained to him. The fate of the next horse was sooner decided, and was even more shocking. He received a single gore in the belly; the whole of his bowels at once gushed out, and with an agonized moan he commenced scratching

them convulsively with his hoof until they were completely entangled. The trumpets gave a signal for a change in the bloody drama. Hitherto the bull alone had been the assailant; he was now in his turn to be the sufferer and the assailed. Some of the chulos having laid aside their cloaks proceeded to arm themselves with banderillas—light darts which have a barbed point and are adorned with fluttering papers of variegated colors. The chief art in placing the banderilla is to make the bull attack. If he do not, this operation, like the final office of the matador, is full of danger; for a capricious motion of the horns by a cowardly bull is infinitely more to be dreaded than the straightforward career of a claro *. The brave bull in

* A single instance may show the danger of attacking one of these treacherous bulls. El Sombrerero—thus surnamed from having been once a maker of hats—was for some years the most noted matador in Spain. He was once dealing with a bull of this description, when the animal by an irregular career passed by his sword, caught him upon his horns, and, transfixing him, bore him bleeding round the arena. He at length was disengaged and taken off insensible. Nevertheless he recovered slowly, and, naturally enough, forswore his profession. But the taste for these sports, and perhaps extravagant habits not to be gratified by the narrow earnings of a hat-maker, drove him back at last to his old profession. He appeared again in the lists, but no longer with his former coolness and intrepidity. I saw him afterwards in Granada, attacking a bull of the same character as the one which had been so near destroying him. The eccentric charges of the

question was of this last description. With a dart, therefore, in each hand, one of the chulos, now become *banderillero*, placed himself before the bull, and invited him to attack by brandishing his weapons. When at last the bull rushed with closed eyes at his antagonist, the *banderillero* likewise ran to meet him, and, directing the darts at each side of his neck, allowed the horns of the animal to pass under his right arm, whilst he ran away to gain the security of the lobby, or to get a new supply of *banderillas*. With the repetition of this torture, the bull became madder than ever, rubbed his neck against the boards of the barrier in the vain hope of alleviation—a hope which was set at nought by his own ill-directed exertions, or by the malice of those in the lobby, who would reach over and force the darts deeper, until at last the persecuted beast bounded foaming and frantic about the arena.

The bravery of the bull, though fatal to the life of more than one victim, can never avail to save his own. Nor can the torments he has suffered be urged in alleviation of his destiny. The laws of

animal and his own faltering thrusts rendered his situation most critical, and the audience called loudly for the other matador. This roused him, and a desperate though well-aimed thrust left him triumphant. I wondered more that he should have been able again to enter the arena, than that he should no longer do it with his former intrepidity.

the Plaza are inexorable. The corregidor is seen to wave his handkerchief, the trumpets blow a warlike blast, for the matador.

The man who now entered the lists at the sound of the trumpet was no other than the principal matador of Spain—Manuel Romero by name, if my memory serves me. He was a short man, extremely well made, though inclining to corpulency, with small regular features, a keen sure eye, and such an air of cold-blooded ferocity as became one whose business it was to incur danger and to deal death. The dress of Romero was that of a majo, covered with more than the usual quantity of lace and embroidery: his hair combed backwards, and platted into a flat queue, was surmounted by a black cocked-hat. In his left hand he held a sword, hidden in the folds of a banner which was fastened to a short staff. The color of this banner was red, deepened here and there by the bloody stains of former combats.

Romero did not enter with the air of one who knew his own force and despised his adversary; nor as though he had to hide a faint heart under a careless brow; but with a fearless, determined, yet quiet step. Having approached the box of the corregidor, he took off his hat and made a low obeisance; then returned the salutations which greeted him from the whole circuit of the amphitheatre.

This done, he threw his hat away, brushed back a few hairs which had escaped from the platting of his queue, stretched his limbs to ease the elastic tightness of his costume, and then, taking his well-tried blade from beside the banner, displayed a long straight toledano, such as was once worn by cavaliers and crusaders.

Meantime the chulos were occupied in running before the bull, and waving their cloaks in his eyes, in order to excite his declining ferocity. In this way the bull was enticed towards the spot where the matador awaited him. The latter holding out the banner, allowed the animal to rush against it, seemingly astonished at its little opposition. This was twice repeated; but on the third time the matador held the banner projecting across his body, whilst with his right hand extended over the top he poised and directed the sword. Here is the last and most interesting moment of the whole contest. The multitude once more rise upon the benches. All eyes are bent upon the glittering weapon. The bull makes his final career; the banner again gives way before him; his horns pass closely beneath the extended arm of the matador, but the sword which he held a moment before is no longer seen—it has entered full length beside the shoulder of the bull, and the cross at the hilt is alone conspicuous.

Having received his death blow, it is usual for the bull to fly bellowing to the extremity of the arena, and there fall and die. But the animal which had this day sustained the contest so nobly was courageous to the last. He continued to rush again and again with blind fury at the matador, who each time received the blow on his deceptive buckler, laughed scornfully at the impotent rage of his victim, and talked to him jestingly. The admiration of the audience was now complete, and cries, whistling, and the cloud of dust which rose from the trampled benches mingled with the clang of trumpets to proclaim the triumph of the matador!

A few more impotent attacks of the bull, and his strength began to pass away with the blood, which flowed fast from his wound, spread itself over his shoulder, and ran down his leg to sprinkle the dust of the arena. At length he can no longer advance; the motion of his head becomes tremulous and unsteady: he bows to his fate, pauses a moment upon his knees, and then with a low moan settles upon the ground. At this moment a vulgar murderer came from behind the barrier, where he had hitherto remained in security. He caught the animal by the left horn; then aiming a certain blow with a short wide dagger, he drove it deep into the spine. A convulsive shudder for a moment thrilled over

the whole frame of the victim—in another he had passed the agony *.

At this moment the gates on the right were thrown open, and three mules rushed in, harnessed abreast, and covered with bells, flags, and feathers. Their driver hastened to fasten a strap round the horns of the dead bull, and dragged him to where lay the carcasses of the two horses. Having tied a rope about their necks, he lashed his team into a gallop, and the impatient beasts stirred up a cloud of dust, and left a wide track to mark the course which had been passed over by the conqueror and the conquered. The canalla, too, who had jumped into the lists to sport with the novillos, unmindful that the animal which to-day furnished them with amusement would to-morrow supply them with food, now jumped upon him, greeted him with kicks, and even fastened upon his tail. Trumpets had announced the entry of the bull; trumpets are

* "Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay—
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray;
And now the matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand;
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!"
*Childe Harold.*

again heard at his departure. But who can recognise the proud beast which a few minutes before overturned every thing before him in the unresisting carcass which now sweeps the arená?

Scarcely had the gate closed, when the trumpets once more sounded, and a novillo embolado, or young bull with balls on the ends of his horns, was let into the lists to be baited by the ragged rabble. Now begins a most singular scene. The bull, taunted by the waving of jackets, cloaks, and mantas, pursues and tramples upon one, tosses another into the air, and dragging a third along by the cloak, at length escapes with a portion of the tatters hanging to his horns, to the infinite amusement of all except the sufferer, who, if he be not hurt, is beset and banged for his clumsiness by the ragged mantles of his companions.

I had seen enough of this, and was turning away in disgust to leave the amphitheatre, when I was met by the matador Romero, who had concealed his gala dress under a capa parda. He made at once towards a pretty girl in a black mantilla, who sat near me during the whole entertainment. The flourishes of her fan and the wanton glances of her rolling eye had long since proclaimed the courtezan. Having unfolded his cloak and made his obeisance, Romero presented her with a small iron barb strung with a red ribbon. The whole iron was

stained with blood, and the ribbon was the same fatal device which had fluttered from the neck of the last muerto.

"*Pan y toros!*—Bread and bulls!" exclaims the philosopher Jovillanos, like the Roman of old, in lamenting the fallen fortunes of his country. The Spaniards have still their bull-feast; but where shall we look for the spirit of the Cid?

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NEW CASTILE.

The Paseo.—The Prado.—The Paseadores.—Madrilenio and Madrilenia.—Vehicles and Horsemen.—The Prado on a Feast-day.—San Anton.—Beggars.—Blind Men.—Lottery.—Hog Lottery.—An Execution.—La Plazuela de la Cebada.—Mode of Execution in Spain.—The Verdugo and the Multitude.—Delay.—The Criminals.—Conduct of the Crówd.

THE word *funcion* is applied by the Spaniards to all public amusements, such as plays, bull-fights, and public promenades. We have already spoken of the theatre and the bull-fights; it remains to take notice of the *Paseo*, or stated walk, which is daily taken in Madrid by the wealthy classes, and on Sundays and festivals by the whole population. There are several public promenades within and about the city, such as the Florida, which lies without the walls, along the sheltered banks of the Manzanares, and the Delicias, which, leaving the gate of Atocha, passes through a double row of trees until it reaches the canal of Manzanares and Xarama. This canal was commenced by Charles III. with a view to open a water communication between Madrid and Toledo. To effect this, it

was necessary to make the canal four leagues long; but the first half only has been completed, and at present, instead of being a source of utility and wealth, it only serves to keep up an expensive establishment, whither the royal family goes every year or two to be drawn along the canal in a gilded galley. This establishment is situated at the extremity of the Delicias, and bears the high-sounding name of Embarcadero. It has an imposing entrance or portal, surmounted by bales, barrels, cables, anchors, and all the other emblems of commerce. A number of royal marines are seen, with anchor buttons, standing sentry at the gate; nor does there want flag-staff, piles of shot, or pieces of ordnance to complete this mockery of a naval arsenal.

The principal promenade, however, is the Meadow, or Prado. This now delightful resort was, so late as the last century, nothing more than a broken and uneven waste, frequented by politicians or lovers for such deeds and consultations as required secrecy. Here, too, has been committed many an act of treachery, in the unsuspecting confidence inspired by the seclusion. For these reasons it is the spot where the Spanish dramatists and romance writers have frequently laid the scene of their inventions; and it may very well be that often they did no more than embellish incidents which

had actually occurred in the Prado. Charles III., the most beneficent of Spanish kings, with a view to reclaim this place from its state of prostitution, had it levelled at great expense, and planted with numerous rows of elms and chestnuts, which, being artificially watered, soon grew to a noble size. He likewise provided it with marble benches, enlivened it with many beautiful fountains, and, in short, converted it into the charming resort which is now the pride and pleasure of Madrid, and the admiration of all Europe.

The Prado begins at the neat gate of Recoletos, and takes its course southward, between monasteries and palaces, as far as the street of Alcala, which crosses it at right angles. The street of Alcala is the finest in Madrid; nay, I have even heard it called the finest in Europe. It has a gradual declivity from the Puerta del Sol, widening as it approaches the Prado. On either hand are churches, convents, public buildings, and palaces of the grandees and ambassadors. Crossing the Prado, it once more ascends, and is terminated by the triumphal arch of Alcala, erected to commemorate the happy arrival of Charles III. from his kingdom of Naples to receive the crown of Spain; a noble monument, finely situated on an eminence, and adorned with ten Ionic columns, after models left by Michael Angelo.

At the angle formed by the Prado and the street of Alcalá is a large fountain entirely of marble. In the centre of the basin a rocky islet emerges out of the water, on which is a stately Cybele in a chariot drawn by lions. Hence to the street of San Geronimo, the Prado is enclosed on one side by gardens and palaces, on the other by the railing of the Retiro. The two avenues of noble trees, which run parallel to each other, enclose a wide place for walking, called the Saloon, and, immediately beside it, the road for carriages and horsemen. Here is a fountain surmounted by a colossal statue of Apollo, whilst below the Four Seasons are beautifully and appropriately characterized. Opposite is an unfinished monument to the Spaniards who were there massacred by the bloody order of Murat, on the famous Dos de Mayo.

Farther on is the finest fountain of Madrid. It represents Neptune riding over his watery dominion. His chariot is a conch-shell resting on water wheels, about the paddles of which the real element is thrown off by numerous jets, as though it were dashed from the sea. It is drawn by two sea-horses, that seem to dash impetuous through the waves.

Having passed the fountain of Neptune, the road makes an angle to the east, and brings you to the museum of statuary and painting, with its noble

colonnade following the course of the Prado. Next is the botanic garden, in which are collected all the vegetable productions of a kingdom upon which, but a few years ago, the sun never set. In summer a gratuitous course of lectures on botany is delivered here for the benefit of the public. The garden is surrounded by an open railing of iron, which gives passage to a thousand varied perfumes, and rather improves than conceals the beauties which lie within. Continuing along the Prado, you come at length to the gate of Atocha, where there is another fine fountain, enlivened by the amorous gambols of a triton and a nereid. Nor does the Prado end here, but, having made a second angle to the east, it terminates only at the convent of Our Lady of Atocha, for whose image the pious Ferdinand embroidered the famous votive petticoat during his exile and captivity. In this convent lie the bones of the good Las Casas, the apostle of South America, but without either monument or inscription to mark their resting-place.

The whole extent of the Prado falls little short of two miles. Hence it furnishes such a variety of promenades suited to every mood and every disposition.

But the Saloon, an umbrageous avenue of trees, is the great resort whither all the world throngs to see and to be seen. Here may be found every

variety of priest or friar, the long hat of the curate, and the longer beard of the capuchin. Here rank displays its stars, its crosses, and its ribands; the trooper rattles his sabre, curls his mustaches, and stares fearlessly around him; and here woman shines out in all her charms and coquetry. And here it may not be amiss to say something of the women of Madrid.

The *Madrileña* is rather under than above the middle size, with a faultless shape, seen to advantage through the elastic folds of her basquiña. Her foot is, however, her chief care; for, not content with its natural smallness and beauty, she binds it with narrow bandages of linen, so as to reduce it to smaller dimensions, and to give it a finer form. Though her complexion be pale, it is never defiled by rouge. Her teeth are pearly, lips red, eyes full, black, and glowing; her step is short and quick, yet graceful; and the restless play of her hands and arms, as she adjusts her mantilla or flutters her fan, is but a just index to the impatient ardor of her temperament. As she moves forward, she looks with an undisturbed yet pensive eye upon the men that surround her; but if you have the good fortune to be an acquaintance, her face kindles into smiles, she beams benignantly upon you, and returns your salute with an inviting shake of her fan in token of recognition. Then, if you have a soul,

you lay it at once at her feet, are ready to become her slave for ever.

Nor are the men who have been formed and fashioned in such a school at all wanting in the graces. No one, indeed, can be more fitted for success in female intercourse than the Spaniard; for to the polite assiduities of the Frenchman he adds a fervor and passionate devotion that go straight to the heart of a lady. It is this show of good understanding between the youthful cavaliers and dames, the lively sallies and gallant assiduities, but, above all, the soul-subduing looks and winning salutations, that lend the chief charm to the concourse of the Prado.

On this promenade the women are generally dressed in the national costume. Indeed, though at balls and theatres the Parisian modes are adopted by the highest class, yet at the Paseo there is nothing but the fan, mantilla, and basquiña. The men too wear ample capas or cloaks, which they manage with great dexterity, and throw into a thousand graceful folds. " Indeed in Spain the handling of the fan and the wearing of the mantilla with the women, and the graceful management of the capa among the men, are a kind of second nature which has grown up with them; nay, it is even said that a French woman, with all her elegance, cannot arrive at the graceful carriage of the mantilla, and that a

stranger who should cover himself with a cloak in order to pass for a native would thus be most easily recognised. The capa is worn in winter to keep out the cold, and not unfrequently in summer as a shelter from the sun. Indeed it may rather be looked on as a part than as an appendage of a true Spaniard. In cold weather it is worn with the right skirt thrown over the left shoulder; an important action in Spain, which is specially expressed by the word *embozarse*—to cover the mouth. At the theatre, or in mild weather, the cloak is more gracefully carried, by letting it hang entirely from the left shoulder, passing the right skirt across the left one, and gathering both up under the left arm, leaving the right free and unembarrassed. Such a dark combination of mantilla, basquiña, and capa produces, however, a monotony of coloring over the fashionable throng of the Prado. This was so striking to the French soldiers when they first came to Madrid, that they were used to say, that they had at length reached a truly catholic city, peopled only by monks and nuns *.

The Spaniard derives his capa from the romantic days of the nation, when the seclusion forced upon the fair by the jealousy of fathers and of husbands awakened ingenuity and gave a stimulus to intrigue.

* Rocca—Mémoires sur la Guerre d'Espagne.

Hence the advantage of a garment whose folds could conceal, not only the wearer, but even, upon emergency, his mistress. The capa, too, has often lent itself to the purposes of malevolence—has often covered the ruthless knife of the assassin. To such an extent, indeed, was this evil carried, that in the last century the use of the capa was forbidden, and patrols scoured the streets of the capital to make prisoners of such as wore it. But the Spaniard could not quit his cloak; a mutiny was the consequence, and the authorities were compelled to yield. It is still universally worn in Spain, and much might be said in favor of its convenience. But why should I make the apology of the capa, since it would be more reasonable to ask why it is not worn every where?

Those who make the Paseo in carriages drive up and down in double file between the streets of Alcala and San Geronimo, along the whole extent of the Saloon. The intermediate space between the two files is reserved for cavalry officers and young nobility, who take advantage of the assemblage, and the watchful presence of beauty, to show off the good qualities of a horse or their own graceful equitation. A company of lancers with gay pennons, or cuirassiers with glittering breastplates and Grecian helmets, are always in attendance to enforce the arrangements, without which there would

be nothing but confusion. The vehicles, to the number of several hundreds, are of every variety, among which are elegant carriages of the diplomatic corps of the most modern construction, with a liveried coachman and Swiss footman, flanked by a chasseur with a pair of epaulettes, a hunting-sword, and cocked hat surmounted with green feathers. Most of the carriages, however, are in the old Spanish style, not very different, indeed, from the first one used in Spain, by the good, or good-for-nothing queen Joana the Foolish. The body is square and formal, ornamented in a sort of Chinese taste, and is not unlike a tea-chest. This body is sustained by leathern straps, whose only spring is derived from their great length; for which purpose they are placed at such a distance from each other, that they scarce seem to be parts of the same vehicle. As these primitive carriages were built in remote ages, long before the invention of folding steps, the ascent and entrance to them is facilitated by a little three-legged stool, which dangles by a strap behind, and which, when the carriage stops, the footman hastens to place in readiness beside the door. This singular vehicle is usually drawn by a pair of fat and long-eared mules, with manes, hair, and tails fantastically cut, driven by a superannuated postilion, in formidable jack-boots and not less formidable cocked hat of

oil-cloth. When I looked at an equipage of this kind, I could scarce persuade myself that the coach, the mules, and the postilion had not existed always, and would not continue for ever to make each day the circuit of the Prado.

Such is the Saloon, and such the Prado. Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the range of the eye from the fountain of Cybele, on the afternoon of a feast day. At your back is the gate of Recoletos, standing at the extremity of a double avenue of trees; on the right is a hill ascending by the street of Alcala towards the Gate of the Sun; on the left, the same street making a second ascent, and terminated by the noble arch of triumph. The whole road is thronged with soldiers in varied uniforms, and people in picturesque costumes, from the various provinces of Spain. The Saloon, too, is thronged to overflowing, whilst in the distance are partially discovered the museum and botanic garden through the vistas of the trees; and in the interval, Neptune, half concealed by the spray thrown up before him, is seen urging his watery steeds.

At such a moment the arrival of the king, surrounded by a pageantry scarce equalled by any court in Europe, serves to crown the splendor of the spectacle. His coming is first announced by drum and trumpet as he passes the various guard-

houses which lie in the way, and presently by the arrival of an avant-courier, who rides forward without looking to either side, in the road which his master is to follow. Next comes a squadron of young nobles of the body-guard, mounted on beautiful horses from the royal stables, which are chiefly of the cast of Aranjuez; and immediately after a gilded carriage drawn by six milk-white steeds, covered with plumes, and with manes and tails that are full and flowing. They are mounted and controlled by postilions, richly dressed in jockey suits of blue and gold. Within, the Catholic king is discovered seated on the right, conspicuous by his stars, his blue scarf, and the golden fleece which dangles from his neck. He glances round on the multitude with a look of mingled apathy and good humor, and salutes them mechanically by putting his hand up towards his nose and taking it down again, as though he were brushing the flies away. At his left is the queen, looking too good for this wicked world. Next comes Don Carlos, the heir apparent, drawn by six cream-colored horses, more beautiful than those of his brother. He grins horribly through his red mustaches, and frightens those whom he intended to flatter. Beside him is his wife, a large coarse woman, with heavy beetling eyebrows. In the third coach is Don Francisco and his wife, drawn by six noble blacks. In the

fourth the Portugueza with her young son Don Sebastien; after which come some four or five carriages, each drawn by six mules, and which contain the lords and ladies in attendance. The whole is numerously escorted by cavaliers of the body-guard, and grooms from the royal service. The arrival of the royal family, like the passing of the host or the tolling of the angelus, usually arrests every one in the situation in which it may find him. The line between the carriages is at once cleared, through the exertions of the cavalry, and the vehicles on either side pause until their majesties have passed. Those who are walking turn their faces towards the road; the gentlemen unroll the embozo of their cloaks, and take their hats off, whilst the women shake their fans in passing salutation.

In winter the Paseo takes place at noon, and continues until dinner. In spring and summer it commences at sunset, and is not entirely over until after midnight; for the Spaniards usually pass the siesta of the hot season in sleep, and then, having dressed themselves, they sally out in the evening fresh and buoyant. I was so unfortunate as to leave Madrid just at the close of winter, when returning vegetation denoted the approach of a happier season. Thus I missed the pleasure of passing a summer's evening on the Prado. But I heard much upon the subject; for Florencia, when she urged

my longer stay, drew a vivid picture of its attractions. It appears, that in that season the walks are carefully sprinkled in anticipation; and if it be a feast day, the fountains throw their waters higher. In the evening, chairs are placed in readiness, in which the ladies take their seats in circles, and hold their tertulias under the trees. Bare-headed boys circulate with lighted matches, for the accommodation of the smokers. Aguadores are at hand, with water that is fresh and sparkling. Half-naked Valencians offer oranges and pomegranates. Old women praise their *dulces*, or sweetmeats, for which the Madrileñas have quite a passion, whilst the waiters of a neighbouring *botilleria* bring ices and sherbets to refresh the palates of the thirsty. Children are heard on every side, collected in noisy groups, at their pleasant games and pastimes; whilst the humbler crowd seat themselves in circles under the trees, strum their guitars, and tune their voices, to make music for a light-heeled couple, who trip it gaily in the midst. Meantime, the falling waters of the neighbouring fountains impart a coolness to the air, which comes perfumed from the neighbouring botanic garden with the aromas of every clime, and burdened with the song of the nightingale.

Who can say enough in praise of the Paseo? It furnishes an amusement at once delightful and innocent, and from which not even the poorest are

excluded—a school where the public manners are softened and refined by social intercourse, and by mutual observation; where families meet families, and friends meet friends, as upon a neutral ground —inform themselves of each other's affairs, unrestrained by ceremonial, and keep intimacy alive, without the formalities of visiting. In these delightful associations, persons of every rank and of every calling forget their exclusive pretensions; whilst the softer sex, to whom belong the attributes of modesty and grace, banish indecorum, and shed a charm over the whole assemblage.

In addition to the stated daily Paseo upon the Prado, there are in the course of the year at Madrid several periodical ones; such as when the devout go on the day of San Blas to make their prayers at the hermitage of that illustrious saint and bishop. Another takes place on Saint Anthony's day, when all the world promenades in front of the convent of San Antonio-Escolapios, in the street of Hortaleza. I had the rare fortune to witness this spectacle, and, much as I had seen of Spain, it appeared to me most singular. It may, perhaps, appear still more so to the reader. The fact is, that Saint Anthony, though a very good man, was both poor and a laborer. Hence, when beatified by the father of the church, and pronounced to be actually in the

fruition of heaven, and in a situation to intercede for sinners, the stigma of his worldly humility still clung to him, so that he never became any more than a vulgar saint, the patron of the common people in Spain, to whom he is familiarly known by the nickname of Sant Anton. More especially is he the protector of farmers, horse-jockeys, muleteers, mules, and asses, cows, hogs, and horses. Nay, he is even the saint of the sinful sailor, who, when he has more wind than he wants, and a rough sea, begs Saint Anthony to take some of it back again; and if he has none at all, being a Spaniard and aware of the efficacy of a bribe, he says, "*Sopla! sopla! Sant Anton, y le dare un pez.*" "Blow! blow, Saint Anthony, and you shall have a fish!"

Saint Anthony's day, if I remember rightly, falls somewhere in the month of January. In Madrid it was a complete feast-day, though I believe a voluntary one; for in addition to the many prescribed feasts in Spain, upon which it is unlawful to do any labor, there are likewise several when the people might work if they would; but it is so much harder to work than to let it alone, that many follow the latter course by preference, or else fall into it whilst they are thinking about the matter. On the present occasion the streets of Hortaleza were early paraded by squadrons of filthy *cela-*

*dores**, who maintained order amongst the throng. It was not, however, until noon that the promenade of the wealthy commenced, and then carriages and horsemen were intermingled with the pedestrians, as we have seen upon the Prado.

Many of those who took part in this function came to procure a charm or receive a benediction; more to be amused by the spectacle. Having been drawn in by a current of devotees, I was forced to enter the church door, stumbling over two or three beggars that strewed the way, and found myself in a crowd consisting chiefly of females, who were kneeling before a table, at which presided a jolly friar, muttering a spell and crossing each with a bone of Saint Anthony. As each rose from her knees, she threw a piece of money into a box, and then passed to where a young Levite sold consecrated rosaries and charmed scapularies, to hang about the necks of children; also, a lame ballad in praise of Saint Anthony. Having gone through all the motions like the rest, I turned to look upon the massive walls around me, which, in addition to many gloomy paintings and statues, were everywhere hung with wax models of arms, legs, feet, or babies; votive offerings to procure alleviation of

* *Celadores—Gens d'armes.* We have to go to the French for the word; nor need we envy them the thing.

suffering in correspondent parts of the body—the cure of a sick child, or a happy delivery. These waxen offerings form no inconsiderable item of revenue to such convents as are noted for miracles; for when a good number are accumulated, they are melted down indiscriminately and made into candles, which are paid for at a good price on the occasion of a funeral mass, when the corpse is surrounded by wax tapers, in numbers proportionate to the rank and dignity of the deceased. It was here, too, if I mistake not, that I saw in a chapel the picture of a naval officer in sword, chapeau, and small clothes, represented as kneeling on the steps of the same altar, near which the picture was hanging. Getting behind a column, I copied the following inscription, which, for aught I know, may have been traced by one of the heroes of Trafalgar. "*El Capitan de navio de la real armada, Don Benito Vivero, hallandose afligido de una enfermedad nervosa, acudio al Senior y luego el alivole. Enero*, 1818."—"Captain Vivero, commander of a ship of the line in the royal navy, being afflicted with a nervous disorder, sought succour of the Lord, and immediately found alleviation."

This is in the interior of the convent. On the outside the beneficent influence of the saint was not confined to man, but extended to the whole brute family, of which he was the patron. Here a friar

of the order, more remarkable for being well fed than cleanly, and who had altogether the gross and sensual look of a man of this world, qualified with a good share of plebeian vulgarity, stood at a window with a small mop in his hand, with which he sprinkled holy water upon such as passed. A continuous string of horses, mules, and asses, defiled through the street, pausing in turn to receive the genial shower. Each rider brought a sack of barley, which the friar and his men lifted into the window, where it was moistened with the holy water, and well stirred with a relique of Saint Anthony. It was then returned: the friar received a peseta, which he put carefully into the sleeve of his frock, whilst the other party to the bargain trotted off with the barley, happy in the assurance that his cattle might now be cured of any malady, even though bewitched, by administering a handful of this consecrated grain. It was quite amusing to see the different moods in which the various animals received the wholesome application. A horse, as he was forced up to the window, would rear and plunge for fear of the friar; a mule would either kick or go sideways, or rub the legs of his rider against the wall, rather from perverseness than timidity; but Jack would busy himself in picking up the fallen grains of his predecessor, or hold his head down and take the sprinkling patiently. In-

deed, you may do any thing with an ass, provided you do not touch his ears; but this is a discovery which I made afterwards in Andalusia.

Most of the people who stood by were amused with this display of monkish jugglery. None, however, seemed more sensible to the ridicule of the scene than a noisy crew of boys, who had collected under the window. Grasping the iron rejas, they clambered up in order to see better, until the ill-natured friar lost at once his patience and self-possession, and drove them down by dashing holy water into their eyes. Thus the boys got for nothing, and a few hearty curses into the bargain, what the muleteers were buying with their pesetas. Nor were there wanting others who seemed scandalized and indignant that strangers should witness this scene. One haggard and proscribed-looking fellow, with a long beard and a tattered cloak, shrugged his shoulders and said to me with energy, "*Estas son tonterias Españolas.*" "These are Spanish fooleries!"

But the most singular appendage of this *funcion* of Saint Anthony was the host of beggars collected in front of the convent. On this occasion I recognised many whom I had seen at particular stands as I made my rambles over the city. Decrepit old men and helpless women, each hovering over an earthen dish of embers, obstructed the way,

so that it was difficult to enter the portal without treading upon them; an accident which they seemed to esteem fortunate, since it was sure to be followed by remuneration. They had forgotten all their every day supplications in the name of *Maria Santisima del Carmen!—La Virgen del Pilar!* or *Santiago Apostol!*—for now, adapting their song to the occasion, they begged only for the love of Saint Anthony. The generous received the thanks of the mendicant, who prayed "that all might go well with him, that he might have health in body and in soul, which are the true riches, and finally that he might be delivered from mortal sin." The uncharitable were snarled at by some, and more skilfully reproached by others, who, wishing to make an impression upon those who came after, restrained their indignation, and prayed that God would bestow wealth and honors upon the churl, that he might have wherewith to give to the miserable.

There is, perhaps, nothing with which the stranger is more struck and more offended in Madrid than with the extent of mendicity. There are, indeed, abundance of hospitals and infirmaries, where the poor of the city might all be received and taken care of. But they are not subject to compulsion, and such is the charm of liberty that many prefer to roam about, and depend upon the casual cha-

rity of the wayfarer. Unfortunately the facility of gaining a subsistence in Spain by begging is so great, that, notwithstanding the national pride, many able-bodied men prefer it with all its degradation to the irksome task of daily labour. This facility comes in part from the practices of certain conscientious Christians, who give each day a portion of their abundance to the poor; some from a mistaken sense of piety, others through remorse for evil actions. The most prominent cause, however, of this evil is found in the distribution of food at the gates of churches and convents. No sight, indeed, can be more degrading than one which I have often witnessed at the gate of San Isidro, the church and college of the now re-established Jesuits. There, at the hour of noon, a familiar brings out a copper caldron filled with soup, which he serves round in equal portions to each of the hungry crew brought together by the occasion. Should a scramble take place for precedence, the familiar soon restores order by dashing the hot soup amongst them with his long iron ladle.

From all these reasons, Madrid abounds in beggars. There is not a frequented street or corner in the city but is the habitual stand of some particular occupant, and even the charms of the Paseo are too often qualified by their unwelcome intrusion. They enter boldly into every house where there is no

porter to stop them at the vestibule, and penetrate to the doors of the different habitations, where they make their presence known by a modest ring of the bell. Though often greeted at first with a scolding, they seldom go away empty-handed, especially if they happen to appeal to a woman; for the female heart is easily opened by a story of misfortune. I had occasion to see this in the house where I resided; for the daughter of my host, when she found her door thus besieged, would be exceedingly angry for a moment; but if a poor wretch stood his ground and grew eloquent, she would at length soften, the frown would vanish from her brow, and ejaculating "*Pobrecito!*" she would hurry away to bring some cold meat or a roll of bread. The successful beggar would then kiss the gift devoutly, and say with feeling, as he turned away, "*Dios se lo pagara!*"—"God will reward you!"

The churches, however, are the most frequented stands for the beggars. They collect in the morning about the doors and near the holy water, which they take from the basin and offer on the ends of their fingers, or with a brush made for the purpose, to such as come up to mass or to confession. These poor wretches have doubtless found from experience that the most pious are likewise the most charitable.

However one may be prejudiced against this

system of mendicity, it is impossible for him, if he have any compassion, to move untouched through the streets of Madrid—misery assumes so many and such painful aspects, and one is so often solicited by the old, the infirm, the macerated, nay, I had almost said, by the dying. In my winter-morning walks down the street of Alcala, to make a turn through the solitary alleys of the Prado, I used to see a poor emaciated wretch, who seemed to haunt the sunny side of the street, and seat himself upon the pavement, rather to be warmed after a long and chilly night, spent perhaps upon the stones of some court-yard, than to beg from the few who passed at that early hour. Though sinking rapidly into decay, he was yet a very young man, scarce turned of twenty; and whilst his red hair and fair complexion bespoke the native of Biscay or Asturias, the military trousers which he wore, unless the gift of some charitable trooper, showed that he had been a soldier. When any one passed, he would stretch out his hand and move his lips as if asking charity; but whether his voice were gone or that he was not used to beg, he never uttered more than an inarticulate rattle. I had several times intended to ask a story, which must doubtless have been a sad one; but ere I had done so, the poor fellow ceased to return to his usual stand. The last time I saw him he was crawling slowly down a cross

street, bent nearly double, and supporting his unsteady steps as he went, with a staff in either hand.

At the coming out of the theatre of Principe, a little girl, bareheaded and with naked feet, though in the midst of winter, was in the habit of patroling the street through which the crowd passed. She usually finished her night's task by returning home through our street, begging as she went. Frequently, when I had just got into bed, and was yet shivering with cold, would I hear her shrill and piercing voice borne upon the keen wind, and only alternated by an occasional footfall, or by the cry of the *sereno* as he told the hours; "*A esta pobrecita para comprar zapatos; que no tiene padre ni madre!*"—"For this poor little creature to buy shoes; she has neither father nor mother!" Many were the contributions she thus raised upon the charitable, but the winter wore away and still she went about barefooted, and still she begged for money to buy shoes.

The road from the Gate of the Sun to the library was the habitual stand of a young man, a deaf mute, who sat cross-legged in a gray capote, with his hat before him and a bell in his hand. The sense of his misfortune, of his complete separation from the rest of the human family, seemed to have tinged his character with a degree of brutal ferocity; at

least such was the expression of his countenance. He took no notice of those who gave to him, but sat all day in one of the coldest streets of the city, ringing his bell and uttering sounds which, as he knew not how to modulate them so as to strike a tone of supplication, came harshly upon the ear, like nothing so much as the moans sent forth by the wounded victims of the arena.

A sturdy wretch, in the garb of Valencia, constantly infested the Calle Montera, placing himself along the narrow side-walk of flag-stones reserved for foot passengers. Here he would stretch himself on his side flat upon the cold pavement, with nothing between his head and the stones but a matted mass of uncombed hair and the tatters of a handkerchief. His body was rolled in a blanket, and a young child of a year or two, either his own or hired for the occasion, raised its filthy head beside him. But the most disgusting part of the picture was a diseased and nearly naked leg thrust out so as to cut off the passage of the walkers, and drive them into the middle of the street. The man was well made and able-bodied, and his sores were, doubtless, carefully kept from healing, for they constituted the stock in trade—the fortune of the mendicant. This miscreant was my greatest eyesore in Madrid: stretched out as I have described, the child was always crying, either from the intense

cold, or because its legs were pinched beneath the blanket; whilst the wretch himself shouted in an imperative tone and without the intervention of any saint; "*Me da usted una limosna!*"—which, taking the manner into consideration, amounted to "Give me alms, and be d—d to you!"

But the most singular instance of mendicity I have ever seen was furnished by a couple whom I one day met in the Red San Luis. The principal personage was a large blind man, whose eyelids were turned up and fiery, and who carried upon his shoulders a most singular being with an immense head and a pair of thin elastic legs, which were curled and twisted round the neck of his companion. The fellow overhead carried a bundle of ballads, which both were singing at the top of their lungs. Behind them came a patient ass, tied to the girdle of the blind man, and loaded with their effects, as though they were passing through on their way to some other place, or were coming to make some stay in the capital. They seemed to manage very well, by thus joining their fortunes; for whilst the blind man effected their locomotion, the cripple shaped their course, jesting with the other beggars and blind men whom they met, and holding out his hat to receive the offering of the charitable. Their bodies were indeed so twisted and entangled as to give at first the idea of a single being, forming a

combination almost as monstrous as the fabled one of the Centaur.

The most numerous class of mendicants in Madrid are the blind, and they are also the most worthy of pity, since their misfortune is always involuntary. For though we know on better authority than that of Don Guzman de Alfarache that beggars will sometimes deform their bodies and cultivate sores, yet is there no record of a single one who ever parted with his eyes. They endeavoured, too, to render themselves useful by hawking ballads about the streets, and crying the numbers of such lottery tickets as may yet be purchased. Nor are they so filthy as the rest of the beggarly brotherhood; since their misfortune, being such as to speak for itself, needs not the appendage of rags to excite pity. It was not the least amusing sight commanded from my balcony to look down upon the Puerta del Sol, and watch the blind men as they moved about with the most perfect confidence. When one of them wanted to pass from a particular spot to one of the eight streets which discharge themselves there, he would take his station at the corner, and having felt the angle of the building, and noticed, as it seemed to me, the bearing of the sun and the direction of the wind, he would set out and move onward with the utmost precision, his staff extended before him, and the fingers of his left hand bent wistfully,

as if the sensibility of the whole body were concentrated in their extremities. Once I saw two of them, who were going in opposite directions, knock their staves together, and meet in the middle. They knew each other at once, shook hands cordially, and had a long conversation, doubtless concerning the gains and adventures of the morning, for they are the most garrulous beings in all Spain. This over, they compared their reckonings, like two ships exchanging their longitudes at sea, and then went on, each arriving exactly at his respective destination.

Blindness is not peculiar to the lower classes in the central region of Spain. Many people in the middle and higher walks of life are thus afflicted, and the paseo is daily frequented by them leaning on the arm of a servant or a friend. I was so much struck with the number of the blind in Madrid, as to seek a cause for it in the ardent energy of the sun in this cloudless region, combined with the naked and unsheltered condition of the country. Indeed, though I was not in Madrid in the hot season, I frequently found inconvenience to my eyes, from walking along the sandy roads which surround the capital. Peyron, however, in his sprightly essays, attributes the evil to the intemperate use of bleeding among the Spaniards; a practice which is scarcely less prevalent now than in

the days of Dr. Sangrado, at least if one may judge from the number of persons whose business it is to draw blood; for every street in Spain has its barber, and every barber bleeds. Peyron tells us that it is quite common to hear a Spaniard say, when questioned concerning the health of a friend, "Pedro was a little unwell yesterday; but he has been bled four times, and is now better."

If rank and wealth cannot avert this affliction, neither can they avail when associated with youth and beauty. I chanced to meet one evening at a ball in Madrid a lovely girl, scarce ripened into womanhood, who was quite blind. She was somewhat under the middle size, with the form of a sylph, and features that the uncontrolled pencil of the painter could scarce have formed fairer. Her eyes, too, did not bear testimony to their own imperfection; but had only a pensive melancholy air, which they seemed to borrow from their half-closed lids and silken lashes. I had from the first been struck with the appearance of this young unfortunate; but when I knew her affliction, my interest was at once augmented. There was, indeed, something inexpressibly touching in her condition, as she wandered from room to room, leaning with confidence upon the arm of her mother. How truly hard to be thus cut off from so many sources of innocent enjoyment!—to be insensible to the bril-

liancy of the scene around her, to the looks of mingled solicitude and admiration directed towards her by the other sex, nay, perhaps, to be even unconscious of her own loveliness!

She could, however, at least hear the kind words addressed to her by her acquaintance. She could appreciate better than any other the excellence of the music. Nor did her misfortune exclude her from the dance; for whenever the formal movements of the quadrille were alternated by the more graceful waltz, she allowed herself to be conducted into the circle formed by those who had gathered round to admire the harmony of her execution. None, indeed, moved in the circling eddies with so rare a grace; and when, towards the conclusion, the time became more rapid, and the feet of the dancers moved quicker, none spurned the carpet with so true a step. There was a confiding helplessness about this lovely creature more truly feminine than anything I had yet seen in woman. The waltz, too, which she so beautifully executed, seemed to gain a new fascination, and now, if ever called upon to make its eulogy or to plead in its defence, I have a triumphant argument by saying, that it may be danced by a blind girl.

In speaking of the amusements of Madrid, gaming should not be forgotten, since it is there, as throughout the Peninsula, an all-pervading passion, which

extends to every age, sex, and condition. Indeed, so general is it, that it may be said to reach even the most destitute; for I scarcely ever went into the streets of Madrid without seeing groups of boys, beggars, and ragamuffins, collected in some sunny corner, each risking the few cuartos he possessed in the attempt to win those of his companions. The most common way of playing, however, is by means of the lottery, which here, as in many other European countries, is an appendage of the state. The principal lottery, called the *Loteria Moderna*, is divided into twenty-five thousand tickets, which are sold at two dollars each. One fourth of the net amount of fifty thousand dollars, produced by the sale of the tickets, is taken off by government to pay the expenses of the central administration, and of the numerous offices established, like the *estancos*, for the sale of tobacco, in every street of the capital, and in every town in the kingdom. The balance remaining after these disbursements forms an important item of the public revenue. There are eight hundred and thirty-seven prizes, the highest being of twelve thousand dollars. The *Loteria Moderna* draws at the end of each month; a circumstance which you never fail to be apprised of by the blind beggars, who assemble about the doors of the lottery offices, or at the principal corners, and fill the whole city with uproar. The cause of

this commotion is, that they learn from the keepers of the lottery what tickets are still for sale, and, selecting two or three at hazard, get them set down upon a scrap of paper, and having learned them by rote, go forth to cry them in the streets. Nor do they fail to mix in arguments of persuasion, when speaking of the numbers of their choice. "Twelve thousand dollars for two," say they; "it draws to-morrow, and the day after you may come with your stocking and carry away the money, taking care that it be not a Valencian stocking—*cuidado que no sea media de Valencia*!*"

The eloquence and the wit of these blind men, though it may sometimes fail, is often effectual. I have frequently seen a man, after passing the lottery-office resolutely, pause to listen to the cry of the blind man, and seem to reason with himself. If he has gained before, and stopped playing on that very account, he asks himself why he may not be successful again. If, on the contrary, he has been uniformly unfortunate, he meditates a moment —takes the paper with the numbers, and gives the beggar a real; for this handling the paper and crying the numbers by the poor is thought to give luck: then swearing that it is the last time, he unfolds his cloak, takes out his purse, and enters the

* The reader will remember that the stocking of a Valencian peasant is without a foot.

office. In this way the winners and losers, from the most opposite motives, fall upon the same course. Now the whole population of Madrid may be divided into winners and losers. I saw something of the operation of this system in my own house; for Don Valentin, though strictly economical, nay, more than half a miser, was in the constant practice of setting aside a portion of the little gains of each month for the purchase of lottery-tickets. His manner of betting, too, was most extraordinary; for he always bought quarters, and would thus spread four dollars over eight tickets. It was impossible to convince him of the folly of this course, much less could he be persuaded to have nothing to do with the matter. He used always to answer, that he had no longer any hopes but in the lottery; and if Florencia asked him good humoredly for her dowry, he would pat her on the cheek—for, though ugly and one-eyed, he was yet affectionate—and say, "*En la loteria esta hija mia!*"—"It is in the lottery, my daughter!" Nor was the girl herself free from the general infection; for if she ever got any money, the first thing was to buy a pair of silk stockings or spangled shoes, and then the rest took the road to the lottery.

As for the drawing, it takes place in a large hall of the *Ayuntamiento*, dedicated on other occasions to the purposes of justice. At one end is a statue

covered with a dais, and flanked by a painting of the crucifixion. Here presides a counsellor of state, decorated with a variety of stars and crosses, and supported by other functionaries of inferior rank. The counsellor sits at the centre of a large table, and the officers of the lottery are placed round on either hand, with pens and paper. In front of this table, and in a conspicuous station near the edge of the platform, are two large globes, which contain, one the whole number of tickets, the other the different prizes. These globes hang upon pivots, and are easily made to vibrate, so as to mix the balls between each drawing. Near each globe a boy is stationed, dressed in uniform, and with long sleeves tied tightly about the wrist, so as to remove the possibility of any fraudulent substitution. When drawing, the boy who has the numbers takes out one at each rotation, and reads it off distinctly three times; the boy who has the other globe does the same, and the balls are then passed to the officers who stand behind, by whom they are again called off, and then strung upon iron rods. If the prizes be high, both balls are handed to the counsellor, who reads them off three times in a distinct voice. These precautions are rendered necessary by the suspicion of the people, who have little confidence in the honest intentions of government. It has been said that the unsold tickets too frequently

draw prizes; and I even heard that once such a number of prizes were drawn, that the avails of the tickets sold would not pay them, especially as the fourth part had been appropriated in anticipation by the government, which is often in distress for the smallest sums. In this critical state of affairs it was somehow contrived to overturn the globe and spill the remaining tickets, when the functionaries insisted that the whole lottery should be drawn over again. The high rank of the presiding dignitary renders this story improbable, so far, at least, as it charges him with dishonest intentions, but it at all events indicates the current of public opinion.

The portion of the room not occupied by the lottery was open for the admission of spectators, among whom I took a place on one occasion. Immediately in front of the dais was a small enclosure, separated from the rest by a light railing, and provided with benches, where the women were accommodated as in a public pound. They came in large numbers, composed for the most part of the loose, the old, and the ugly. In the rear was a promiscuous collection of men, some well dressed, more ragged, but nearly all with the wan and bloodless look of the gambler, if, indeed, you except the priests in their long hats and gloomy garments, who, secure against the griping hand of poverty,

seemed rather to play for amusement than as if engaged in a struggle for existence. Most of the spectators were furnished with paper and pencil, or an inkhorn hanging at the button, to take note of the numbers which were drawn. Nor should the provisions for maintaining order be forgotten. They consisted of a file of grenadiers of the *Guardias Españolas*, who stood like statues round the circuit of the hall, with shouldered arms and fixed bayonets.

When the drawing had commenced, it was a singular scene to watch the ever-varying countenances of the gamesters. On hearing the first three or four numbers of his ticket, the face of one of them would suddenly brighten; he would stretch his neck forward anxiously, and prick his ears with expectation. But if the result did not meet his hopes, if the last number were the wrong one, the expression changed, and he slunk back to hide his disappointment. If, however, the number were indeed perfect, fortune was now within his reach, and his hopes knew no bounds. Did the prize, after all, prove an inferior one, he bit his lips, and seemed vexed at the boy for having made so poor a selection.

As I turned to quit this authorised den of vice and wickedness, I paused a moment at the door, to carry away a distinct impression of the spectacle. What a singular combination! thought I, as my

eye wandered over the group, pausing now on the priests, the soldiers, the women, the well-dressed, the ragged, the officers of the lottery, the richly clad representative of royalty, until at last it fixed itself upon the image of him who was made from his cross to look down upon and sanction the scene —the martyred founder of Christianity!

It were a gratuitous task to say any thing of the vice of this system; of the loss of money and of time which it occasions, principally to those who can least afford to lose either; of the sustenance it gives to a vile and worthless crew of blood-suckers who prey upon the vitals of the community, or, worst of all, of the baneful effects it must necessarily produce upon the public morals. These are truths which are present to every mind.

But before quitting this subject it may be well to give some account of a minor lottery which exists in Madrid, and which may be considered a miniature of the *Loteria Moderna*, inasmuch as the tickets, instead of selling for two dollars, cost but as many cuartos. This is the Hog Lottery. It is held at one corner of the Puerta del Sol, opposite the church of Buen Suceso. There, a *memorialista* has his little pent-house, placed against the wall of the corner shop, and carries on the business of selling the tickets. As the memorialista is a very important personage in Spain, it may not be amiss

to say that his employment is to copy documents and write letters, or draw up petitions, with a due observance of the forms and compliments in use among his countrymen. As he is far too poorly paid to be at the expense of a regular office, he is content with a small wooden box, to which he bears the same relation that a tortoise does to its shell, which may be moved about with him at pleasure, and which he is allowed for a trifle to set down against a wall or in a court-yard. But the memorialistas are by no means such transitory beings as this facility of locomotion might imply. Indeed, to look on one of them seated in his little tenement, half hidden under an old cocked hat and black cloak as thin as a cobweb, and busily employed in forming antique characters upon Moorish paper, with a pen old enough to have served Cide Hamete Benengeli in writing the life and actions of Don Quixote, and ever and anon pausing and placing his pen over the right ear, whilst he warms his fingers or lights his cigarillo at the chafing-dish of charcoal beside him —when one sees this, I say, he can scarce believe that the memorialista has not been thus occupied for at least a century.

The most frequented stand of these humble scribes is in the rear of the *Casa de Correos*. Here they are ready throughout the day to do whatever may be required of them, more especially

to expound letters just received by the post, and to indite answers for such unlearned persons as can neither read nor write, a class sufficiently numerous in Spain. They also muster in force about the purlieus of the palace to draw up petitions for those who have business with the king, his ministers, or with the servants of his household. In truth, the memorialista is indispensable in Spain, for no business of any kind can be done there without the intervention of a memorial, or as it is more frequently called in the diminutive, with a view perhaps to show the modesty of the supplicant, a memorialito.

To return to the Gate of the Sun, whence we have so unwittingly wandered; the memorialista in question was, like the rest of his fraternity, a threadbare, half-starved man, who sat all day in his humble pent-house, selling the tickets of the hog-lottery. He always looked cold and torpid in the morning, thawing gradually towards noon, when the sun got from behind the portal of Buen Suceso. It was then, too, that the idle frequenters of the Gate of the Sun began to gather round him, either to take tickets or to praise the good qualities of the hog, who reposed upon straw in a second shed beside that of his master. This they might well do, for the animal was always a choice one. In fact, the breed of hogs in Spain is the finest in the world, unless, perhaps, their equals may be

found in Africa, whence they came, for aught I know, though Mahomet was no pork-eater at the time of the conquest. The hog chosen as a subject for the lottery was always black without any hair, and enormously fat, having dimples in every direction, such as are to be found about the neck and chin of many a "stout gentleman." His legs were short, thin, and sinewy, with a well-made head and curly tail.

The price of tickets in the hog-lottery is such as to exclude no one, however poor, so that even the mendicants can take a chance. This is especially the case with the blind men, who, as we have already seen, fare better in Spain than the rest of the beggarly fraternity. When one of these happened to pass through the Gate of the Sun, he almost always went towards the lottery, winding his way dexterously through the crowd until he reached the hog-pen. He would then feel round with his staff for the occupant, and when he had reconnoitred him sufficiently, straightway give him a poke under the shoulder, to try if he squealed well; for these poor fellows have a thousand ways of finding out things that we know nothing about. If the result answered his expectations, he came up behind and scratched him, tickled his ribs, and then twisted his tail until he squealed louder than ever. This done, to pacify the irri-

tated and now clamorous memorialista, he would go at once and select a number of tickets. When all are thus sold, the lottery draws with proper solemnity, and the successful player, well consoled for the jokes and gibes of the disappointed multitude, moves off in triumph with his prize.

I have been thus particular in describing these things, because any new information on the subject cannot be otherwise than well received in a land where lotteries come in for so large a share of the public approbation. We have already daily invitations, in lame prose and lamer poetry, to come at once and be wealthy; nay, fortune, in her gayest garb, is seen in every street, making public proffers of her favors. The system should be carried to perfection. There should be a hog lottery established at every corner, in order that the matter may be brought more completely home to the means and understanding of the vulgar.

There was yet another spectacle, which I witnessed in Madrid. It was one of deep and painful interest—the capital punishment of two noted robbers. The Diario of the morning on which it was to take place contained a short notice that the proper authorities would proceed to put to death two evil doers, each of whom was called by two or three different names, at ten o'clock, in the Place of Barley—Plazuela de la Cebada. I had already

been a spectator of a similar scene, and the feeling of oppression and abasement, of utter disgust, with which I came from it, was such as to make me form a tacit resolution never to be present at another. As I glanced over the Diario on the morning of the execution, the recollection of what I had seen and felt a few months before in Montpelier was still fresh in my memory; but when I turned to reflect that I was in a strange land, a land which I might never revisit, that a scene of such powerful excitement could not fail to elicit the unrestrained feelings of the multitude, and to bring the national character into strong relief, I made up my mind to be present on the occasion, and to overcome, or at least to stifle, my repugnance.

With this intention I went just before ten to the prison of the court, in the Plazuela-de Santa Cruz, whence the criminals were to be marched to the place of execution. There was a company of Infantry of the Guard drawn up on the square before the prison, ready to act as an escort, and a crowd of people waiting without; but as there were no immediate indications of a movement, I struck at once into the street of Toledo, and directed my steps towards the Plazuela de la Cebada.

The Plazuela de la Cebada is, on ordinary occasions, one of the principal markets of Madrid. In the centre is a fountain in representation of

abundance, and round it are a variety of wooden tenements, which are occupied as butchers' stalls, and garnished with a lean and ill-dressed assortment of beef and mutton. The rest of the area is filled by market men and women, each surrounded by baskets of eggs or vegetables, festooned with unsavoury chains of garlic, or else intrenched behind conical heaps of potatoes, onions, pomegranates, tomatoes, or oranges. Here too one might usually see herds of hogs, all dead, yet standing stiff upon their legs, each with a husk of Indian corn in its mouth; or else hung straddling upon a barrel, and striving to touch the pavement with its feet.

The company usually assembled in this square is the very humblest to be found in Madrid; for it is the old and ruinous quarter of the city, to which it serves as a market and place of congregation. Furthermore, it is in this neighbourhood that one may find the greasy dwellings and slaughter-houses of the butchers. Here too pass innumerable carriages, carts, and wagons, going to or arriving from Toledo, Talavera, Aranjuez, Cordova, and Seville; not to mention strings of mules and asses, which are so continually filing through as to appear to be moving in procession. The greater part of the market-people are inhabitants of the neighbouring country. As they do not pass the night away from home, they have no occasion to put up at a posada,

but bring their own barley, which they put in bags and tie about the heads of their mules. As for themselves, they either supply their wants from saddle-bags, in which they carry bread and cheese or sausages, with a leathern bottle of wine; or else go aside to the nearest corner, where there is always an old woman with a portable furnace of earthenware or iron, over which she prepares sundry greasy stews in little earthen pucheros.

Most of these things, which rendered the Plazuela on ordinary occasions so animated, were now nowhere to be seen. The fish-stalls were vacant and deserted; the baskets of vegetables and the piles of fruit had been removed; whilst the hogs had either disappeared entirely, or were thrown into promiscuous heaps at one side of the Plaza, without much attention to the symmetrical arrangement of heads and feet. If, however, many objects were missing that are usually to be met with in the Plaza, there was, in return, one which I had never seen there before: this was the instrument of execution.

There are in Spain several modes of execution. The least dishonorable is to be shot; a death more particularly reserved for the military. Another is the *garrote*, which is inflicted by placing the criminal in an iron chair, provided with a collar which fits closely about the neck. The collar is then suddenly tightened by means of a powerful screw

or lever, and death is instantaneous. The garrote is also inflicted in some parts of South America by placing the culprit in the iron chair as before, and then introducing a wedge between the collar and his neck, which is broken by a single blow struck upon the wedge with a sledge-hammer. The last and most ignominious mode is hanging by the neck; a death more especially belonging to robbery, murder, and other ignoble crimes, but which of late years has likewise been extended, with even more than the usual brutal indignities, to the crime of patriotism. The men, however, who were this day to suffer, were of no equivocal character, and no one could either dispute or gainsay the justice of that sentence which had doomed them to die upon the gallows.

The gallows erected on this occasion consisted of a heavy oaken beam, sustained in a horizontal position, upon vertical posts of still greater solidity. The ascent to the gallows was effected by a stout ladder, or rather close stair, which leaned upon the horizontal beam, the middle of which, immediately beside the ladder, was wound round with sheepskin so as to cover the edges of the wood, and prevent them from cutting the ropes by a sudden friction. This last precaution, the solidity of the structure, every thing, in short, announced a determination that justice should not be cheated of

its victims, nor they be subjected to unnecessary torture.

The approach to the gallows was guarded by celadores, and no one was allowed to come near it but the *verdugo* or hangman, who, as I arrived in the square, ascended the ladder with four ropes in his hand, which he adjusted with much care—the whole four close beside each other—round the middle of the beam, where it was covered with the fleece. The office of verdugo is in Spain utterly disreputable and abject. Formerly it was filled only by Moors, Jews, and miscreants; indeed it is still necessary to adduce evidence that one's ancestors were public executioners before being admitted to the degradation. Yet this office is not only accepted, but even sought after. There was in fact quite a concourse of competitors on a late occasion in Granada, each proving that he was descended, on the side of father or mother, from a public hangman. The cause of this singular fact is found in another equally singular. In Granada the verdugo has a certain tax upon all *verduras* or greens, whether for soup or salad, which are daily sold in the public market. Hence, being secure of profit, he can afford to put up with obloquy. As for the verdugo who officiated on this occasion, he was a stout and rather fat man, who seemed to thrive well between good cheer and idleness. His

dress was a plain round jacket and trousers of brown. A broad sash of red worsted, wound round the middle, served instead of braces, and at the same time sustained a rotundity which seemed greatly in need of such assistance; whilst an oil-cloth hat, with a narrow rim and still narrower crown, but imperfectly covered his full and bloated features. Such was the figure of the verdugo.

The Plazuela-de-la-Cebada, though on this occasion its ordinary bustle and animation were wanting, was however by no means deserted. The balconies of the surrounding houses were crowded with groups of either sex, formed into a panoramic view, probably not unlike what the Plaza Mayor may present on the occasion of a bull-feast. The area below was thronged by the lower classes, blended in one vast and motley collection. There was an abundance of sallow mechanics, tinkers, and cobblers, with leathern aprons and dirty faces; or of thin-legged tailors, intermingled with gaily-dressed Andalusians, or with sturdy athletic peasants and muleteers from the neighbouring plains of Castile and La Mancha. Other men there were, standing apart and singly, whose appearance did not indicate a particular profession, and who, though poor and ragged, seemed too proud to be of any. These were covered to the nose in tattered cloaks, almost met by low slouched hats, between which their eyes wandered round with

a glance which betrayed anxiety. Perhaps they were robbers, comrades of the condemned men who were soon to suffer, with whom they might have taken part in many a scene of danger and of guilt.

The conduct of this ill-assorted crowd was not, however, unworthy of the occasion. Those who composed it seemed either fearful or unwilling to talk of the many crimes of the malefactors—either from a lingering awe of them, or lest they might be overheard by a companion. Some stood alone, muffled up in their cloaks, grave, thoughtful, and solemn; others in silent groups; whilst here and there a countryman leaned over his motionless borrico, directing his eyes in expectation along the street of Toledo. No clamor was anywhere to be heard, except from the boys who were dispersed about the square clambering along the grates of the windows, so as to overlook the heads of the taller multitude, now quarrelling for precedence, now forced, from inability to cling longer, to let themselves down and abandon stations which had cost them so much contention. There were also a few blind men singing and selling a ballad, which consisted of prayers for the men who were about to die; and now and then a person passed through the crowd, ringing a bell and begging cuartos to buy masses for the souls of the malefactors.

The few moments employed in reaching the

Plaza and walking round it sufficed to make these observations; but the arrival of the prisoners was much more tardy. Indeed, ten o'clock went by, and eleven was likewise tolled from the towers of many surrounding convents, without any indication of their approach. The day was cold and sunless, and the air of that chilly heartless kind which sets at defiance our endeavours to keep it out by additional clothing, and which will even find its way to the fireside, coming over us with a feeling of misery. I began at last to look with anxiety for the coming of the criminals. But when I came to compare their condition with my own, I could not but reproach myself for my impatience. "The remainder of their lives," said I, "is all condensed into the present hour, and that hour already on the wane! This remnant of existence may be infinitely valuable to them in making their peace with men, and in seeking reconciliation with Heaven: and yet you, who perhaps have years in store, would rob them even of this to relieve yourself from a short interval of weariness and inactivity."

I had before only been disgusted with the scene around me; but now, becoming disgusted with myself, I turned away to beguile my impatience by wandering through the neighbouring churches. I admired anew the vast dome of San Domingo, and made once more the circuit of the convent. The

cloisters were even colder than the street. They were, besides, painted on every side with the actions of the patron saint—he who went hand in hand with the bloody Montfort in the persecution of the Albigenses, because they denied, some two centuries sooner than Luther did, that the true body of Jesus Christ is present in the sacrament; who founded the fanatic order which has furnished the Inquisition with many of its most relentless heroes. Some of these paintings were ridiculous, some bloody, and some disgusting. I returned once more to the Plaza, having gained but little in the way of equanimity.

When I reached the opening of the street of Toledo, and glanced my eye over the crowd which filled it, the multitude seemed moved by some new impulse. The women in the balconies were no longer saluting each other across the street, or shaking their fans in recognition to those who passed below. All eyes were turned in one common direction. The object of this general attention from the balconies was not so soon visible from the street below; indeed it was some minutes before we discovered, first the celadores, with their white belts and sabres, moving upward and downward—next their horses, spurred and reined into impatience, in order to intimidate the crowd and clear a way for the coming of the procession. Be-

hind the celadores were soon after seen the glittering points of many bayonets, vibrating with a measured motion from right to left, and only seeming to advance as they grew brighter above the sea of heads which intervened, growing upward and upward until the weapons of which they formed the least destructive portion were likewise visible. Presently the large bear-skin caps of the grenadiers emerged, until at last the whole was apparent, to the very feet of the soldiery. It was now, too, that might be heard the death-dirge, chanted by the humble monks who attended the criminals, swelling gradually above the hum of the multitude.

The soldiers were so arranged as to give the crowd on either side a view of the criminals. They were three in number, instead of two; but the first, though an accomplice of the others, had either been found less guilty at the trial, or else had made his peace with justice by becoming a witness against his companions. At all events he was not to suffer death, but only to be conducted under the gallows, and remain there during the execution. He was seated upon an ass, with his arms pinioned beside him. His head was bent forward so as nearly to touch the neck of the animal, and his long hair, whose growth had doubtless been cherished for the purpose during a long confinement, hung down on every side so as to form a complete veil about

his features; for the criminal felt the degradation, and dreaded lest he should be recognised at some future day. This was an honorable motive: it seemed, at least, to be so considered by the crowd; for none sought to invade the secrecy but one old woman, who stooped down to the ground as the culprit passed, and then hurried off to watch over the operation of her furnace and puchero.

The second criminal was dressed in a shroud; a living man in the garment of the dead. He sat bolt upright on an ass, and his feet were bound tightly together under the belly of the animal, to prevent any attempt to escape to the churches which lay in the way, and reach the sanctuary of some privileged altar. As for his hands, they were tied with a cord, and made to clasp a copper crucifix. But when it was pressed to his lips by the anxious and tremulous hands of the poor monk who walked beside him, he refused to kiss the image of the Saviour; nay, he even spit upon it. There was, in fact, more of the hardened villain about this malefactor than I had ever before seen. He was a small, spare man, of a thin, sinewy, and cat-like conformation, and such a cast of countenance, that had I not seen him, I could scarce have believed it possible for human features to wear such an expression of fiendish malignity. Wishing to learn his story, I asked his crimes of an old man who

stood beside me. He answered the question first with a shrug and a shudder; then using an idiomatic phrase, which has found its origin in the frequency of murder in Spain, he said, "He has made many deaths; very many!"—"*Ha hecho muchos muertos; muchísimos!*"

The third criminal was dressed like the last, but his looks and bearing were as different as possible. He was far larger and stouter than his companion —stouter at least in body, though not in heart; for whilst the latter only seemed pale and wasted from ill-usage and confinement, this one had beside that bloodless livid look which can only be produced by intense fear. His hands were not bound to a crucifix like the other, but left at liberty to grasp a hymn which he was singing with the friar. He had perhaps pretended repentance and conversion with a view to interest the clergy in his favor; for in Spain criminals are often rescued by their intervention, even under the gallows. This uncertainty evidently added to his fear. It was indeed a disgusting and yet piteous sight to see the lips of the miserable man turned blue with terror, yet earnestly chanting as though his life depended on the performance—his hands as they held the paper, and every muscle, trembling in accompaniment to his broken and discordant voice.

The procession had now filed into the square,

and took possession of the area reserved immediately about the gallows. The first culprit was posted beneath, and the other two were dismounted from the backs of the asses and made to sit upon the last step of the ladder. The hangman now came to take possession of his victims. Getting upon the step next above them, he grasped the smaller and more guilty miscreant under the arms and retreated upward, dragging him after step by step, and pausing an instant between each, which was marked by a vibration of the ladder. At length the hangman stood on the highest step—his victim was a little lower. They had been followed the whole way by a humble monk, in a loose garment of sackcloth, and girded with a scourge. A long gray beard rested upon his breast, whilst his falling cowl discovered a half-naked head, shaven in imitation of the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour in his Passion. He seemed deeply anxious that the sinful man should not go thus into the presence of his Maker. Lost to every other feeling than the awful responsibilities of the moment, the tremulous earnestness of his manner testified to the arguments and entreaties with which he urged the sinner to repentance. But the heart of the murderer was obdurate to the last, and the crucifix was in vain pressed to his lips to receive a parting salutation.

The last moment of his life had now arrived.

The hangman took two of the cords which dangled from the beam; and having once more convinced himself that they were of equal length, he opened the nooses and placed them about the neck of the malefactor. This done, he let himself down a single step, and seating himself firmly upon the shoulders of his victim, he grasped him tightly about the neck with his legs. He then drew powerfully upon the cords. The strangling malefactor made a convulsive but ineffectual attempt to reach upward with his pinioned arms, and then writhed his body to escape from the torture. This moment was seized upon by the hangman, who threw himself over the edge of the ladder, when both fell downward together. They had nearly turned over, when the ropes arrested their fall; and as they tightened, they struck across the face of the hangman and threw his hat aside among the crowd. But he clung to his prey with a resolute grasp, recovered his seat, and moved upward and downward upon the shoulders of the malefactor. Nor was he left to his own efforts: his assistants below reached the legs of the victim, and drew them downward with all their might.

When this had continued a few minutes, the hangman stood erect upon the shoulders of his victim, and attempted to climb up by the cords, as he probably had been wont to do; but whether he had

been stunned by the stroke of the ropes, or had grown heavier and less active since the last execution, his attempt proved abortive, and the loud cries of the multitude, outraged at the brutality, restrained him from a second effort. He then slid down by the body and legs of the criminal, until his feet rested upon the ground; and having tied a rope about the ankles of the dead man, he was drawn aside, so as to make room for his companion.

Meantime the remaining malefactor had continued at the foot of the ladder, singing with his confessor a chant, which made a singular and fearful accompaniment to the scene which was going on behind them. But his respite was a short one. The impatient hands of the hangman were soon upon him, lifting him step by step, as had been done with his companion. The dreadful uncertainty whether he were indeed to die seemed still to cling to him, and he strained his voice and chanted louder than ever. Before the ropes were put round him, he kissed the cross with a greedy eagerness, and then uttered his creed with great volubility, until, at the mention of the name of "Christ," a jerk of the executioner broke at once upon his chant and upon the delusive hope of pardon. Hangman and malefactor went off as before, and the latter was straightened and stretched like

the blackened corse which hung stiff and motionless at his side.

The conduct of the crowd was singularly solemn. As each victim plunged downward from the gallows, there was a tremulous murmur upon every lip, ejaculating a short prayer for the peace of the guilty soul which was then entering upon eternity. The cloaks of all were unfolded; and as their lips moved in supplication, each crossed himself devoutly—first on the forehead, then over the face, and lastly upon the breast. These feelings, however, were not shared by the hangman. They might, perhaps, have been banished by the active part he had taken in the execution; or else they were ever strangers to his breast. No sooner, indeed, had he descended the last time, than he turned leisurely to readjust his disordered dress. He also recovered his hat, pushed out a dint which the rope had made in it; then, taking a half-smoked cigarillo from under the band, he struck a light and commenced smoking. I even fancied, as he looked round upon his victims, that the expression of his face was not unallied to satisfaction. Dreadful propensity of our nature, which often leads us to exult in the vilest deed, provided it be adroitly executed!

The crowd now began to disperse. Such as had asses mounted them and rode away; others rolled

themselves in their cloaks and departed. Nor did I linger, but moved off in a state of mind which none need envy. I experienced a return of the same sickly feeling of disgust with mankind and myself with which I had once rose from the reading of Rousseau's Confessions. Surely there can be nothing in such a spectacle to promote morality, nothing to make us either better or happier—a spectacle which serves but to create despondency, and to array man in enmity with his condition!

I hurried at once from the spot, determined to seek some society which might rid me of my thoughts and reconcile me to my species. On turning to leave the square at the Calle Toledo, I paused to take a last look at the now lifeless malefactors. The first executed had been loosened from the post to which his feet were bound, and his body still continued to knock against and revolve round that of his companion. However closely associated they might once have been in crime, they were now more closely associated in retribution. It was now, too, that I remembered that the same Plaza and the same gallows had known other and very different victims—that along this very street the purest and bravest of Spanish patriots had been drawn to execution on a hurdle; nay, it was more than likely that I had seen the very executioner who had ridden upon the shoulders of Riego!

## CHAPTER IX.

### NEW AND OLD CASTILE.

Journey to Segovia.—Choice of Conveyance and Preparations for Departure.—Galera.—Manzanares and the Florida.—Galera Scenes.—The Venta of Guadarrama.—Passage of the Mountains.—Segovia.—The Aqueduct.—The Cathedral and Alcazar.

LET us now turn to a more pleasing theme, the bustle and incident of an excursion to the country. I had been promising myself during the whole winter to quit the city so soon as there were any symptoms of spring, and to go on a visit to Segovia, returning by San Ildefonso and the Escurial. Towards the middle of March, the trees of the Prado began to put forth shoots abundantly. One or two apricot trees, sheltered by the palace of a grandee near the Recoletos, showed here and there a scattering blossom, sent as a spy to peep out and see if winter had taken his departure; and one who kept his ears open as I did might occasionally hear a solitary bird trying a note, as if to clear his throat for the overture in the garden of Retiro. Believing that I discovered the symptoms I so anxiously wished for, I determined to start immediately.

Nor was I doomed on this occasion to travel

without a companion. Fortune, in a happy moment, provided one in the person of a young countryman, who had come to Spain in search of instruction. He was just from college, full of all the ardent feeling excited by classical pursuits, with health unbroken, hope that was a stranger to disappointment, curiosity which had never yet been fed to satiety. Then he had sunny locks, a fresh complexion, and a clear blue eye, all indications of a joyous temperament. We had been thrown almost alone together in a strange and unknown land; our ages were not dissimilar; and, though our previous occupations had been more so, we were, nevertheless, soon acquainted, first with each other, then with each other's views, and presently after we had agreed to be companions on the journey.

The next thing was to find a conveyance. This was not so easy; for in Spain diligences are only to be found on the three principal roads leading from Madrid to Bayonne, Seville, and Barcelona. This inconvenience is partly owing to the little travelling throughout the country, but principally to the great exposure of the diligences to being robbed on the highway. Indeed, these vehicles, starting at fixed hours, and arriving at particular stands at known periods, are thence so easily and frequently waylaid, that all quiet people who are not in a hurry—and there are many such in Spain

—prefer a slower and less ostentatious conveyance. Hence the diligences are poorly filled, and, in fact, are scarcely patronized by any but foreigners and men of business, neither of whom constitute a numerous class. To avoid this double inconvenience to nerves and pocket, the travelling among the natives is chiefly performed in antique coaches, such as Gil Blas and Serafina rode in when they went to Salamanca, in large covered wagons, called *galeras*, or on mules that are constantly patrolling the country under the charge of an *arriero*. These all carry passengers, and the two last also take produce and merchandize, performing, indeed, all the interior transportation of the country. They travel at the rate of seven leagues or twenty-eight miles a day. Having, per force, decided for the galera, and found one that was to start on the thirteenth of March, we agreed with the master of it to carry us to Segovia, which is fifty-six miles from Madrid, and to provide for all our wants while on the journey; for which services he was to receive seven *pesos duros* (or hard dollars), agreeably to previous stipulation.

Our other arrangements were few and soon completed. One of them was to buy each an old watch, whether of tin or silver, not for the usual purpose of learning the time, but to give away, in case we might meet with any fellow-travellers on the high-

way, who should intimate that such a present would be acceptable. We did not so much make this provision from pure generosity of heart, as because we wanted, in the first place, to save our gold ones, and in the next to keep our ribs whole; for people who make these modest appeals to your charity, when they meet a person of a certain figure, take it for granted that he has a watch, and if it be not at once forthcoming, think that he has either concealed it or else left it at home, both of which are misdemeanors for which travellers get severely beaten.

On the night previous to our departure we returned home at a late hour, and before going to bed packed a little knapsack with sundry shirts and stockings, not to forget a little Don Quixote, which we looked upon as a talisman to take us safely through every adventure. The next morning we rose at an early hour, and put on our very worst clothes, so as not to make too splendid a figure in the mountains. Then, having taken chocolāte, we shouldered our cloaks and knapsack, and took leave kindly of our hosts. They continued to pursue us with good wishes the whole way down stairs, commending us in rapid succession to all the saints. At the street door we turned to beckon a last farewell; Florencia was completely out of breath, and had got to the end of the calendar.

The clocks were *just tolling* seven as we reached the *meson* of our galera, and found a crowd of idlers assembled about the door to witness its punctual departure. It was such a group as may be seen any night in a sainete at the Teatro del Principe. There were fat men and thin men, with sugar-loaf caps and slouched hats, with shoes and with sandals, with gaiters and without them. There were none, however, without the *capa parda*, or brown cloak. While these worthies were indulging in their solemn wit, the group was joined by a young girl of beautiful features, but wasted and squalid appearance. Her mantilla was tattered, and hung in graceless folds about her head and shoulders, her gown faded and stained, and her dirty stockings in strong contrast with the care which Spanish women usually bestow upon their feet. Enough, however, remained to show that when the glow of health was yet fresh upon her cheek, when the artless smile of innocence and the blush of conscious beauty still beamed expression upon that faded face—she must have been more than lovely. In a moment the girl was completely at home among these kindred spirits, and the jokes and conversation were hearty and unrestrained. Having handed her snuff round to the bystanders, even to us who stood apart in the door-way, she presently went off, opening and shutting her fan with the swimming grace of an

Andalusian. She did not, however, go off alone, but was followed at a distance by a quick-stepping little man, with whom certain significant glances had been exchanged. She had come like a privateer among this convoy of hard characters, and had cut out and sailed away with a prize.

The galera, or galley, as it was not improperly called, had now been backed out into the street, when the master and his man began to bring out mules, two at a time, and to string them in a row until there were eight of them. They were fat, saucy-looking beasts, with the hair shaved away every where, except on the legs and the tip of the tail. As for the galera, it was neither more nor less than a huge wagon, or rather small house placed upon four wheels, of such solid construction as to seem built in defiance of time. The frame only was of wood, the sides being hung with mats of *esparto* or straw, and the bottom, instead of being boarded, had an open net-work of ropes, upon which was stowed the cargo. The passengers, and we happened to be the only ones, were to accommodate themselves on the load, in such postures as they might find convenient. The whole was completely sheltered and rendered habitable by a canvas pent-house, kept in place by several wooden hoops, traversed by reeds, the openings at the front and back being closed at pleasure by curtains of esparto. The

wood and iron work of the galera were of their natural color, but the canvas roof was painted so as to turn the rain, whilst on either side were large red letters, saying, "I belong to Manuel Garcia, regular trader to Segovia."—"*Soy de Manuel Garcia, ordinario de Segovia.*"

So soon as the mules were put to, Don Manuel loosened a big dog, who had been on guard within, and who, whenever we had come to get a peep at our accommodations, had always jumped to the end of his chain, and looked most fiercely. As soon as the chain and collar fell to the bottom of the galera, he licked the hand of his master, then sprang at once to the ground, pawing and snuffing, and fell to racing about the mules as though he had been mad. We were now invited to crawl in. Don Manuel followed, taking a conspicuous station at the front, whilst the mate put himself between the foremost pair of mules, with a hand at the headstall of either. "*Arre!*" said Don Manuel, and we set forward accordingly, the big dog prancing proudly beside us, now barking loudly at other dogs, and when met by a bigger than himself, placing himself upon the defensive, under cover of the galera. Though the vibratory motion of the ropes at the bottom in a measure overcame the jar, we found our vehicle rather uneasy upon the pavement; but on passing the Puerta de Se-

govia, its motion became easier, and we rolled onward quietly.

Our road lay for some distance along the bank of the little stream of Manzanares, here furnished with an occasional fountain, and planted with abundance of trees, under whose shade is found one of the most agreeable promenades of the capital. It is known by the pleasing name of Florida. As from thence Madrid is seen with better effect than from any other point, we abandoned the galera, and took to our feet, the better to enjoy the spectacle. Nor could we fail to admire the commanding situation of the overhanging city, its noble palace placed conspicuously towards the Florida, and the numerous spires emerging in every direction from out the mass, tinged as they then were with the lustre of an early sun. The interminable wheat-fields spread out on every side were now, too, beginning to assume a verdant appearance; and the woody groves of the Casa del Campo, the chequered kitchen gardens which occupy the low banks of the Manzanares and follow the meanderings of the stream, and the many bridges which connected its opposite shores, each broke agreeably upon the delighted eye, and combined to make up a most attractive picture.

But the scene now borrowed its chief charm from the pleasures of the season. Winter, as I said before, was just resigning the dominion of nature to a

happier guidance. The trees were resuming their verdure, and the birds, flying from the ardor of a warmer clime, were just returning to woo and to carol in the place of their nativity. The inhabitants seemed already sensible of the change. A few persons were strolling leisurely along at their early promenade on the Florida, which was further animated by people sallying out on mules or horses to begin a journey; with others more humbly seated upon panniered asses, and hastening to market, or with women descending to the river with each a bundle of clothes upon her head. Others, who had risen earlier, were already busy upon the bank, each upon her knees, with her clothes tucked tightly about her, and keeping time with her rapid hands to a wild and half-sung voluntary.

This valley of the Manzanares furnishes the only rural attractions to be found anywhere near Madrid. Hence it is in summer the chosen resort of the whole population. Here on the afternoon of a feast-day entire families come out to taste the joys of the country. Seating themselves in circles under the trees, they spread in the midst such provisions as they may have brought with them, and then make a joyous repast, with the earth for a table and the sky for a canopy. This over, they dance to the music of the voice, the guitar, and the castanet, mingled with the murmurs of the rushing river;

and at a late hour each seeks with a lighter heart the shelter of his habitation. Whilst this is passing upon the brink of the stream, the neighbouring road is thronged with horsemen and with the equipages of the wealthy*.

At the extremity of the Florida we were met by a trooper coming at the top of his speed; his polished casque and cuirass glittering brilliantly in the sun, and his sabre, the hair of his helmet, and the mane and tail of his horse all streaming backward. This unusual speed announced the coming of some distinguished personage, which the soldier was hurrying to make known to a piquet of cuirassiers, stationed at the barrier, that they might form in readiness to pay the customary honors. Presently afterwards we discovered the cause of this commotion in the approach of a gentleman, plainly dressed in a green surtout and cocked hat, followed

* Calderon, in one of his comedies, has given an animated description of such a scene.

"Aqui cantan, alli baylan,
Aqui pralan, alli gritan,
Aqui rinen, alli juegan,
Meriendan aqui, alli brindan;
Pais tan hormoso y tan vario,
Que para su la Florida
Estacion de todo el orbe
La mas bella, hormosa y rica,
Solo al rio falta el rio
Mas ya es objeccion antigua."

by two attendants, and mounted on a superb sorrel barb richly caparisoned. It was Don Carlos, heir to the throne. We took off our hats in passing him, as is the custom, and he returned the compliment with a similar salutation, accompanied by one of his most ghastly grins.

On reaching a bridge over the Manzanares, the road turned away to the left in the direction of Segovia. We now took leave of the Florida, and the country opened before us, stretching upward in successive ranges of irregular hills, which, though partially cultivated, were destitute of a single tree. Before us were the mountains of Guadarrama, their summits covered with snow. Whatever might be the season at the Prado and upon the banks of the Manzanares, it was evident that winter had still a strong hold upon the mountains, and that however warmly the sun might now play upon our backs as we moved onwards before him, we should have cold fingers ere we reached Segovia.

Having reached the open country, our host of the galera invited us to enter. He then drew from a canvas bag which hung beside him certain loaves of fine white bread and links of Vique sausages, being the stores which he had laid in for the voyage. The first thing Don Manuel had done on passing the barrier of the customs was to fill with wine his bota, or leathern bottle, at one of those

shops which are found just without all the barriers of Madrid, and where the wine, not having paid a duty of near one hundred per cent, is sold for about half what it costs within. He now took down the bota from where it hung, swinging to and fro on one of the reeds at the top of the galera; then leaving the mules to their own discretion, we all drew round and commenced a hearty attack upon our stores, sitting in a circle and cross-legged like so many Turks or tailors. There was a novelty in this primitive repast, which pleased us greatly, and of the bota we became completely enamoured.

The wine in Spain is everywhere transported—and so also is oil—in skins that are covered on the hairy side with a coat of pitch. If the skin belonged originally to a goat, the hair, being of no value, is not removed. Wine is said to keep better in skins than in casks; but the more probable reason why this kind of vessel is so universally used instead of barrels and bottles in Spain may be found in the scarcity of wood, and the great number of sheep and goats that every where cover the country. A skin requires very little preparation to fit it for use. It is first tanned a little, then coated with pitch, and turned inside out. The hole by which the original owner was let out is now sewed up; so are the legs, which serve as handles

to carry the *bota* to and fro, with the exception of one, which is tied round with a string, and serves as a spout to draw off the liquor. Another advantage of the bota, in a primitive country like this, is, that it keeps its place upon the back of a mule, and takes care of itself much better than a barrel. The universal use of the bota is one of the first things in Spain to excite the attention of a stranger; and Cervantes, who introduces the most familiar scenes and objects into the life of his Hidalgo, has made one of his most diverting adventures to turn upon this peculiarity. The reader will readily remember the adventure of the giants.

But to return to our little bota or *borracho*, "drunkard," as it is otherwise called; though a mere chicken to those we have just been talking about, one can scarce conceive a more agreeable little travelling companion. It was somewhat in the shape of a shot-bag, and held the convenient quantity of a gallon.

After passing through a country poorly cultivated and almost without population we arrived towards dark at the small town of Guadarrama, situated in a mountain valley at the foot of the highest range of the chain. The galera was driven into the long court-yard of the principal venta. Jumping to the ground we stretched our legs, and were ushered

into the kitchen, which, in a Spanish country inn, is the common place of congregation. We were at once welcomed to the stone seats, covered with mats, which projected from the wall beside, or rather within, the immense fire-place. In the chimney was a stone shelf, removed a few feet from the fire, which contained large splinters of pine wood. These blazed upward cheerily, sending forth a glare of light which illuminated the chimney and the nearer portions of the kitchen, and shone full upon the faces of the whole party.

The principal figure in the group was the ventero, who occupied the place of honor in the chimney-corner. He was a hearty-looking little man, and his figure, with the cleanly well-ordered disposition of the kitchen, gave favorable anticipations of our fare. He was short and fat; notwithstanding his rotundity, he had a well-turned little leg that would have done no dishonor to a more distinguished personage. He wore, over sundry inner garments, an outer jacket of black sheep-skin, which did not quite meet in front, but was fastened by chain clasps of silver; his breeches were of velvet; whilst his full and jocund face was surmounted by a narrow-rimmed, sugar-loaf hat of oil-cloth, decorated with a flaming royalist cockade—the badge of his political belief. The ventera was a busy, stirring woman, content in all things to execute

the orders of her lord. As for their daughter who waited upon us, she was well made and quick moving—a Moorish beauty, in short, whose black eyes could not be gazed upon with indifference. The most singular of the group, however, was a sort of esquire to the ventero, who did not seem to have any precise office in the house, but to whose share fell sundry little indefinite cares, such as carrying the passports of travellers to be signed by the police, and holding the candle. He was a thin, meager, little old man, who nevertheless seemed quite as happy in his leanness as the ventero in his rotundity. It was indeed an amusing sight to see the little man seated beside his master, with one arm over his thigh, and looking up to him from his lower seat as to a superior being, evidently seeking to catch the first expression of his will, by watching the movement of his lazy eye.

The society of the kitchen was soon after augmented by other arrivals. The new-comers, after allowing a sufficient time to elapse to show they were not so undignified as to be in a hurry, called for their suppers of soup and bacon. When asked by the ventera if they brought their own bread, each answered, Yes, and went to his cart or galera for a loaf, which he commenced cutting into a large basin, ready for the soup to be turned in upon it. Then when all was ready, and each was about to

sit down to his portion, he would call out so as to be heard by every one, "Gentlemen! who wishes to sup with me?"—"*Señores! quien quiere cenar conmigo?*" Being answered by general thanks for his invitation, usually expressed in the words, "*Que le haga à usted buen provecho!*"—"May it do you good service!" he would then fall to manfully, as if determined to realize the good wishes of the company.

With all the remnants of ancient observances and abuses which remain in Spain, there has also been preserved a fund of that old-fashioned punctilio, which having been banished from the higher classes, who have adopted the French manners, is still observed by the mass of the nation. The first time you enter a house you are told by the master that it is yours, to do with it whatever you may please; nor will a Spaniard ever so much as take a glass of water in your presence without first having offered it to you. Though there may be something irksome in this overstrained politeness, yet it gives, upon the whole, a courteous turn to the manners of a people *.

As for the master of our galley, he had been accosted almost immediately on entering the venta

* These remarks apply to every part of Spain which the author visited, except Catalonia.

by its well-fed host, to know what the gentleman would sup upon. "*Lo que haya.*"—"Whatever there may be," was the answer. "*Pues, señor,*" said the ventero, "*hay de toda.*"—"Well, sir, there is something of every thing;" and then he began enumerating a long list of *liebres, perdizes, gallinas, jamon, y tocino* (hares, partridges, pullets, ham and bacon). Poor Don Manuel was embarrassed by the superfluity, and seemed to hesitate between the fear of not equalling our expectations and the opposite dread of paying away too much money. The moment was a critical one, and we watched the countenance of our master with interest; for we had been a good deal shaken during the day's journey, and had taken nothing but bread and sausage. Finally he put his foot down with an air of resolution, and ordered bacon and eggs, to be followed by a stewed hare and a dessert of olives. Upon this the ventero, who was still seated in the corner, put his hands upon his thighs and then threw his body forward so as to rise with ease and dignity. When fairly up he went to a corner where there were some hares hanging by their hind feet, with ears and tail cocked as if they were still bounding it over the lea. Little John—for such was the name of the ventero's uncle and esquire—attended punctually with a splinter of burning pine which he had taken from the chimney, and after a

short consulation, a fine hare was selected. "*Que gordo!*"—"How fat!" said the ventero. "*Que gordo!*" echoed little John. They then brought it over to me; I felt its ribs, and exclaimed, "*Que gordo!*"

We spent another half hour most agreeably in listening to the conversation of the varied assembly. Nor were we slightly interested in watching the process of depriving the hare of his skin, which Don Manuel at once took possession of, and stowed away in the galera. The hare was then torn piecemeal and put into a puchero, with plenty of pepper, salt, and saffron, and sundry morsels of garlic and tomata. All this was interesting to us, and when the dark-eyed daughter of the ventero lifted the lid and put a wooden spoon in to taste the viand, it became still more so. But this was nothing to the moment when the contents were emptied, great and small, into a large earthen dish, sending up a steam that filled the whole kitchen with the most grateful fragrance. Those who were busy with their humble soup were too proud to look after the heavy-laden dish as it sailed away into another apartment, leaving a track like a steamer's, only far more savoury. When, however, the daughter came to announce supper, we gave all who pleased a chance to partake; for Don Manuel issued a loud and general invitation, by saying, "*Señores! vengan*

*ustedes á cenar con nosotros!*"—"Gentlemen! come and sup with us!"

We followed our supper into the room where my friend and I were to sleep, and there found it crowded upon a small square table. Don Manuel and his man remained upon their feet until we were seated, nor would they put their spoons into the dish to help themselves until we had first done so. It was rather to our situation of guests and strangers that we owed this courtesy than to any feeling of inferiority on the part of our hosts. A Spaniard, though only an arriero, owns himself inferior to no man. Don Manuel, when he went to the galera to leave the skin of the hare, returned with a loaf of bread and our little bota; he had likewise loosened the dog from his post that he might partake of our supper. We had scarce taken our stations round the table before the animal posted himself beneath, where he was well attended to by the whole party. He seemed to understand perfectly the relation between us and his master, for he took our bones and received our caresses, and was altogether on tolerable terms with us throughout the journey; but when we met him afterwards in the street at Segovia, he took no notice of our whistle. Having ate of the eggs, the stew, and the bacon, and found all excellent, we amused ourselves awhile with the olives and in circulating the borracho.

Presently after our companions asked if we should take chocolate in the morning. We answered, "*Con mucho gusto.*" They then retired, saying, "*Que ustedes descansen!*"—"May you rest well!" The wreck of the supper likewise disappeared, and we were left in quiet possession of our chamber.

The next morning, before the dawn of day, we were suddenly awakened by the glare of a lamp streaming full in our faces. We should perhaps have been vexed at the unseasonable interruption, had we not discovered, on bringing our eyes to a focus, that the bearer of the lamp was no other than our little Morisca, who was bringing us the chocolate. Having swallowed it and put on our clothes, we said "*Adios!*" to such of our hosts as were stirring, then nestled ourselves close together upon a bunch of mats at the bottom of the galera, which presently after rolled out of the court-yard, and commenced slowly its winding course up the side of the mountain.

The morning was a cool one, such as we might have expected to find in this elevated region and in the neighbourhood of snow. Hence we were happy when the sun rose to abandon the galera and walk. There was something inspiring in this generous exercise, and in inhaling the unbreathed air of the mountain; so that when we had reached the top of the pass where New and Old Castile are

divided, we were both in full glow and in a high state of excitement. Then had there been any fine scenery within our reach, we were prepared to relish it. But neither of us was called upon to be sentimental either in feeling or expression. There were, indeed, a few young pines shooting up about our road, which was seen winding up the mountain, with many a turn, from the little village of Guadarrama. Here and there, along the declivity, were occasional ponds of stagnant water, now sources of disease, though only asking the aid of man to furnish the means of fertility. Over the extensive plains of New Castile, toward the south-east, might be seen some fields cultivated, though unenclosed; but there were more that had been abandoned, and the face of the country was uncheered by the presence of either tree or stream. The view on the side of Old Castile was still more desolate and dreary; for whilst the sun shone full and brightly upon the rival province, the broad shadows of the mountains of Guadarrama covered all that lay westward with obscurity.

During our winding descent along the side of the mountain, we met several groups of countrymen coming with loaded mules and asses from various parts of Old Castile, and toiling slowly up the acclivity. Their costume, though very singular, was not inelegant. They wore breeches, leg-

gings, and a peaked montera cap of brown cloth; but instead of a cloak, they had an outside jacket, or rather cuirass of tanned sheepskin, strapped closely around the body with a wide girdle of leather, having in front a large iron buckle. This girdle served likewise as a belt to sustain a long flexible cartouch-box, which nearly surrounded the back; for each had a loaded musket or fowling-piece hanging ready at the side of his mule. Some of these people had a dress very like the old Dutch costume. It consisted of a broad hat with a low crown, a jacket and waistcoat without collars, leaving the neck perfectly bare, and immense trunk hose, of the same dark-colored cloth with the rest, which hung like a sack about the thighs. The lower part of this singular garment formed a legging, which was wrapped tightly about the calf, and confined with many turns of a green garter. At the bottom it terminated in a gaiter, which fell loosely over the shoe. Some of these men wore ample great coats, likewise without collars, and not unlike what are ascribed, in paintings and upon the stage, to the inhabitants of Hungary; but a jerkin or cuirass of leather strapped tightly about the loins was more common. Don Manuel told us that these people come from the neighbourhood of Astorga, in the kingdom of Leon. In dress and in physio-

gnomy, they had less the appearance of Spaniards than of Germans or Dutchmen.

Towards three in the afternoon, we entered that famous old city of Segovia, of which the curious may find mention, under the very same name, in the Natural History of Pliny. Nor has Segovia failed to make a distinguished figure in modern times; for it was a long while the principal manufacturing city of the whole Peninsula. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, we learn from Townshend, that there were in Segovia thirty-four thousand persons employed exclusively in the manufacture of cloth; but now the whole population of the city does not exceed ten thousand. As a compensation for this decline, the number of convents has increased to twenty-one, and there are now twenty-six churches. Industry has fled—the clergy remain and multiply. In the open country between Madrid and Segovia, for one inhabited house that we came to, there were certainly two in ruins; indeed, it seemed as though we were passing through a depopulated territory. Many of these houses, we were told, had been destroyed in the war of independence; but it is likely, that in more instances, the insecurity of living isolated has led to their abandonment. As the villages in this part of Spain are separated by very long in-

tervals, it generally follows that he who abandons his house to seek security in the society of his fellow men, must likewise give up the cultivation of his field. Hence result a diminished production and declining population; and hence, too, the painful sight of wasted lands and ruined habitations.

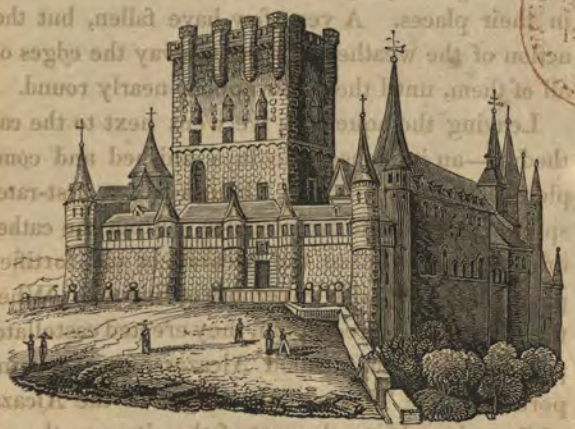
On arriving in Segovia, we took leave of the galera, the mules, the dog, and Don Manuel, who promised to visit us at our posada. We were conducted to the Plaza Mayor by a lad who carried our knapsack, and were soon after installed in a narrow room, whose balcony overlooked the great square of Segovia, now no longer the scene of stir and turmoil. Having taken a greasy dinner, we wandered forth to look at the famous aqueduct of Segovia. "So marvellous a work," says Father Mariana, "that the vulgar still believe it to have been wrought by the devil."

This aqueduct is supposed to have been built by the Romans in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian. Its object was to convey the water brought from a great distance, over a steep ravine seven hundred feet wide, and more than ninety deep, which divided one portion of the city from the other. To effect this, two ranges of arches were thrown across, one above another. The upper one is on a level with the high land on either side, and has one hundred and fifty-nine arches. Though the middle part of

the aqueduct is ninety-four feet from the ground, yet the bases of the abutments are not more than eight feet wide—a fact which is the best comment upon the beauty, lightness, and perfection of the structure. Indeed, it is even admitted that, though inferior in extent and magnificence to the Pont du Gard, the aqueduct of Segovia is yet the greater wonder. The stones used in the construction of this aqueduct are all of equal size, about two feet square, and are put together without any cement, depending solely upon each other to be maintained in their places. A very few have fallen, but the action of the weather has worn away the edges of all of them, until they now appear nearly round.

Leaving the aqueduct, we went next to the cathedral—an immense pile in a finished and complete state. It is a fine, though not a first-rate, specimen of Gothic architecture. From the cathedral we passed on to the Alcazar, or old fortified palace of the Moorish governors of Segovia. When the Moors conquered Spain, they erected castellated palaces, which they called Alcazars, in every important city. This was the origin of the Alcazar of Segovia. It stands west of the city, on the extremity of a rocky peninsula, which is separated from the surrounding country by the deep bed of the river Eresema on one side, and on the other by that abrupt ravine which intersects the city, and to

which we are indebted for the wonderful aqueduct. Thus the Alcazar is surrounded on these sides by perpendicular precipices. A deep trench, cut across the rocky platform, separates it from the city on the third, and renders it completely insular. The fortification consists of a huge square tower, surrounded by high walls, which stand upon the edges of the precipice, and are flanked with circular buttresses, having conical roofs in the Gothic style. The arches of the interior are circular, and very massive.



*Tower of Segovia.*

The Alcazar of Segovia, once the abode and strong hold of kings, has served in later times as a prison for Barbary corsairs, taken along the coast

of Spain. Thus it may well have chanced that a descendant of the very prince who reared this goodly Alcazar to be the pride of his house, has returned, in the condition of a slave, to dwell in the palace of his ancestors. The old tower, too, which rises in the midst, was long the mysterious abode of state prisoners, whether convicted or only accused of high treason. The reader will readily remember that Gil Blas, by an irksome residence in this very Tower of Segovia, was made to pay the penalty of having basked awhile in ministerial sunshine.

In the present day the Alcazar is devoted to a more dignified use. A number of noble youths are here educated with a view to becoming officers of enginery and artillery. Among the branches taught are mathematics, drawing, the French and English languages, and arms. Having a letter to a young Swiss, who was one of the cadets, we were readily admitted at the outer gate, and conducted across the drawbridge, through several winding approaches, into the court-yard behind the tower. We were much pleased with the cleanly and well-ordered arrangement of the sleeping-rooms, refectory, and hospitals; but what most delighted us was the appearance of the lads, all of them ruddy and healthful. We thought we had never seen such a collection of good looks. Nor was it a little curious

to see these generous youths, whose dress, manners, and pursuits belonged entirely to the nineteenth century, moving about among the walls and arches of other times, learning the art of taking citadels within the battlements of one, which, though once impregnable, would now scarce offer a day's resistance, or drawing men and horses in the very mosque of the Alcazar, whose hollow ceiling is still loaded with a profusion of minute and richly gilded ornaments, interlarded with maxims from the Koran, all the work of a people who were taught to abhor every imitation of animate things as idolatrous and abominable.

We have thus in Segovia monuments reared by three widely different people who have ruled in turn over the Spanish Peninsula; by Romans from Italy; by Goths from the frosty coasts of Scandinavia; or by the followers of Mahomet from the patriarchal regions of Arabia.

The Moorish part of the Alcazar may be esteemed rather a favorable specimen of the Arabesque, since its arches are circular instead of elliptical, and it is built with more than usual solidity. It is between the Gothic and the Grecian, destitute of the grandeur of the one and the beauty of the other. As for the Gothic style, as we see it exhibited in the cathedral, no one can deny the grandeur of its conception nor the hardihood of its execution. Gothic

architecture seems admirably adapted to the uses of religion. Its grandeur and obscurity inspire the mind with a feeling of awe and solemnity. But we turn with pleasure from the gloom of the Gothic to the simple elegance of the Grecian, from the cathedral of Segovia to the aqueduct. Here we see strength, durability, and convenience, combined with symmetry and beauty—here, the more we scrutinize the more we admire.

## CHAPTER X.

### OLD AND NEW CASTILE.

La Granja.—Pedro.—Perplexities in the Mountains.—The Summit of the Pass.—Pedro's Anxiety.—Guadarrama.—*Escorial.*—Return to Madrid.

At an early hour in the morning after our arrival at Segovia, we left that city in a calesin for La Granja, which is also known by the name of its patron saint, San Ildefonso. Our vehicle was conducted by a half-witted fellow, who had just sense enough to hold his horse by the head, and run beside him, like one possessed, the whole seven miles of our journey. Towards eight o'clock we came in sight of the royal palace, and found its first appearance very imposing. When we approached nearer, however, it did not justify the opinion we had formed at a distance; for the front is irregular and destitute of all beauty. The same may not be said of the façade towards the garden, which is symmetrical and elegant. The fountains of La Granja form, however, its chief attraction, and render it one of the most interesting places in the world. They are very numerous, and are concentrated into a much smaller compass than at Versailles, so that when playing one may catch sight of nearly all of

them at the same time. The finest view in the garden is at the angle, called Plaza de las Ocho-calles, where commence eight avenues of trees, each of which has at its extremity a fine fountain surrounded by statues. Even as we saw it, the sight was indeed beautiful, and we regretted greatly that we could not witness the playing of the waters. There are very many well executed statues in marble placed in groups or singly along the public walks; but the figures connected with the fountains are chiefly of lead, bronzed over.

The palace and garden of La Granja were erected by Philip V., who wished to have with him in Spain something which might remind him of his birth-place Versailles, and at the same time furnish a shelter against the burning heats of a Castilian summer. To accomplish this purpose, he fixed upon La Granja, which, being situated on the north-western declivity of the mountains of Guadarrama, is only shone upon by the sun during a part of the day, and then with rays that are in a measure powerless. Hence the seasons are here so far retarded, that the spring fruits do not ripen until midsummer. The site of La Granja was at first no more than a bed of rocks, thrown together in irregular masses, with scarce soil enough in the intervals to support a scattered growth of pines. It was first necessary to soften the asperities of the ground,

and to bring soil from the plain below. A lake was then formed on a platform at the top of the garden, and here all the torrents produced by the melting of the snow and by rains were collected with much art and labor to feed the fountains. This done, forest trees were planted in every direction, with canals of water running to the roots of each. But the result is said to show the vanity of art, when it attempts to render itself independent of nature; for the trees, seeking to push their roots into the earth, and meeting obstacles, are not found to flourish. Such as we see it, however, La Granja is a country residence worthy in all things of a great king. This the reader will more easily conceive, when he learns that the improvements cost forty-five millions of dollars, according to Bourgoanne, the exact sum which Philip V. left Spain indebted at the time of his death. The court passes the hot season in La Granja; during the rest of the year it is a complete desert.

Having seen every thing of note connected with the palace and garden, we returned to the posada. We now sat down to a rude and simple meal, which the keen air and exercise of the morning rendered most acceptable. Nor were we less pleased with the young girl who served us. She might already have seen fourteen summers, and was perhaps now entering upon her fifteenth, with new and unknown

sensibilities. She had been, as she told us, a week in La Granja—caught and brought in wild from some village in the mountains. She was hearty, well made, and active, and unbroken by sickness, indulgence, or disease; indeed, as her eyes glanced rapidly from one object to another, I thought I had never seen so much animation and vivacity. There was a simplicity about her, too, that was more than amusing. Our dress, language, and appearance, were different from what she had been accustomed to among the rude boors of the mountains, so that we came upon her like beings of a better order. She asked us whence we had come, and where our house was. "In America," was the answer. "Is it towards Madrid?"—"*Esta por el lado de Madrid?*" said she, naming the most wonderful place she had ever heard of. Willing to avoid a lecture on geography, I answered, "*Cerquita*" (thereabout). She then scrutinized our persons thoroughly, turned our hats round in her hands, and stroked my companion on the back, saying, "*Que paño tan fino!*" (what fine cloth!)

When our meal was over we endeavoured to find a guide to conduct us to the Carthusian convent of Paular, situated among the crests of the neighbouring mountains; but the direct passes had seven or eight feet of snow, and had not been traversed for several weeks, so that the convent could be reached

only by making a circuit of near thirty miles. We would willingly have staid awhile at La Granja to witness the playing of the waters, which was to take place in a few days in honor of some saint, and especially to study the character of our mountain beauty; but we were already getting tired of Old Castile and its inhabitants, at least of its innkeepers and horse-drivers. The people of this province have a high character in Spain for honorable conduct, and for being above either trick or treachery. They have an expression which shows what a good opinion they have of themselves; for, when speaking of an unworthy man or a dishonorable action, they say, "*No somos todos Castellanos Viejos*"—"We are not all old Castilians;" a favorite exclamation of my host Don Valentin, who, as I said before, was a native of La Rioja. We found, however, that there is no reducing a whole people to any fixed standard. As exceptions to this general character for honesty, shrewdness, and sobriety, attributed to the people of Old Castile, we found in our host at Segovia a regular rogue: the muleteer who brought us to La Granja was more than half a fool; and as for our posadero at the latter place, he was so thorough-going a sot that we found him as drunk as a loon at nine in the morning.

We now agreed with an arriero, who had come with two miserable little mules loaded with barley,

to take us to the Escorial. He was not like either of the three characters just described; but just such a well-meaning dull-witted boor as may be found in any country. Though Pedro would be esteemed a very singular-looking mortal elsewhere, yet if one were to draw his portrait, it would serve for nine in ten of his Castilian countrymen. Pedro's face was long, with long legs and body. His frame was sinewy, and gaunt, and bony; so hollow, indeed, was he, both on the back and belly, that he had scarce more waist than a spider. Over his hatchet face he wore a pointed montera cap, next came a waistcoat and jacket without collars, and then a pair of primitive breeches, which were secured in front by a single iron button, and hung dangling from the hips. His leggings, which served likewise as stockings, were neither more nor less than tatters of old cloth, wound round the leg and foot; and instead of shoes, he wore a sandal of raw cow-hide, drawn up round the foot, and bound to it with a thong. As for Pedro's old cloak, of the same dingy brown with the rest of his apparel, it was now thrown over the back of one of his little machos, which were already drawn out in front of the posada. Having stowed our knapsack in one side of his alforjas or cloth saddle-bags, we placed a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine to make weight in the other; then, taking leave of the crowd which had gathered

round to witness our departure, we set out on foot from La Granja.

Before commencing our journey, some roguish fellow, or it may be some mere busy-body, had persuaded our simple arriero that the direct road to the Escorial, which had been shut up all winter by the snow, was now open. As a league or two would be cut off by taking this route, Pedro guided his mules at once into it when we left La Granja. Our road soon began to ascend the mountain, which was covered with pine-trees and watered by many rivulets. We occasionally met with a woodman returning, like the old man in the Forty Thieves, with a loaded ass, and an axe on his shoulder. None of them knew whether the pass were yet open. "If it were not already," they said, "it soon would be;" so we continued upward. When within a league of the top, we saw an ill-looking old fellow, with huge black mustaches, and a musket on his shoulder, who came out of the woods to meet us. He had red cuffs to his jacket, and a red cockade, which showed that he was one of the king's foresters and a royalist volunteer. The man looked at us with astonishment, and asked where we were going by that road. We told him to the Escorial. He then gave us to understand that the people were yet busy in opening the pass, and that none but foot passengers had yet crossed the mountain. Pedro

would now have retraced his steps to La Granja, in order to gain the road which crosses the mountain further south, and which we had followed the day before in the galera. But as there is nothing so irksome as to turn one's back upon any undertaking, we determined to keep on and brave every inconvenience. If the mules were unable to cross, we could leave them and Pedro in the snow together, then make the best of our way on foot, trusting to our own sagacity.

In addition to the probability of being arrested by the snow, we had before us the possibility of meeting with another obstacle; for there is no part of Spain more infested by highwaymen than this chain of Guadarrama. The numerous roads by which it is crossed, and the numbers of travellers who are constantly passing between Madrid and France, Portugal, and the intervening countries, hold out a powerful attraction to the freebooters, whilst the ravines and gorges of the mountains furnish the means of concealment. This last, however, is a matter of little importance, since Madrid is the head-quarters not only of the government and the police, but likewise of the robbers, who hold their rendezvous in the Gate of the Sun. A single story may be sufficient to give an idea of their numbers and hardihood.

Whilst I was in Madrid, the Swiss brigade of

three thousand men, in the pay of the King of France, left that capital to return home. They did not all march away at once, but in small parties, so as not to make a famine on the road, or put the little villages to any inconvenience. They were followed by droves of asses, loaded with a variety of effects, which they had picked up in Spain. Now and then came a weeping woman with an infant in her arms, equally miserable whether she abandoned her house or her lover. It seemed indeed that many of these sturdy Switzers had gained favor with the Spanish girls, who are fond of strangers generally, and who especially cannot resist a red head and a light complexion. Of the men who were gathered round, all seemed glad that they were going: the liberals, because their arrival had been the signal of returning despotism; the apostolics, because they had kept them from going to extremes with their enemies. The former said *Adios!* with a significant air; the latter muttered *Hereges*, or heretics. The military chest brought up the rear, so as to pay the expenses of all who had gone before. It was of course well escorted; yet the day after its departure from Madrid, when the soldiers of the escort had stacked their arms and were engaged with their meal, they were suddenly pounced upon by twenty or thirty long-legged Spaniards, who seized their arms, turned them upon the Swiss, whom they tied

like culprits, and then very leisurely carried away the money, to the amount of four or five thousand dollars.

Thus much for the boldness of the Castilian bandits. Though in this respect they yield to none in Spain, yet they are much less cruel than those of Andalusia and Valencia. They content themselves usually with banging the ribs of those whom they suspect of concealing their money, and seldom kill them if they make no resistance. During our ascent up the mountain, the snow so covered the sides of the road, that we could not see if it were skirted as usual by stone crosses. A single wooden one, nailed against a neighbouring tree, marked the site of a tragedy. But we found our chief security in the fact, that the road being now closed, there was no travelling, and consequently nothing to attract robbers; and we trusted that, unless accident should throw us into contact with some of these worthies, we should reach the Escorial with skins as whole as when we began our journey.

On approaching the top of the pass, we found the quantity of snow increasing. There was a narrow path, which had been cleared in the middle of the road; and along it our mules made a little progress, falling down occasionally either from fatigue or unwillingness to go on. Pedro dragged them each time on their feet again, and after a few

steps they would make another tumble. My companion and I, being in advance of the mules, soon after heard shrill and prolonged whistling and cries resounding through the thick pines of the forest. Presently after a sudden angle of the road brought us in sight of about twenty wild-looking fellows, who were descending the mountain. They were variously dressed in cloth or sheep-skin, and each had on his shoulder some ominous object that looked very like a musket. When they saw us the shouts increased, and the foremost ran rapidly to meet us. We were very anxious, and, pausing until Pedro came nigh, asked the meaning of the mystery. He told us that the people, who had been cutting a road through the snow, had finished their day's task, and were retiring to their place of rest, adding, by way of consolation, as he glanced to the yet distant summit of the mountain, whose snows were just then enkindled by the last rays of the sun, "God only knows when we shall get to ours!" As he uttered this in a despairing tone, down into the snow went both of the machos; and though Pedro pulled at their halters, and kicked, and cursed, and cudgelled, they seemed determined to pass the night there.

By this time the men gathered round us. The supposed bandits were only half-wild peasants of the mountains, and the imaginary muskets turned

into shovels and pickaxes. What were we doing there? and where were we going? asked they, with a thousand other questions, excited by the singularity of the rencontre. When we, in return, inquired if we could cross the mountain, they gave us to understand that there yet remained an uncleared space, where the mules could not proceed, unless indeed they were dragged head and heels over it, which they were ready to perform for us if we paid them well. This would be no easy task—one that would require much time and bear hardly upon the poor mules; so we told Pedro that he might either return with his mules, and we would employ one of the mountaineers to guide us, or else he might get them to take care of his beasts, and go himself with us to the Escorial. He determined, of the two evils, to choose the latter, made an agreement with one of the fellows to give his mules in charge to the landlord of the nearest inn, then giving us our cloaks and shouldering his own, together with the alforjas, we recommended our comrades to God, and took our departure. Long after, as we wound slowly up the mountain, we could hear them shouting and whistling, and occasionally cursing the mules as the poor animals fell to the ground or showed an unwillingness to go onward.

We now pushed on unembarrassed and with new energy. Soon after we came to the uncleared part

of the road, and mounted on the surface of the snow. The upper crust bore us almost everywhere; but sometimes we went floundering in, leg deep, and in extricating one leg would sink deeper with the other. At the top of the pass we once more caught sight of New Castile, and profited by a remnant of light to look around us. The mountains are here covered with a thick growth of pines, which are preserved from the common fate of trees in the Castiles by belonging to the crown. The ravines were torn by rapid torrents produced by the melting of the snow.

In ascending the mountain, the wind was so light from the north-west that it was scarce perceptible; but when at the top of the pass, we found it rushing up the valley with so much violence that we could not check ourselves with so poor a foothold as was furnished by the snow, but had to scud before it down the opposite hill until sheltered from its fury. My long cloak gave me infinite trouble on this occasion, for it fluttered about until I was afraid it would fly away with me. It was not thus with Pedro. His cloak happened to have many holes in it, and, as he threw the embozo over his left shoulder, one of them caught round the neck of our wine-bottle, which was peering out of one corner of the alforjas, and effectually secured it.

The winds throughout this whole chain of Gua-

darrama are extremely violent; for, placed as these mountains are, at an elevation of four or five thousand feet above the sea, with far-extending plains on every side, the currents of air come to them without obstacle and with unabated force. Hence, at the convent of the Escorial, the windows, though framed of iron, cannot resist the fury of the wind, but are frequently driven in. For a similar reason it has been found necessary to make a stone covered way, leading from the village to the convent, in order to protect the faithful, or take away any excuse which might lead to a neglect of their devotions. I was told in Madrid by one of the king's bodyguard, that in crossing between La Granja and the Escorial, there have been instances of their being blown from their horses by the wind, or driven horse and rider against the rocks. These facts may serve to explain the double contest sustained by Napoleon in crossing the Somosierra. The crests of the mountain were alive with enemies, whilst his own followers were struck down about him by the fury of the storm; yet he overcame every obstacle by the mere force of his will, and triumphed at once over man and over the elements.

Having descended four or five miles, we came to an inn, where Pedro proposed that we should pass the night. Indeed he refused positively to go any farther, for it was already dark. We, however,

were anxious to get to Guadarrama, where we knew there was a good inn, for we were fearful of encountering filth and vermin, such as we had met with at Segovia; so we told him that he might halt if he pleased, but that we meant to sleep in Guadarrama. Upon this Pedro yielded, stipulating that we should at least fill our bottle with wine, for by this time it was completely empty. We willingly assented to this, gave him the real that he asked for, and pushed on a little in advance, where we seated ourselves behind a rock at the road-side to await his coming. When he at length arrived, we took a morsel of the bread and a draught from the bottle, then started with new life for Guadarrama. This vivacity, however, was a little damped by Pedro's giving us to understand that, from what he had heard at the inn, we had still eight miles before us. He told us also the true cause of his wanting to stay, which was, that the whole road we were about to traverse swarmed with robbers. Had he told us this before we reached the inn, we certainly should have stopped; but after going so boldly past, we could not return without mortification.

The night had now set in with more than usual darkness; for the stars were veiled by heavy, ominous clouds, which came tumbling over the crests of the mountain, driving rapidly before the now freshening breeze. "There will be snow on

the mountain before morning," said Pedro in a disconsolate tone, "and I shall have the devil's own time in getting to my mules again." "*Valagme Dios!*" he presently after added, with uplifted eyes and an air of greater resignation. Just after dark we had discovered the lights of Guadarrama, seemingly at no great distance. As we descended, however, an intervening hill rose gradually between, to cut us off from the cheering prospect. Other lights there were still nearer in a valley on our right, where there seemed to be several villages. It was there, Pedro said, that the robbers who haunted the neighbouring roads had their dwellings. The petty authorities of these places either share the spoil of the depredators, or else they are restrained from interfering by the dread of having their throats cut or their houses burnt over their heads.

There was something in all this of wild and high excitement. With eyes on the alert and pricked ears we hurried forward in silence, or if we spoke, it was in monosyllables and in a low voice. Pedro now began to tell us how to behave in the case of an attack. We were to stand close together, not to speak a word, and to do whatever we were ordered. The road over which we hurried was skirted with rocks and underwood, that furnished excellent lurking-places at each step. These, as we walked rapidly past them, were reconnoitred with a rapid glance.

The chief danger, we were told, lay near Guadarrama, where the meeting of a number of cross-roads furnishes much passing and an excellent station for robbers. As we came towards this spot, there were several dark objects in the road before us. We kept on, and found that they were trees beyond the roadside where it made an angle. At the junction were several crosses piled round with stones. We had scarce left these tragic devices at our backs, when we were startled by a rustling in the bushes on our left. We paused simultaneously—a hare sprung at that moment into the path: terrified at our approach, it bounded away before us, and presently after disappeared behind a rock. By this time we had been a long while upon the road, and yet Guadarrama did not make its appearance. We had no means of judging of the distance we had performed by the time; for if the darkness had permitted us to see our watches we should have been nothing the wiser, since, whilst one of them lost an hour, the other gained two in twenty-four. There could be no doubt, however, that it was eight or nine o'clock. We must have come more than twenty miles since we left La Granja, and yet there were no signs of our resting-place. Perhaps we had passed it at the junction of the roads; and then we must either retrace our steps, or else keep on, supperless and sleepless, to the Escorial. "*Valgame*

*Dios!*" exclaimed Pedro. Just at that moment we emerged from behind a sand-hill, and were suddenly accosted by a loud barking. We turned our eyes in the direction whence it came, and found ourselves close upon the little village of Guadarrama, with its lights, its hum of voices, and its watchful dogs.

In the next minute we entered the identical inn where we had passed our first night on the way to Segovia. Our fat host welcomed us most cordially; nay, he even gave up to us his privileged seat in in the corner. Little John, who always followed the motions of his master, was equally generous with his humbler station, and thus we were soon accommodated within the very funnel of the chimney, close to the crackling fire, and with the pine splinters on the shelf above blazing full in our faces. What a contrast, thought we, to our late condition —dashing through the wet and snow, or roaming in a dark cold night over a wild waste, hungry, with wet feet, the prospect of being benighted, and the fear of footpads. Here all things were in the very same state that we had found them two nights before,—the ventero and his man, his bustling wife, and his not-to-be-forgotten daughter, the brown beauty of whom we have already spoken. Even the group of strangers was so similar, that the individuals scarce seemed changed. There were,

however, no cooking preparations as before, nor any eating and drinking; for all had long since despatched their evening meal, and were now dropping away to their respective sleeping places. We did not need, however, the smell of food, nor the clatter of pots and pans, to remind us of our supper, but straightway proceeded to discuss the matter with the ventero.

As we were now our own providers, we boldly ordered a stewed hare and a partridge. Pedro, who stood in the opposite corner, with the steam rising from his well-soaked sandals, and curling upward along his legs, to mingle with the smoke from his cigarillo, stared with astonishment at our extravagance. The hare and the partridge were, nevertheless, ordered, and were soon after placed in our bed-room upon a little table, whilst below was a brasero with embers. The ventero came in and took his seat beside us; now listening to our adventures, now aiding us to empty the glass, which each offered to him from time to time. As for Pedro, who perhaps had not tasted partridge since he was a boy, perhaps never, he struggled hard between his inward delight and the desire to preserve his gravity. He sat between us at table, and we plied him well with wine and viand. Now, it is matter of courtesy in Spain to eat and drink whatever is put upon your plate or poured into

your glass, in order to show your esteem for the favor. Pedro was aware of this, and therefore acquiesced with becoming resignation.

These matters being disposed of, each of us got into bed. We had offered Pedro to have one prepared for him; but he said he had no use for such a commodity—"*Mil gracias! que yo no gusto cama.*" "A thousand thanks! but I do not like a bed." Thereupon, having adjusted his alforjas in one corner, he rolled his old cloak around him, and threw himself flat upon the pavement, without removing either montero cap, legging, or sandal. He was, nevertheless, asleep and snoring ere we had adjusted our pillows.

The next morning we had our chocolate as before from the hands of our little Morisca. Pedro shouldered his alforjas, and, having taken a last leave of the venta and its inmates, we set out on foot for the Escorial. The road was dreary, skirted by rocks, with here and there a single *encina* or *alcornoque*. After a walk of eight miles we reached the Escorial, and found as comfortable lodgings as those we had left, in the posada of a motherly old widow woman. Pedro aided us in despatching a hearty breakfast. He was then paid for his own services, as well as for those of the mules which had given us so much trouble, and sent away with many good wishes. Nor did he neglect the parting saluta-

tions—"Stay with God," said he, "and may no ill happen to you!"—"*Señores! queden ustedes con Dios, y que no haya novedad!*"

The convent of the Escorial is situated on the south-eastern declivity of the Guadarrama chain, midway up the mountains. This magnificent building owes its existence to the bigotry of Philip II., who, being in a panic at the battle of Saint Quintin, vowed, if he gained the day, to build the most magnificent convent in the world, in honor of the saint whose name should be found that day upon the calendar. The battle being won, Saint Lawrence was discovered to be the thrice-happy individual in whose favor the vow had been made. A place was chosen to erect the convent, which already bore the name of the saint, and was called San Lorenzo del Escorial*. Furthermore, since Saint Lawrence was roasted to death upon a grid-iron, the architect, Juan Baptista de Toledo, took it into his head to build the convent in the figure of that culinary instrument. With this view, he represented the several bars by files of building, the handle by a portion of the church, and even the feet of his singular model by four insignificant towers, which rise at the corners. Indeed, the only poetic licence of which this new John the Baptist

* Escorial is derived from the word *escoria*, or dross: it is given to all places where there are old and exhausted mines.

was guilty was in supposing his gridiron to be turned upside down.

The exterior dimensions of the convent are seven hundred and forty feet, by five hundred and eighty. The principal dome over the centre of the church rises to an elevation of three hundred and thirty feet. It is built entirely of the granite found in the vicinity, and in the severest style, without any show of ornament;—it may also be added, as far as the exterior is concerned, without beauty. Indeed, there is no grand effect produced by the proportions of the whole; for the petty towers, rising at the corners, take much from the grandeur of the principal dome. There are also several ranges of irregular buildings, erected subsequently to the monastery, which lie adjacent, and greatly injure the uniformity of its appearance. It is within, however, and especially in the chapel, that the Escorial is to be seen and admired. There we witness, in all the majesty of its proportions, one of the noblest monuments of modern times.

The great chapel of the Escorial is in the form of a Grecian cross, and is surmounted by the huge dome of which we have already spoken. This dome is supported upon four square columns or masses of granite, which rise from the pavement to the roof, and which are of such vast dimensions, that they have small chapels in them, where mass is

daily performed. The organs, four in number, are placed on either side. At the back is a gallery for the choir. Opposite the choir is the principal altar, and the tabernacle for the reception of the sacred vessels, and for the exposure of the sacrament in seasons of high solemnity. The altar is in the same severe style with the rest of the building. It is very imposing, and excites in the beholder a religious awe, which is further augmented by statues of two kings, Charles V. and his son Philip, who are seen in open niches at either side, kneeling devoutly, with their faces turned in the direction of the tabernacle. The imposing solemnity of this chapel is, perhaps, surpassed by that of no sacred edifice in the world. There is here no profusion of ornament to dazzle and divert the beholder, whilst the rough granite, seen everywhere in its naked strength, is in happy accordance with the hardy grandeur of the edifice.

The Pantheon of the Escorial is the burying-place of the Spanish kings. The body of Charles V. was first deposited there, and his successors have likewise been buried in the same place, with only two or three exceptions. The Pantheon is a subterranean chamber, situated immediately beneath the grand altar of the chapel. We were conducted to it by one of the monks, who carried the keys of this chamber of death, whilst a familiar attended

with a light. A long arched staircase, lined on every side with polished marble, descending beneath the surface of the earth, brought us to the Pantheon. It is of circular form, with a vaulted dome, from the centre of which hangs a chandelier of rock crystal. This is never lit, save at the burial of a prince, and the feeble taper of our guide furnished but a scanty and insufficient light. We were able, however, to discover with its assistance a small altar standing in front of the staircase, upon which was a crucifix of black marble, with a pedestal of porphyry. The whole interior is lined with dark marble, beautifully veined, and of great lustre. It is divided into three ranges of horizontal niches or compartments, separated from each other by fluted pilasters, and running entirely round the circle. Each of these niches contains a porphyry sarcophagus, having a moveable cover. They are not all tenanted. The empty ones have blank scrolls to receive the names of future occupants. Others are already filled. We read on one "Carolus V." —an epitaph which carries with it the loftiest associations. There is an irresistible feeling of solemnity, which every one experiences in visiting the meanest dwelling-place of the dead. What then must be the sensation of him, who, after groping through subterranean passages, comes at length upon this mysterious dwelling-place, which

genius has sought to render worthy of being the last home of the mighty of the earth; and where, as Bourgoanne well expresses it, "deceased grandeur still struggles against annihilation!"

In examining the different portions of the convent, we passed down staircases and along passages formed in the very wall, which is from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, and entirely of hewn granite. We came also upon several little chapels in these sequestered situations. Josephus speaks of similar staircases in describing the temple of Jerusalem. Had that famous building been constructed with equal solidity, no human fury could have been persevering enough to have completed its destruction. The apartments set apart for the royal family are very neat. They are hung with tapestry from the royal manufactory at Madrid. Some pieces are equal to the best productions of the Gobelins. One of the halls is painted with battles between Moors and Christians. The grand staircase is surmounted by a quadrangular dome. This is finely painted in fresco by Giordano. The first compartment represents the battle of Saint Quintin; another the accomplishment of the vow made on that occasion by Philip; and the last shows how the pious prince was at length admitted into the celestial regions as a reward for so many good actions.

The convent of the Escorial formerly possessed

treasure worthy of its magnificent endowment. It may be sufficient to name one item, which was a statue of Saint Lawrence, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds of silver, and eighteen of gold. These in the time of the revolution were plundered indiscriminately by French and Spaniards; nay, for aught I know, by the good monks themselves. The paintings, too, which had been collected at immense expense, were carried to France to enrich the gallery of the Louvre. Most of these have been returned, and the good Jeromites have in them ample consolation for the loss of their silver Saint Lawrence.

The Escorial likewise possesses a library of thirty thousand volumes; four thousand of which are manuscripts, and half of these Arabian. A very valuable collection of Arabian manuscripts, arranged in a room of the convent, was destroyed by fire in 1671*.

The convent of the Escorial was formerly tenanted by one hundred and sixty monks of the order of Saint Jerome, and then its revenue amounted to one hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year, proceeding from estates, and from a flock of thirty-six thousand merino sheep, which lived upon the neighbouring mountains in summer,

* The library of the Escorial furnished Conde materials for his excellent history of the Arabs in Spain.

and were driven in winter to the plains below in quest of a warmer clime*. They had beside a small flock of a thousand, which they kept in the neighbourhood to supply their table; for the Jeromites are good livers, and are not accused either of abstinence or maceration. The means of the convent, and in consequence the number of monks, have been somewhat reduced by the revolutions which have agitated Spain during the present century. Nevertheless, the Escorial still continues to be one of the most formidable of that vast system of religious strongholds which cover the whole Peninsula, and maintain it in spiritual subjection.

The court comes to the Escorial every autumn, and remains there during part of October and November. In addition to the royal apartments within the walls of the convent, there are two small palaces in the neighbourhood, erected for the recreation of the full-grown Infantas. One of these is called the Casa del Campo. It is of plain exterior, but within of the most exquisite finish of any royal residence that I have seen: even the fairy Trianon at Versailles sinks in the comparison. The staircase is formed of the choicest Spanish marbles, and of unequalled beauty. The ceilings of the apartments are covered with a profusion of minute ornament

* Bourgoanne.

which resembles the richest mosaic; and the walls are hung with paintings, among which are some Arabesques and heads by Raphael.

The Escorial must certainly prove a dreary abode to the king and court. Its bleak situation upon the mountain exposes it to the cold and furious winds of which we have already spoken; whilst the inclination of the declivity upon which it stands toward the south-west lays it open to the sun. Hence the proverb applied to it by the Spaniards—"It freezes in winter, and burns in summer."—"*En invierno yiela, en verano quema.*" There are no trees, no rivulets, no fountains, no cultivation, no industry; nothing in short but monks, masses, and granite. Nor is the result different from what might be expected. It is during the residence of the court at the Escorial, more than ever, that the ghostly counsels of the clergy are visible in the affairs of state. It was within the dreary walls of this very convent that the fatal edict by which the Moriscos were driven from Spain received the royal signature.

After wandering a whole day through the convent, we had completed a hasty examination of its most important parts. But it is so complicated that we were able to carry away with us a distinct impression only of the giant Chapel and of the Pantheon. These no one who has not seen them

can appreciate; no one who has seen them can forget. There is no end to one's admiration in contemplating this stupendous edifice, of which it has been said—somewhat, perhaps, in the spirit of exaggeration—"There is no structure in the world, save only those which triumph over ages upon the banks of the Nile, which gives so high an idea of human power." Some one else exclaims, "Time, which destroyeth all things, doth but establish its walls." As for the Spaniards, they show their estimation of the Escorial by calling it, familiarly, "The eighth wonder."—"*La octava maravilla.*"

But let no one envy the Spaniards the possession of their Escorial. Independent of the annual sum so unproductively expended for the maintenance of the idle monks by whom it is inhabited, it cost originally fifty millions of dollars; a sum which, it is said, would have sufficed to cover the whole country with a beautiful system of internal communications by means of canals and highways—one of many things for the want of which Spain is now sunk into such insignificance.

On the fifth morning of our departure from Madrid, we set out, after breakfast, with two mules and a guide, to return to the city. We had heard so much lately of robbers, that we had much the same feeling toward them that a Frenchman has towards a jesuit. We saw robber written upon

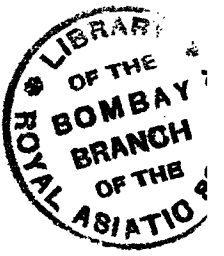
every face. The night before, the little group about our kitchen fire had each some doleful story to communicate. One poor fellow had been stopped in the morning on a bridge about a league from the Escorial by a number of *salteàdores* or jumpers, a name given to the robbers in Spain from the sudden way in which they leap like tigers upon their prey. They had come suddenly upon him from out the ruined post-house that lies hard by; and not finding any money upon him, they had cudgelled him severely, leaving him, according to his own account, *molido y echo pedazos*—mauled and pummelled to pieces.

We started, therefore, with our minds made up to being robbed, and paid for the mules in advance, in order to save thus much from the wreck. When we came in sight of the fatal bridge, we made our guide get up behind one of us, so as to move on faster, and linger the least possible time in this dangerous neighbourhood. We now descended briskly into the glen, and urged our mules over the noisy pavement of the bridge. The ruined post-house stood at the right: its roof had fallen in, but the walls remained. No robbers, however, came out to meet us; and we passed without any rencontre, and at a rapid rate. We went on thus four or five miles, when our guide suddenly jumped to the ground, saying, "*Voy molido.*" He had been

sitting upon the buckle of the crupper; and though a Spaniard and very tough, it had at last made an impression. He was a finely formed, athletic young man, and kept up with us at the rate of near five miles an hour, and with little seeming exertion, during the greater part of the twenty-eight miles which lay between Madrid and the Escorial.

Towards four o'clock we passed through the crowded promenade of the Florida, thence under the noble portal of San Vincente, and ascending by the palace, to the lofty level of the city, we arrived at last at the Puerta del Sol fatigued, way-worn, covered with dust, and our faces burnt and blistered with the sun. We were received at home with a hearty welcome by Don Valentin and Doña Florencia, who testified a pleasure at our return extremely grateful to strangers in a foreign land.

END OF VOL. I.




LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

# MR. MURRAY'S LIST.

---

A SHORT HISTORY of SPAIN. By MARIA CALLCOTT. 2 vols. 12mo. 16*s.*

---

VALUABLE GUIDE BOOKS, &c. FOR TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.

In 3 vols. 8vo., with a most accurate Map and Plates. Price 2*l.* 5*s.*

1. TRAVELS on the MOREA. By WILLIAM MARTIN LEAKE, F.R.S., Author of "The Topography of Athens," and "A Tour in Asia Minor."

"It claims a higher rank than to be classed among mere books of travels. These volumes are indispensable to the student of ancient Greek history and geography, as well as to the intelligent *traveller* in Greece, and they ought to be, and we have no doubt will be, found in every classical library."—*Asiatic Journal.*

2. The DIARY of an INVALID in pursuit of HEALTH; being the Journal of a Tour in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France. By the late HENRY MATHEWS, A.M. Third Edition. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 15*s.*

3. ANTIQUITIES, ARTS, and LITERATURE of ITALY. By JOSEPH FORSYTH, Esq. Third Edition. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 15*s.*

4. ROME in the NINETEENTH CENTURY. Fourth Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

5. SWITZERLAND; or, a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country. Followed by a General View of its History, brought down to the present Time. By S. SIMOND. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.*

6. An AUTUMN near the RHINE; or Sketches of Courts, Society, and Scenery in Germany near the Rhine. Second Edition. 8vo. 14*s.*

00086136

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016